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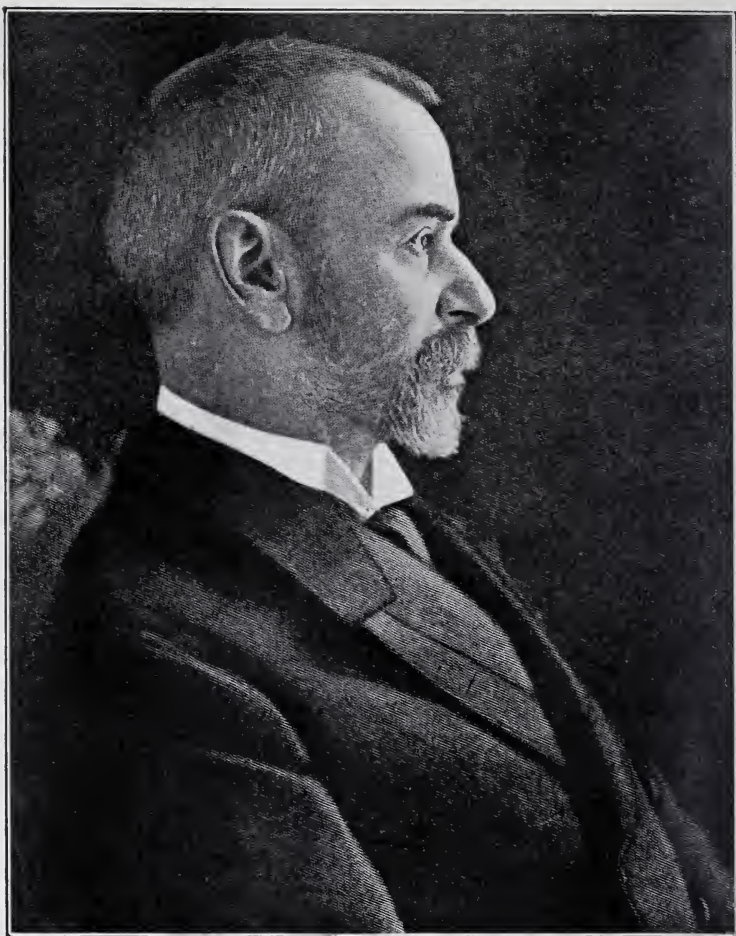


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HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FIELD
SERVICE IN FRANCE





to
the American Field Service
may the spirit which made
them enlist for a noble cause
accompany them through life
and be handed by them to their
posterity.

Gratefully

June 1920

J. J. J. J. J.

*History of the
American Field Service in France*

"FRIENDS OF FRANCE"

1914 - 1917

TOLD BY ITS MEMBERS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Volume III



1914 - 1917

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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CONTENTS

VOLUME III

THE CAMION SECTIONS

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

The Camion Caravan (poem)	<i>George Amick</i>	2
A Tribute of French General Headquarters to the Camion Service	<i>Commandant Doumenc</i>	3
Origin of the Service	<i>A. Piatt Andrew</i>	7
The Réserve Mallet	<i>Frank O. Robinson</i>	12
The Training-Camps of Chavigny Farm and Dommiers	<i>Frederick W. Kurth</i>	21

CAMION DIARIES 29

Donald F. Bigelow, 29. David Darrah, 62.

CAMION SIDELIGHTS 66

Paul F. Cadman, 66. Malcolm Cowley, 72, 88, 91, and 97. Walter P. Hall, 78. Arthur C. Watson, 82. Jack Wright, 90. Alden B. Sherry, 99. Greayer Clover, 103. Elmer M. Johnson, 104. Richard D. Sias, 106. Richard V. Banks, 107. Frederick W. Kurth, 111.

SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY OF THE CAMION SERVICE UNDER THE U.S. ARMY	115
Camion (poem)	<i>Elisha Whittlesey</i> 127

CONTENTS

LITERATURE OF THE FIELD SERVICE

INTRODUCTION 133 SKETCHES

The Ambulancier and his Car	<i>Robert W. Imbrie</i>	135
Notes from Pont-à-Mousson	<i>J. Halcott Glover</i>	136
A Funeral	<i>James R. McConnell</i>	145
Hartmannsweilerkopf	<i>Waldo Peirce</i>	146
Hartmann's, 1915	<i>John W. Clark</i>	148
First Impressions in Section Four	<i>Richard C. Ware</i>	150
Barracks Life	<i>Richard C. Ware</i>	153
Kelley's Death in Section Four	<i>Roswell S. Sanders</i>	158
Permissions and Transitions	<i>Richard C. Ware</i>	160
The First Night Drive	<i>C. Clafin Davis</i>	163
The Great Road	<i>Emery Pottle</i>	166
Verdun — 1916	<i>Robert W. Imbrie</i>	170
The Music of the "Sambre-et-Meuse"	<i>Coleman T. Clark</i>	177
The Brancardiers	<i>Philip D. Orcutt</i>	179
Les Tirailleurs d'Afrique	<i>Robert W. Imbrie</i>	181
Into Albania	<i>Robert W. Imbrie</i>	183
A Night at a Balkan Ambulance Poste	<i>Harry W. Frantz</i>	197
Sketches of Section Life	<i>Clarence J. Griffin</i>	204
American Troops in Paris	<i>Roger P. Stone</i>	219
The Fourth of July, 1917	<i>Edward D. Kneass</i>	220
War Thoughts	<i>R. B., S.S.U.</i>	222
Fragments from Four Sectors	<i>Henry G. Crosby</i>	224
Serving with the French	<i>Frederick W. Kurth</i>	226
"Ce n'est pas nous — C'est les Poilus"	<i>Lansing Warren</i>	228

POEMS

Un Blessé à Montauville	<i>Emery Pottle</i>	242
The Death Fires	<i>Sidney C. Doolittle</i>	244
The Boys Who Never Grew Up	<i>Charles L. Watkins</i>	245
Sings the Shell of a Seventy-Five	<i>Ewen MacIntyre</i>	246
A Sermon for Young Soldiers	<i>Jefferson B. Fletcher</i>	246
Legions of Light	<i>Paul M. Fulcher</i>	249
La Belle France	<i>Russell D. Greene</i>	251
To France	<i>W. C. Sanger, Jr.</i>	252

CONTENTS

Trenches	<i>Hardwicke Nevin</i> 253
Ostel, 1917	<i>Malcolm Cowley</i> 254
Song	<i>P. M. F.</i> 254
A Summer Convoi	<i>Arthur U. Crosby</i> 255
Convoy	<i>Robert A. Donaldson</i> 256
A Military Graveyard	<i>Sherman L. Conklin</i> 257
Tedium	<i>R. A. D.</i> 258
Poilus	<i>M. C.</i> 259
We Had Great Argument	<i>M. C.</i> 259
The Heroes	<i>Philip Wood</i> 260
Malmaison	<i>Forrest B. Wing</i> 261
War Ruins	<i>R. A. D.</i> 261
Song of the Casualty List	<i>Lansing Warren</i> 262
Fog at Dawn	<i>R. A. D.</i> 263
The Ghosts of Verdun	<i>S.S.U.</i> 13 264
The Song of the Ambulance	<i>G. Hinman Barrett</i> 264
Poste de Secours	<i>R. A. D.</i> 266
His Long Repos	<i>S.S.U.</i> 13 271
Dawn	<i>S. L. C.</i> 273
The Poilus	<i>R. A. D.</i> 274
Their Meed	<i>S.S.U.</i> 13 275
Sonnet of a War-Sick Man	<i>Frederick W. Kurth</i> 276
Road to the Hospital	<i>R. A. D.</i> 276
The Last Poems	<i>S. L. C.</i> 278
To S. L. C.	<i>J. B. Calvo</i> 280
In Memoriam	<i>M. S. Goldman</i> 280
Chavigny	<i>F. W. K.</i> 281
For France To-Day	<i>R. A. D.</i> 282
Overcoats of Blue	<i>R. A. D.</i> 283
The Roads	<i>J. W. D. Seymour</i> 284
Tribute	<i>R. A. D.</i> 285
A Night in Winter	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i> 285
Envoi	<i>R. A. D.</i> 286
River Marne	<i>David Darrah</i> 286
The Children of To-Morrow	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i> 288
Spirit of France	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i> 290
Sonnet to Some Poppies	<i>J. B. C.</i> 291
Night on the Front	<i>J. B. C.</i> 291

CONTENTS

One Year	<i>R. A. D.</i>	292
A Dying Soldier's Prayer	<i>J. B. C.</i>	295
Song	<i>J. B. C.</i>	296
American Negro and Senegalese	<i>P. M. F.</i>	297
Monument Enough	<i>Raymond W. Gauger</i>	297
Mirage	<i>R. W. G.</i>	298
Ballad of French Service	<i>M. C.</i>	298
"Under Cover of Darkness"	<i>F. W. K.</i>	299
Night Road	<i>R. A. D.</i>	300
Epic Years	<i>R. A. D.</i>	301
Dawn	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i>	302
The Enemy Retreats	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i>	302
To an Infirmière	<i>D. D.</i>	303
On Passing the Reims Cathedral at Twilight	<i>D. D.</i>	304
Le Paix	<i>D. D.</i>	304
Sunset Light	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i>	305
In After Years	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i>	306
Fathers Slain to Sons Unborn	<i>P. M. F.</i>	306
The Tide has Turned	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i>	307

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

Rules for Convoys from Section Eight	<i>C. L. Watkins</i>	308
All about Staff Cars	<i>L. Warren</i>	309
The American Ambulance Man	<i>L. W.</i>	310
On Buvettes	<i>L. W.</i>	311
Section Ravitaillement	<i>P. A. Rie</i>	313
In a Hospital	<i>R. Scholle</i>	315
Letters from the Rear	<i>P. M. Fulcher</i>	316
A Letter to the Statue of Liberty	<i>L. W.</i>	319
The Ambulancier's Primer	<i>S. C. Doolittle</i>	321
A Revised Ford Manual	<i>S. Garden</i>	323
The Essence Gatherer	<i>S. L. Conklin</i>	326
A Lost Art	<i>S. C. D.</i>	327
"Bull"	<i>L. W.</i>	329
When the Réserve goes "en Perm"	<i>F. W. Kurth</i>	337
Translations of French Road Signs	<i>L. W.</i>	340
A Letter from "Lance" to the Kaiser	<i>L. W.</i>	340
Aix-and-Pains, or Over the Top with M. P.	<i>L. W.</i>	342

CONTENTS

Our Country as she Sounds	<i>L. W.</i> 346
Private Stormfield's Visit to Heaven	<i>L. W.</i> 352
Polyglotitis	<i>L. W.</i> 358
"Système D"	<i>W. E. Bruns</i> 360
Journaux du Front — Soixante-Neuf	<i>F. Kneeland</i> 362

LIGHTER VERSE

Hunk o' Tin	<i>C. C. Battershell</i> 366
We Wish It Would	<i>L. Warren</i> 367
Northward Ho!	<i>R. A. Donaldson</i> 368
Camouflage All!	<i>L. W.</i> 369
"Système D"	<i>R. A. D.</i> 370
It's Hades	<i>S. L. Conklin</i> 371
Nix on the Heroic Stuff	<i>S. C. Doolittle</i> 373
Fatalism	<i>S. L. C.</i> 374
Permission!	<i>L. W.</i> 374
C'est Ça	<i>L. W.</i> 375
Around our Stove	<i>L. W.</i> 376
Imitative America	<i>R. A. D.</i> 377
The Slacker	<i>B. C. Wohlford</i> 378
En Repos	<i>R. M. Young</i> 379
Verse That Ought Not to be Free	<i>W. E. Powers</i> 381
War's Annoyances	<i>R. A. D.</i> 381
A Duffer's Duffle	<i>L. W.</i> 383
To Helen!	<i>L. W.</i> 384
En Repos	<i>R. A. D.</i> 384
Twenty Years from now	<i>R. A. D.</i> 386
In that Little Old Buvette	<i>D. W. S.</i> 387
Rumors	<i>An Optimist</i> 389
I Changed my Mind	<i>L. W.</i> 390
Old F. S. Coat	<i>R. A. D.</i> 391
Non-Com Nonsense	<i>P. A. Rie</i> 392
Field Service Days	<i>B. C. W.</i> 393
On Finding my Civilian Clothes in my Suitcase at the "Cinéma"	<i>L. W.</i> 394

END OF THE WAR SKETCHES AND VERSES

Some Ambulance Roads	<i>Walter J. Gores</i> 397
----------------------	----------------------------

CONTENTS

When the Armistice Came	<i>W. J. G.</i> 400
"The Day" at Luxembourg	<i>Frederick W. Kurth</i> 403
Le Dernier Jour	<i>David Darrah</i> 406
The End	<i>S.S.U.</i> 19 409
November 11, 1918, in Paris	<i>N. H. Reynolds</i> 410
Armistice Morning in Paris	<i>R. N.</i> 412
After the Armistice	<i>Robert A. Donaldson</i> 413
Immortal Battle-fields	<i>William C. Sanger, Jr.</i> 418
Hail!	<i>G. Hinman Barrett</i> 419
The Poilu	<i>D. D.</i> 419
The Glorious Dead	<i>F. W. K.</i> 420
Peace	<i>F. W. K.</i> 421
"Souvenons-Nous"	<i>R. A. D.</i> 422
Afterthoughts	422
Armistice Day	<i>John B. Whitton</i> 423
On the Rhine	<i>R. A. D.</i> 423
The Guns are Stilled	<i>W. C. S., Jr.</i> 424
The Page is Turned	<i>R. A. D.</i> 425

APPENDICES

A. ROLL OF HONOR	429
B. DECORATIONS	435
C. COLLEGES REPRESENTED	440
D. FIELD SERVICE MEN AS OFFICERS	442
E. FRENCH ORGANIZATIONS SERVED	443
F. SCHEDULE OF EACH SECTION'S ASSIGNMENT	444
G. ROSTER OF VOLUNTEERS	447
H. VOLUNTEERS ARRIVING IN FRANCE DURING MILITARIZATION	517
I. THE AMERICAN STAFF	521
J. NAMES AND DONORS OF CARS	525
K. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE FIELD SERVICE	552
L. GLOSSARY OF FRENCH EXPRESSIONS IN THE TEXT	559
M. THE FIELD SERVICE AND THE FUTURE	573



ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME III

SON EXCELLENCE MONSIEUR JUSSERAND	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CAPITAINE AUJAY	4
COMMANDANT MALLET — <i>C. LeRoy Baldrige</i>	8
A T.M. SECTION HALTED "EN ROUTE"	14
TROUPS PASSING A T.M. CONVOY AT JOUAINES	14
A CORNER OF THE CAMP AT DOMMIERS	22
BRINGING WATER FOR THE TRAINING-CAMP	22
THE TRAILER "DORMITORIES" OF THE TUFTS COLLEGE UNIT AT JOUAINES	34
THE INSIGNIA OF GROUPE GENIN OF THE CAMION SERV- ICE (<i>in color</i>)	44
TRENCH MATERIAL AND A DUST-COATED DRIVER	52
AT WORK ON THE CAMION AFTER CONVOY	52
AT THE BAZOCHES RAIL-HEAD	62
TRAILER SLEEPING-QUARTERS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF SOISSONS	62
MUD — A SLIP — AND IN THE DITCH	72
THE DUSTY OPEN ROAD	72

ILLUSTRATIONS

INSIGNIA FROM A GROUPE HÉMART TRUCK (<i>in color</i>)	82
THE REVIEW AT JOUAINES, JULY 4, 1917	92
LUMBER BEING LOADED FOR THE TRENCHES	100
LOADING SHELLS AT A MUNITIONS DUMP	100
THE CALIFORNIA TRANSPORT SECTION AT 21 RUE RAY- NOUARD	106
AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS WELCOMED BY VETERAN FRENCH DRIVERS	114
MESSING IN THE OPEN AT JOUAINES	114
HOW BIG GUNS WERE LOADED ON THE TRUCKS	122
A PRECEDENT! THE FIRST TRUCK CONVOY OF TANKS	122
THE INSIGNIA OF THE FIELD SERVICE (<i>in color</i>)	130
FACSIMILE PAGE OF THE FIELD SERVICE BULLETIN	132
AN INSPECTION TRIP IN ALSACE	146
LA MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE FRANÇAISE (<i>in color</i>)	158
CAMION CARAVAN!	168
SOLDIERS AND AMBULANCES IN A FLEMISH TOWN, 1915	178
THE ARRIVAL OF THE TWENTIETH CORPS AT VERDUN, 1916 (<i>in color</i>) — <i>Lieutenant André Fraye</i>	204
UNDER WAY — WITH SHELLS FOR THE FRONT	218
C'EST LES POILUS — <i>George W. Hall</i>	228
ENDLESS CONVOYS PLODDING THROUGH THE NIGHT (<i>in color</i>) — <i>Charles Hoffbauer</i>	242
ARRÊT DU CONVOI	260
THE CHÂTEAU AT CHAVIGNY FARM USED AS HEAD- QUARTERS IN 1917	282
"FOR TWO SHALL HAVE TROD ONE MEASURE . . ." (<i>in color</i>) — <i>Waldo Peirce</i>	290
"THERE IS NO SPEED LIMIT FOR STAFF CARS"	310
"CORVÉE" = K.P.	310
WHAT SHORTAGE OF GASOLINE NEARLY DID	320
"LE VIEUX!"	326

ILLUSTRATIONS

"UN PETIT PEU D'ESSENCE POUR MON BRIQUET?"	326
"I HEARD THE KLAXON START GOING"	334
"EVERY SERVICE MAN IS HIS OWN FRANK SIMONDS"	334
"COME INTO OUR BARRACKS ON A COLD WINTER EVENING"	346
DULL HOURS OF "REPOS"	346
"THE 'PINARD' GENTLEMAN WHO MANS THE HOSE"	358
"WIR HABEN ÉVACUÉ TOUS LES BUVETTES"	358
FACSIMILE OF THE COVER OF THE IPPÉ COURIER OF SECTION FOUR	362
FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF "SOIXANTE-NEUF"	364
"IT'S NIX ON THE HEROIC STUFF FOR ME"	372
"PIN YOUR FAITH TO HENRY F'S OLD HUNK O' TIN"	372
"FRENCH HORSES DON'T EVEN COMPREHEND THEIR OWN LANGUAGE"	384
"IT'S A SLEEPY, DEADLY LIFE — 'EN REPOS'"	384
FACSIMILE OF ARMISTICE DAY LETTER TO THE MEN OF THE SERVICE — <i>A. Piatt Andrew</i>	396
THE STAIRWAY ENTRANCE HALL OF 21 RUE RAYNOUARD	400
THE FIELD SERVICE MEDAL (<i>in color</i>)	406
THE SWISS CHÂLET IN THE GARDEN OF "21"	416
THE FIELD SERVICE DIPLOMA — <i>Bernard Naudin</i>	426
MEMORIAL SCROLL (<i>in color</i>) — <i>Guy Arnoux</i>	428
FIELD SERVICE CHIEFS OF STAFF	442
LA CROIX DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR (<i>in color</i>)	446
SECTION LEADERS (<i>Townsend, Salisbury, Hill, Perry, Mason, and Burr</i>)	456
SECTION LEADERS (<i>Suckley, Iselin, Read, Muhr, Henderson, and Glazier</i>)	464
SECTION LEADERS (<i>Neftel, Kurtz, MacPherson, Hyde, Wheeler, and Wallace</i>)	476
SECTION LEADERS (<i>Allen, Richmond, Battershell, Vosberg, Ware, and Kitchell</i>)	488

ILLUSTRATIONS

SECTION LEADERS (<i>Sponagle, Rice, Nourse, Walker, Butler, and Putnam</i>)	498
SECTION LEADERS (<i>Speers, Westbrook, Tinkham, Daly, Kennedy, and Cadman</i>)	506
CAMION SECTION LEADERS (<i>Houston, Robinson, Browning, Dougherty, Dunham, and Gile</i>)	516
CERTIFICATE OF CAR SERVICE (<i>in color</i>)	524



HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE

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The Camion Sections

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

I. Commandant Doumenc

II. A. Piatt Andrew

III. Frank O. Robinson

IV. Frederick W. Kurth

CAMION DIARIES

CAMION SIDELIGHTS

SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY OF THE CAMION SERVICE
UNDER THE UNITED STATES ARMY

THE CAMION CARAVAN

Winding down through the sleeping town,
Pale stars of early dawn;
Like ancient knight with squire by side,
Driver and helper now we ride —
The *camion* caravan.

In between the rows of trees,
Glare of the midday sun;
Creeping along the highway wide,
Slowly in long defile we ride —
The *camion* caravan.

Homeward to *remorque* and rest,
Pale stars of early night;
Through stillness of the even-tide,
Back through the winding town we ride —
The *camion* caravan.

GEORGE AMICK¹
T.M.U. 184

¹ Of Scipio, Indiana; Hanover College, '17; served three months in the Field Service with T.M.U. 184; subsequently with the U.S. M.T.C.



The Story of the Réserve Mallet

And I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
For ever after some ideal good.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

I

A TRIBUTE OF FRENCH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS TO THE CAMION SERVICE

APPRECIATION SUR LES SERVICES RENDUS PAR LE PERSONNEL DE LA RESERVE MALLET

LORSQU'AU moment même de l'entrée en guerre des États-Unis, j'ai demandé à M. Piatt Andrew l'aide de l'Américain Field Service, pour encadrer de nouvelles sections de transport de matériel, j'étais sûr que j'obtiendrais l'acquiescement des volontaires du Service dès qu'ils sauraient que c'était là qu'ils pouvaient rendre le plus grand service à la France. Notre Service Automobile avait à ce moment un déficit en conducteurs d'autant plus inquiétant qu'il fallait, à tout prix, augmenter nos moyens de transport, pour être sûr de répondre aux besoins des armées qui partaient à l'attaque.

Moins d'une semaine après ma demande un groupe de

volontiers qui avait quitté leurs études en Amérique pour s'engager dans les sections sanitaires de l'A.F.S., acceptaient volontiers de devenir conducteurs de camions, sachant qu'ils allaient rencontrer des rudes difficultés, mais qu'ils seraient immédiatement utiles à la cause commune. La première section entra en service en Mai, 1917. Trois mois après, huit cent conducteurs de l'A.F.S. encadraient quatorze sections et notre Réserve de Transports Américains était fondée.

Les services qu'elle a rendus par la suite sont connus de tous. C'est elle qui a assuré la plus grosse part des transports de munitions, au moment des attaques heureuses qui portèrent la 6^e Armée sur l'Ailette. En mars, en mai, en juillet, 1918, elle s'est trouvée à la place où il y avait le plus de travail à fournir, et l'a fourni. Il faut citer des faits: du 27 Mai au 9 Juin, 1918, les deux groupements, 8 et 9, ont transporté quinze mille tonnes des munitions et matériels et onze mille hommes avec un parcours moyen journalier de cent-vingt mille kilomètres. On doit en conclure que dans cette période de douze jours, si grave pour nous, les conducteurs de ces groupements ont eu à peine quelques heures de repos. Depuis l'offensive en juillet, la Réserve n'a pas cessé d'apporter sans arrêt à nos troupes, jusqu'aux premières lignes, les vivres et la munitions qui leur ont permis de poursuivre leurs succès. On a pu dire, et je crois le fait vrai, que la Réserve Mallet a transporté plus d'obus que toute l'Armée Américaine en a tiré pendant la guerre.

Partout, les conducteurs américains de la Réserve se sont faits remarquer par leur endurance et leur belle attitude dans les circonstances critiques et sous le feu. De nombreuses marques d'estime l'attestent.

Au premier rang du personnel des conducteurs de la Réserve Mallet, devenus des militaires réguliers américains, se trouvent les anciens volontiers de l'A.F.S. Cent vingt d'entre eux sont devenus officiers, les autres sont, pour la plupart, sous-officiers. Tous ont tenu largement l'engagement d'honneur qu'ils avaient pris vis-à-vis de



CAPITAINE AUJAY

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

l'Armée Française comme volontaires de l'A.F.S. et ont donné l'exemple du courage et du dévouement.

Je suis heureux de leur en apporter aujourd'hui le témoignage. Je me rapellerai toujours avec fierté que je les ai eus sous mes ordres pendant la Grande Guerre, et qu'ils ont été à la hauteur de toutes les tâches qui leur ont été confiées.

Signé: DOUMENC
*Directeur du Service Automobile
Ministère de la Guerre*

Décembre, 1918

(TRANSLATION)

APPRECIATION OF THE SERVICES RENDERED BY THE PERSONNEL OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

When, at the moment of the entrance of the United States into the war, I asked of Mr. A. Piatt Andrew the aid of the American Field Service in forming some new transport sections, I was sure I should obtain the consent of the volunteers of this Service when they knew that they could there render service of the most necessary sort to France. Our Automobile Service at that time was deficient in drivers, so seriously deficient, in fact, that it was necessary to increase, at any price, our means of transport, in order that we might be sure of responding to the needs of the armies which were about to assume the offensive.

Less than a week after my request, a group of volunteers who had left their studies in America to enlist in the ambulance sections of the American Field Service, voluntarily agreed to become *camion* drivers, knowing that they would be confronted with great difficulties, but that they would be immediately useful to the common cause. The first Section entered the Service in May, 1917. Three months afterward, 800 American Field Service drivers formed the personnel of fourteen Sections, and our American Transport Reserve was established.

The service which they have rendered since is known to every one. It was they who effected the greater part of the transport of munitions during the successful attack which carried the Sixth Army over the Ailette. In March, in May, and in July, 1918, they were found in the sectors where there was the most work to do, and they did it. A few facts may be cited: from May 27 to June 9, *Groupements* 8 and 9 transported 15,000 tons of munitions and materials, and 11,000 men, with a daily average of 120,000 kilometres in total for all the cars. One can well believe that during this period of twelve days, so grave for us, the drivers of these *groupements* had scarcely any rest. Since the offensives of July, the *Réserve* has not ceased to carry to our troops, as far as the first lines, the food and munitions which enabled them to follow up their successes. It has been said, and I think it probable, that the *Réserve Mallet* has carried more shells than the entire American Army fired during all the war.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

Everywhere the drivers of the *Réserve* have distinguished themselves by their endurance and their fine bearing in critical circumstances and under fire. The number of testimonials of appreciation which they have received shows this.

In the first ranks of the drivers of the *Réserve Mallet* who became soldiers in the American Regular Army, will be found the former volunteers of the A.F.S. One hundred and twenty of them became officers, and the others are for the most part non-commissioned officers. All have more than kept the voluntary agreement which they made with the French Army as members of the A.F.S., and they have furnished an example of courage and devotion.

I am glad to attest to these facts to-day. I shall always remember with pride that I have had them under my orders during the Great War and that they were equal to every task that was committed to them.

Signed: DOUMENC
Director of the Automobile Service
Ministry of War

December, 1918



II

ORIGIN OF THE SERVICE

ON one of the first days in April, 1917, immediately after America's entry into the war, Commandant Doumenc, the head of the Automobile Service of the French Army, asked us by telephone from the French General Headquarters whether, in addition to the ambulance drivers, American volunteers could not be secured to help in the work of transporting munitions and material for the French armies.

He said that at that moment the ranks of the Automobile Service were seriously depleted; that they lacked some seven thousand drivers to meet the current requirements, and that a large proportion of the remaining personnel consisted of old men who were scarcely fitted for the arduous and sustained effort incumbent upon them, and who at the same time were greatly needed in their homes, after nearly three years' absence, to cultivate their farms and to keep going the industrial life of the country.

He proposed, if we could help him with men, to turn over to an American personnel one of the great automobile reserves whose functions were to assist the armies in regions of heavy offensive and defensive operations, and in fact he proposed to turn over a particular reserve which had already made a record of serious accomplishment in the Battle of Verdun and elsewhere, under the command of an efficient and tactful officer who understood Americans and spoke their language. He said if the American Field Service really wanted to help France, it could not render greater service than by contributing to the plan which he had outlined.

For more than two years the Field Service had been serving the French divisions with ambulance sections

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

conducted by American volunteers using material furnished by American donors. The number of volunteers was constantly multiplying as interest in America's participation in the war increased and as the Field Service became better known throughout the States. The Field Service had always responded within the limits of its modest capacity to every request that had been made upon it. Since April, 1915, it had furnished an ever-increasing number of ambulance sections to the French divisions serving on the French front. In the prolonged and terrible Battle of Verdun, during the preceding year, a very large proportion of the sanitary transport from the front-line *postes* had been performed by its sections. In the autumn of 1916, in response to a special request, two ambulance sections with double equipment had been sent to the Balkans to serve with the French armies in Albania and northern Greece. We had come to France to help in whatever way we could. The motto which headed all of our circulars was, "*Tous et tout pour la France.*" Here was a new request for help, a new opportunity for service. Only one reply was possible. We would do what we could to meet the exigency that Commandant Doumenc had formulated.

The following week a fresh contingent arrived from America, a group of volunteers recruited at Cornell as an ambulance section. The situation was explained to them, and to a man they agreed to put aside their original intention and to respond to the new call. A few days later, May 8, 1917, the Cornell unit embarked for the hastily organized training-camp in the forest of Domiers near Soissons, and the *Réserve Mallet*, as a Franco-American unit serving with the French Army, was born.

Commandant Mallet, the French officer to whom the French General Headquarters had entrusted the direction of this unique experiment, in welcoming the first contingent upon its arrival at the front, expressed the need which it was destined to fill, and the appreciation which the French Army felt, in the following words:



COMMANDANT MALLET

Commanding the Transport Reserve of which the Field Service men were the basis



THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

Volunteers from the United States of America :

I am happy to greet the free citizens of a free country who have crossed the ocean to help France in the bitter war she has been waging for almost three years. I hope you all feel how grateful we are that you have left your homes to share our hardships and dangers. I understand that, although your agreement was originally intended for the ambulance service, you have consented to drive the American motor trucks used for the transport of supplies.

You must expect plenty of hard work, rough work, even perilous work, with very little bodily comfort. But all of you are healthy young fellows, and don't you find it fitting that you should enable us to dismiss our oldest drivers? Some of them are forty-eight years old. Their women-folk and children stand in great need of them, and so do their fields, now three years untilled.

Men and bread are the things we most want to win this war. The ploughmen you release will get us the bread; the men America sends us will drive through our army the rich new blood we need and hasten our victory over a powerful but dishonorable foe.

So help us God!

Long live the United States of America!

A week later a group of younger lads who had not yet entered college, arrived from Andover Academy, also intending to drive ambulances. They heard the story and followed the example of the men from Cornell. The third week a unit came from Dartmouth; then in quick succession, units from the University of California, from Marietta College, and from other American centres. They responded with equal generosity to the new appeal of the armies of France. During the spring and summer of 1917 more than eight hundred American Field Service volunteers thus entered the French transport service. A new training-camp was quickly opened at Chavigny, near Longpont, and after a brief training, partly military, partly technical, under the direction of French officers, the new volunteer recruits quickly took over some two hundred heavy trucks from the three French transport groups at Jouaignes, and soon thereafter other Field Service volunteers took over an almost equal num-

ber of trucks from the groups at Soissons. Within two months the Franco-American T.M. (*Transport-Matériel*) Service was an assured success, carrying most of the ammunition and trench material from the railheads on the Soissons-Fismes road to the Chemin des Dames front, where one of the most formidable offensives of the war was in preparation. In the autumn of 1917, the American Army, then beginning to arrive in France, consented to adopt the Service. Many of the volunteer drivers, in order that the work might not be interrupted, enlisted in the American Army. Many of the volunteer officers were given commissions. The formation, initiated as a volunteer organization, thus became an official American adjunct of the French Army, and, subsequently much enlarged by contingents of troops from the United States, it continued to serve with the French Army.

It is well that the story should be known of the beginning of this unique organization of Americans which was destined to render valiant service to the French armies in most of the great battles of the last two years of the war. As volunteers they played an important rôle during 1917 in the victory of the Chemin des Dames, and their successors rendered essential help in the great battles in 1918, of Picardy, the Somme, Soissons, Villers-Cotterets, the Marne, and the Champagne, which achieved the final defeat of the Germans.

Except for the volunteers of the spring and summer of 1917, the *Réserve Mallet* as an American factor in the French Army would in all probability never have existed. To the old T.M. volunteers, therefore, from Cornell, Andover, California, Dartmouth, Marietta, Tufts, Princeton, Yale, and other American universities, be the honor that is their due. Their work was hard and often carried to the limit of human endurance. It sometimes seemed to the participants inglorious and uninspiring. But those who observed them, either by day or in the blackness of night, patiently and laboriously worming their heavy cars through endless clouds of dust and the

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

teeming traffic of war, and who realized how frequently such convoys were the special objectives of the enemy's fire, regarded their work very differently. These men and boys were giving the most gruelling service that any American volunteers were giving to France. They were giving it cheerfully and self-forgetfully. And, by so doing, they were not merely helping in the offensive then under way, but they were creating an American auxiliary destined to continue helping the armies of France until long after the last gun had been fired in the Great War.

The service that they rendered and the devotion that they displayed were deeply appreciated by the officers of those armies, as was evidenced by many marks of esteem and grateful tributes. Some of these will be cited in the pages that follow, but here I shall quote only two. Commandant Mallet in an address to the men assembled in the Y.M.C.A. hut at Jouaignes on the evening of October 9, 1917, just before the Chemin des Dames offensive, expressed his feeling about their work in these words: "Whatever service you are destined to go into in the future, whatever deeds you may be called to do, whatever blows you may have to strike, be assured that never will your energies have been more usefully employed than in your present work of self-sacrifice and devotion to a noble cause."

And when the work of the volunteers of the *Réserve Mallet* was over, Commandant Doumenc, the head of the whole French Automobile Service, wrote from the French General Headquarters: "I shall ever recall with pride that I had them in my command during the Great War, for they were equal to every task that was entrusted to them."

A. PIATT ANDREW
Lt.-Col., U.S.A.A.S.

March 8, 1919

III

THE RÉSERVE MALLET

THE RÉSERVE MALLET, for which the men of the Field Service volunteered to supply drivers, has as interesting and as vivid a history as any transport organization in any of the allied armies. The organization as a French unit had been brought together in the spring of 1916; but many of the *groupes* which composed the organization had been in service since the First Battle of the Marne, and had served faithfully at Verdun and the Somme. The formation of ten *Réserves* (of which the *Réserve Mallet* was known as Number 3) was the last step in the evolution of the French Automobile Service into what was recognized as the most efficient Motor Transport Corps in the war. A system allotting a certain amount of transportation for the ordinary needs of the army was drawn up, and all other available transportation was grouped into organizations known as *Réserves*, which should be used wherever there was heavy fighting, and consequently a need for increased transportation. Thus the *Réserves* were a sort of auxiliary combat unit, moved from front to front as occasion required.

Briefly, the mechanical make-up of the *Réserve* was as follows: A central headquarters whose function was purely administrative, under which were three units known as *Groupelements*, and each of which in turn was comprised of three *groupes*, of four sections each. The function of the *groupelements* was a combination of administration and execution in that the *groupelements* each operated a repair shop of some size. The *groupes* were the units of execution: that is, the units to which the orders were finally submitted to be carried out. Each *groupe* also maintained an *atelier*, or repair shop, to attend to minor repairs. Just as the *Réserve* was known

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

by the name of the commanding officer, so were the *groupements* and *groupes* — the official military number being seldom used.

In all, the personnel of a *Réserve* was about 2500 men, with about 700 cargo trucks and additional repair shop, wrecking, and supply trucks, more than 100 touring cars, and numerous motor-cycles.

The first Americans who came to the *Réserve Mallet* were those volunteers of the American Field Service who arrived in the spring of 1917, within a month after America had declared war. These men, called by the French the "First American Belligerents," were recruited on an appeal by Commandant Doumenc, head of the French Automobile Service, to the members of the American Field Service, through Lieutenant-Colonel A. Piatt Andrew. In all, about 800 of these men, who had crossed the Atlantic expecting to drive ambulances, responded to the appeal.

They manned one *groupement* completely, and one *groupe* of another. The *groupement* taken over was No. 9, or *Groupe Périessée*, which consisted of the *Groupes Genin*, T.M. 526, *Erhardt*, T.M. 133, and *Meyer*, T.M. 184, all located at Jouaignes, Aisne, about eight kilometres south of Braisne, and within sight of the famous Chemin des Dames which figured so prominently in the life of this Service a little later. The first section to arrive in the field was composed mostly of Cornell men. They went to the *Groupe Genin*, which was the first to be filled. They relieved, as did the sections to follow, elderly Frenchmen who had not seen their homes in many months and were almost too old for useful service. The trucks were Pierce-Arrow five-ton, which had seen hard work and many of which should also have been put on the retired list.

Thus, these young Americans took up this unromantic life of *camion* drivers. Lying on their backs squirting grease guns, while large flakes of oily mud fell into their eyes, was not at all what their idea of war had been while

in the States. At first it was necessary to be sure the men knew how to drive, for the schooling had been very brief at Dommiers and Chavigny. This gave the men time to get acquainted with the town they were in.

Jouaignes was a typical French town, all the houses being built along one main street. The *Groupe Genin* camped in barracks on the north side of the town, while the *Groupes Erhardt* and *Meyer* lived in *remorques* (or trailers) placed in the fields just south. Life in camp, which was not of the most exciting nature, consisted of the greasing and cleaning of trucks, baseball and what other outdoor sports could be organized quickly, and at night a *promenade* down the street, stopping at Madame "Tabac's" or any other *poste de secours* where all the seats or benches were not taken. Drinking-water had to be brought several kilometres, and was very scarce, so that by evening there was a terrible thirst to be quenched.

The men were fed the regular French Army ration: for breakfast, *chocolat, pain, et café*; for lunch, soup, salad, and beans; for dinner, soup, beans, and salad. This, however, was helped out by an allowance from the Field Service which made the subsistence very fair. A cup of *pinard* for each man each meal was allowed, but at first this was popular only with a few. The only other form of recreation arrived about the last of July, in the form of "Brother" Harmon, Y.M.C.A., who was later assisted by John Mott, Jr. Isolated as we were from things American, it took much labor for Harmon to secure the large tent which he erected in back of the *maison brûlé*; where he had shows produced by local talent, and movies, sold tobacco (which about this time was getting pretty scarce), and kept a phonograph well wound up and oiled. Any of the Americans who were connected with the *Réserve Mallet* at any time during the war will tell you that the Y.M.C.A. came through.

Being settled in camp, and having learned the location of the ninety-odd grease cups which the Pierce-Arrow boasts, the sections were now ready for their



A T.M. SECTION HALTED "EN ROUTE"



TROOPS PASSING A T.M. CONVOY AT JOUAIGNES

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

"trucking to the trenches." As has been pointed out, Section A was mostly Cornell men, while Section B was mostly Andover, Section C mostly Dartmouth, Section D miscellaneous. This composed the *Groupe Genin*. Section E was composed mostly of California men; Section F, mostly of Princeton men, and were with the *Groupe Erhardt*. The three other college units were with the *Groupe Meyer*. G was mostly Dartmouth; H was mostly Tufts; and I mostly Marietta, while Section M was made up mostly of a unit from Buffalo. This filled the *groupe-ment* at Jouaignes, and the remainder of the men were sent to Soissons, where the *Groupe Hémart* was located.

The *chefs*, or commanders of each section, were Americans picked from among the volunteers, as were the two sergeants and two corporals. The first sergeant was called the *guide*; the other sergeant was the *serre-file*, or file-closer, and acted as mechanic while on convoy. The two corporals were just plain *gradés*, or non-coms, and were given the hard jobs around the camp to execute. The cooks and mechanics in the *ateliers* were all French, as were all the officers above the *chefs* of sections. All commanding officers of all units in the *Réserve* larger than sections were French captains, each having several lieutenants under him, these latter playing the rôles of instructors for the Americans. Each *groupe* had its official "T.M." number which was never used. "T.M." stood for "*Transport Matériel*" and therein we have an explanation of the nature of the work performed. It was to carry any kind of material needed in the war, at any time, to any place. Inasmuch as Soissons and the Chemin des Dames were the points in the line nearest Paris, it was here that the greatest activity on any front in 1917 occurred.

Now, war material may consist of almost anything, as these volunteer *conducteurs* found out. Can you imagine anything more uninteresting to these men than driving into a *parc*, on a hot day, and waiting for a French *corvée* of old men to load their trucks? Nothing could ever

hurry one of these loading crews except a shell landing in their midst; but there again the result would be disastrous, for they always hurried for an *abri* and would not resume work until they were sure such a thing would not re-occur.

The following is a list of some of the material hauled.

Engineer Supplies: barbed wire, woven wire for beds, wire frames, iron and wooden pickets, I-beams, plain wire, trench walks, sheet iron, mine triangles, observation posts, abris, gallery frames, trench sides, cross-braces, lathes, bridge planks, small beams, cardboard, logs, roofing paper, lime, cement, and sandbags.

Ammunition:

Infantry: rifle, machine gun, and revolver.

Cannon: "37's," "75's," "105's," "155's," and "220's."

Powder and fuses for the above calibre cannon, except "75's," which were self-contained.

Grenades, signal rockets, star-shells, bombs, and mines.

Miscellaneous: camouflage, light railways and cars, gasoline, trailers, picks, shovels, iron and pontoon bridges, salvage, sand, rock, dissembled barracks, nails, tools, hardware, empty shells and cases.

Orders for convoys usually came in at night, were always in French, and gave all data pertaining to time and place of loading. They were also supposed to tell place of unloading, but many times this was very indefinite and it was left to the *chef* of the section to find and take the convoy there. The number of cars on any convoy varied, and might be from one to eighteen. Thus one section consisting of eighteen trucks might be split into several parts. The loading was usually done during the day, but the unloading had to be figured so that convoys would not pass over exposed roads in daylight.

But even the most unromantic could not say that this *camion* service did not have its thrills. Shells did arrive close enough to most of them to get them thoroughly shell-broken. Night driving without lights in heavy traffic of swearing French troops, rolling kitchens, artillery, ambulances, and other trucks, had its difficulties — such as broken radiators and dashboards. Feeling

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

their way around the unloading *parcs* at Soupir and Villersen-Prayères at night, perhaps in a thunderstorm, or with a few *arrivés* now and then, was the *camion* drivers' familiar experience. For this we received from the French Army five sous a day.

Probably most of the work done by the *Réserve* was carrying "75's." These were the shells for the famous French *soixante-quinze* guns, and were packed in wooden cases containing nine shells each. It took fourteen trucks to carry a "lot" of "75's" — twelve trucks carrying fifty-one cases each, the thirteenth truck fifty-two cases, and the last truck the "fuses" or timers.

The territory worked over was from Soissons to a few kilometres west of Reims, usually loading at some park on the *Route Nationale*, and unloading near the Chemin des Dames. In this way we all became familiar with many places that figure prominently in the history of the war. Soissons, Reims, Compiègne, Bucy-le-Long, Soupir, Vailly, Bazoches, Craonne, Fère-en-Tardenois, Château-Thierry, Villers-Cotterets, La Ferté-Milon were all well known to Field Service men. There were also places not on the military map where there was no work to be done, but which were explored by means of *sub-rosa* tours.

The first real taste of war began July 23, 1917, when the army of the Crown Prince attacked on the Craonne Plateau. This called for lively night work for a time, and many trips to Villers-en-Prayères. Many a truck has rivalled the best roller-coaster in the world by coasting down the long hill north of Fismes. After this engagement began the preparation by the French for their famous drive on the Chemin des Dames, in October, 1917. During this drive it was estimated that if all the guns used were lined up side by side, there would have been one every four yards along a front of twelve kilometres. It is to the men of the American Field Service that the credit is due for having hauled, by official figures, every one of the more than one million shells

fired in this battle, in addition to the thousands of tons of truck material used. It was during this battle that several of the men in the service were given the *Croix de Guerre*, and one the *Médaille Militaire*. These incidents and many more are touched upon in later articles.

In order to prepare the *chefs* of sections for their work, they were sent during the summer and fall to the automobile officers' school in Meaux. This has been so well described in a letter of R. A. Browning of Cornell that it is unnecessary for me to duplicate it:

Eighteen of us, chosen from the various Field Service sections for this wonderful school, are now here. It has been open since the beginning of the war; but, up to a few weeks ago, only French officers were trained here. The school is on the barracks style and is strictly military in its routine, but, as to equipment, it is ideal and has a great reputation for efficiency. There are five weeks of work; and those who pass the course will obtain commissions in the Field Service; or, if the United States takes over the Service, American graduates from Meaux will probably get commissions in our Army.

The school is located just outside this very beautiful city. Each session lasts five weeks, and is usually full to capacity. There are 150 Frenchmen here; but our work being in English, we have our own barracks, study-rooms, and shops. The camp consists of one big office and supply building, 80 feet by 20 feet, one dining-room to accommodate 200 men — the meals are good — and eight barracks 80 feet by 20 feet. We have one of these. At the end of it is a washroom, then two rows of beds — ten on a side; and, next, a partition with a door leading into our lecture-study room, which is about 20 feet by 30 feet, arranged with blackboards, long tables, and benches. Here we listen to lectures on the technique of the automobile, the organization of the French Army, with particular reference to the automobile service, topography and map reading, and practice in the same; lectures on the organization of automobile units, on sanitation, food, care of men, duties of an officer in respect to his work and his men, convoy and road work, etc., etc. Then there is a big amphitheatre which seats the entire camp, and where are given lectures on engine mechanics, etc.; and three long shops containing automobiles and parts of every kind used in the French Army, where we get practical training in the taking to pieces of machines, any part of which we are required to draw, after which we re-

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

assemble the machines and put them in working order. There, too, we get lectures on shop practice, demonstrations in welding, soldering, brazing, general repairs, etc., the aim being to give the men who are to officer units or sections the knowledge essential to enable them to perform their task most efficiently. Every other day, we go out on a road trip and have practice in the handling of convoy service. Each man gets a turn as officer of the day, and takes full charge of the doings in camp during his day on. The other days, we drill; and each has a turn at handling the unit on the march. We are up at 5 A.M.; breakfast at 6; and then lectures, shop, drill, or convoy until 6 in the evening. After supper until 10 is the study hour. There are notes to copy, drawings to make, etc., etc., so that I can truthfully say that I have never put in such long hours, which, though long, are most profitable and interesting, exceedingly intense and thoroughly practical.

The Field Service groups in the *Réserve Mallet* began to break up about October 1, 1917, when the American Army sent men up to enlist as many of the men as possible. Those who did enlist, about three hundred in all, were sent to Soissons, from which base they worked until the Germans retook the Chemin des Dames, and drove the Allies back to the Marne. The remainder continued to work from Jouaignes until November, when their agreement with the French Army terminated. Some returned to America to enlist in the American Army in other branches of the Service, while others found openings in Paris. A few enlisted in the French Artillery and were later commissioned.

Of the three hundred who enlisted in the Motor Transport Corps, over one hundred were commissioned. Some stayed with the *Réserve Mallet*, which in February was filled up with men from the regular United States Army. Others were sent to headquarters of the Motor Transport Corps at Tours, while the remainder formed a nucleus of the teaching staff at the United States Army Transport School at Decize.

In 1918 the *Réserve*, under its old Field Service officers, established a record better than any ever made by a similar service in any of the allied armies. They served in

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

eight of the twelve major engagements officially recognized by the American Army. (At this time the *Réserve* consisted of two *groupements* of Americans, one less than the usual number.)

More shells were fed to the French and American 3-inch guns that blasted the Germans off the Marne, the Vesle, and the Oise, by the organization than by any other of its size in France. Between June 6 and November 11, 1918 (when the Armistice was signed), the American drivers alone hauled more than 6,000,000 shells of all varieties to the guns. In addition they also hauled 23,488 tons of infantry ammunition and thousands of troops. This hauling did not mean transferring from one *dépôt* to another; it meant hauling from the railhead to the guns themselves. (*New York Herald*, Continental Edition.)

It is said that the *Réserve Mallet* hauled more ammunition during this time than the American Army fired during its whole participation in the war.

FRANK O. ROBINSON ¹

¹ Of Belmont, Massachusetts; Dartmouth; with the Field Service four months in *Camion* Service; later a Captain, U.S. Motor Transport — *Groupe Robinson*, *Réserve Mallet*, during the war.



IV

THE TRAINING-CAMPS OF CHAVIGNY FARM AND DOMMIERS

AFTER it had been definitely decided that Commandant Doumenc's appeal was to receive a favorable reply, and that the American Field Service was to supply men for the French *Réserve Automobile*, the first step was to locate with the least possible delay a practicable site somewhere near the front areas for an automobile training-camp. Obviously such a camp was necessary, for the men had to be trained in "truck technique" under conditions as near actual war conditions as possible, and (obviously again) Paris and a training-camp to instil military discipline into Americans but newly arrived from across the seas were incompatible. So, following a diligent search in the region directly south of Soissons, a site near Dommiers was finally chosen, and in the first days of May the "Cornell Unit" — the first section to take up trucking instead of ambulancing, and "the first armed American force to go to the front" — was sent to that place for instruction — and *beaucoup corvée*. To this Section belongs the credit of setting Dommiers on its feet as a camp and as a successful training-centre.

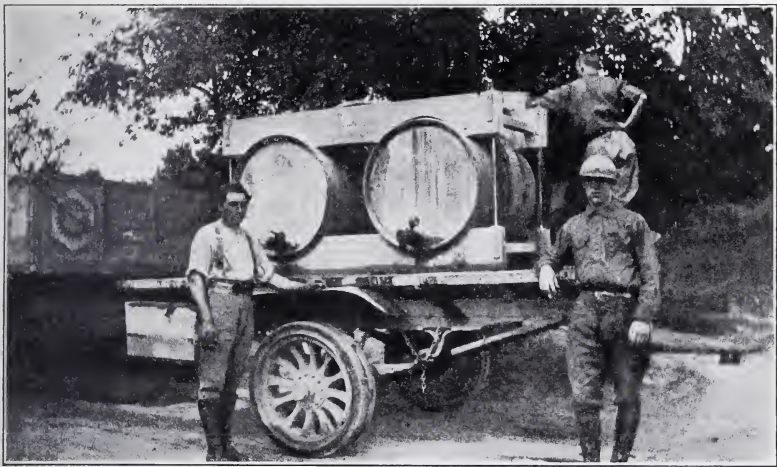
The site of the camp was near the forest of Villers-Cotterets, and after stumps had been cleared away, paths marked out, and tents pitched, became a very pleasant spot for the work at hand. One thing was lacking, namely, water. As a result every day a "tank-trailer" was hauled one or more times, as necessity required, to the nearest spring, which was about six kilometres distant, to get a supply of water for drinking, cooking, and washing purposes. At first the capacity of the camp was small, but each unit which came enlarged and improved it until it was supposed to be sufficient for

all needs. In spite of this development, however, only a month and a half after the inception of the camp, it was found necessary to organize a second one to care for the ever-increasing number of volunteers joining the *Camion Service*. Chavigny Farm, near the village of Longpont, fourteen kilometres south of Soissons, was chosen for the "annex," and upon the Princeton Section fell the duties of organization. Did we not find Chavigny a farm, and leave it an encampment? Did we not pitch tents, build kitchens, construct dining-shacks, dig drains, bank up ditches, lay down corduroy roads, and, all the while, drill and practise driving?" *Chef Scully* may well be proud of the work done by his section, for the Chavigny camp soon proved to be a great improvement in all ways over the Dommiers one, and the latter was abandoned entirely about August 15 in favor of its offspring. Chavigny continued as a training-school until the first week of September, at which time it was made a school for the instruction of men recommended for the rank of non-commissioned officers. As such it was continued for some time longer, but, not long after the enlistment of the men in the United States Army, was given up for good, and became once more the peaceful farm it had been before the American invasion; that is to say, for about six months, until the storm of battle swept it into ruin.

In all, seven automobile sections of approximately forty men each, were sent from the Dommiers camp, and all of these joined *Groupement* No. 9, which was then at Jouaignes. The Cornell Section, the first unit to join the *Réserve*, left Dommiers about May 15, and the other sections left at intervals of from seven to ten days — each having completed two weeks of training. The other sections were sent out from Chavigny on a similar schedule, and, in addition to completing the Americanization of *Groupement* No. 9 at Jouaignes, were enough to form an entire American *groupe* at Soissons. In all about 800 men passed through the two camps — Dommiers training about half of this number.



CORNER OF THE FIELD SERVICE TRANSPORT TRAINING-CAMP
IN THE WOODS OF DOMMIERS



TRAILER BRINGING WATER TO THE TRAINING-CAMP AT DOMMIERS



THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

Though the surroundings of Dommiers, and the conditions under which the men worked there, were not so propitious as were those at Chavigny, a sketch of life at the latter camp will be typical enough to give an idea of life at the original camp, also.

I arrived at the farm of Chavigny, *La Ferme de Chavigny par Longpont*, with the rest of the Field Service section to which I was attached, two days after we landed in France — and I was suffering agonies from that worst of mental maladies, homesickness, even though the sharpest edges had been knocked off by the sight of the picturesque village of Longpont, with its red-tile roofs, old weather-beaten walls, huge well-shaped trees, and romantic ruined abbey. Once here, however, my feeling changed, and I began to take an interest in the life that was to occupy me in this fertile country, for it was a soothing, peaceful picture that I saw. Between two hills whose sides were alternately fields and clumps of trees, lay the farm. Before me were the barns and out-houses; then came the farmyard with hens scratching industriously, ducks waddling to and fro, pigs grunting in the corners, every barnyard animal doing what it would have done if there had been no war. While I was watching, an old farmer came plodding in, followed by a flock of sheep; and a stout, motherly-looking woman advanced to the door to watch them pass. The stamping of horses, the lowing of cows, the baa-ing of the sheep — in short, ordinary bucolic sounds — were the only ones that came to my ears. Standing out from a background of beautiful trees with fields appearing between the trunks, was the ancient château, white and clean. Behind it on a terraced lawn were the tents in which we were to live. In the road were parked a number of trucks. As I lay in my French cot that night, in the tent to which I had been assigned, and re-pictured all this to myself, I could not but think, in spite of the occasional distant and muffled boom of a gun, that I was glad after all that I had come!

During the following fortnight we were trained for our work at the front. This preparation was of a double nature, for the time was divided between drill and automobile instruction. We had been issued French equipment at 21 rue Raynouard, gas-mask, helmet, canteen, etc., and it was with French rifles that we did our drilling. It was an awkward picture that we made during the first days as we manœuvred to the French commands. "*Arme sur l'épaule droite*" was the signal for a confused sound of rifles banging against helmets; and after things had quieted down a bit, no two rifles were in the same position. "*En ligne, face à gauche*," started a mix-up equalled only by cattle in a round-up on our Western ranches. Some men stood still, some turned left, some turned right; and the final result was more like a riot than a military formation. But the section learned quickly, and in a remarkably short time we could drill and execute the various movements smoothly and rhythmically. This success was in part due to the fact that our instructors were familiar with Americans and had had experience with other sections — men who knew how to be military and at the same time friendly. Thus, at the end of two weeks, the result of the discipline was easily apparent, and the men had a real military bearing. Needless to say, the appearance of the section was many times improved. This in spite of the fact that divers uniforms were to be seen — for each man had equipped himself at his own expense, and within certain limits to his own taste.

The part of our work which I call "automobile instruction," included, first, detailed lectures on the motor and *chassis*, by the French lieutenants; second, work on the trucks (washing, greasing, oiling, etc.) and practical application of the points that we had learned in the lectures; several hours each morning were spent in overalls "discovering and learning the innards"; and, third, came convoy or road work, under the guidance of old, experienced French drivers. Most of the afternoon was spent on the road. It would be too much to attempt any de-

tailed description of the convoy rules that had to be learned. Suffice it to say that they concerned French military traffic laws; distances between trucks to be observed in open country, through towns, up and down hills; methods of turning and backing by means of the signals of the second, or assistant, driver; and numerous other things which are very important on pitch-black nights near the lines, on a road carrying four lines of traffic. In addition we had to learn the simple handling of the trucks, which were five-ton Pierce-Arrows. The French Government had put a French T.M. section of eighteen of these trucks with their drivers at the disposal of the camp. Most of the fellows had driven Fords, at least, but, even so, the truck proposition presented new things to learn. A truck is heavier than a touring-car, and more difficult to handle on the road. One cannot lie back on the seat in comfort, letting the steering-wheel play in the hands, for every jounce in the road is communicated to the wheel, and a steady grip is necessary to keep the truck from zigzagging all over the landscape. There is no self-starter on a Pierce-Arrow, and some strength and a decided knack is necessary to "turn over" the engine. So it goes — there were many things to learn, and many little difficulties to master.

As in the case of the drilling, however, the fellows, on the whole, soon acquired the skill and experience necessary to successful convoy work. Though, as I have said, we went out practically every afternoon, there were only minor accidents. A radiator was smashed because a man was following the truck ahead so closely that he could not avoid a collision when the former stopped. Or trucks were temporarily ditched when the drivers took too many chances while competing with the other cars in quick turning on narrow roads. On such an occasion I had the unique experience of putting my car down a ten-foot embankment backwards, stopping after snapping off a tree six inches in diameter, with my rear wheels up to the hub in a brook. The road that I left was quite

a grade, and it took three trucks cabled together to pull me out. The crowning feature of our training and our final success was when the convoy came through its practice "night convoy," with conditions at the front duplicated as near as possible, with trucks driven as they must be driven at the front, and with practical problems met as the drivers would later meet them in everyday work, without ditching a car or smashing a radiator. It would not be fair to leave the subject of accidents without saying that Lieutenant Vincent, who usually accompanied the convoys, was extremely lenient in censuring men who were unfortunate enough to have a mischance. My own case is the best example, since my accident was the most spectacular. When I expressed pain at the awkwardness which had caused me to put the truck where no respectable truck cares to go, and regret at the work and delay I was causing to get the truck back, he said simply: "Don't let that worry you; it is nothing. Such little incidents are bound to occur. I've had experience with much worse."

The trips we made were exceedingly interesting — and especially since the type of scenery was new to us. I shall never forget my first impressions — the rolling hills covered, as far as the eye could reach, with waving fields of grain of varied shades of green; a little town, with its squat houses hidden in the corner of some purple valley; and crowning the top of the plateau, a forest of wonderful, strong, straight trees, so well cared for even in this time of stress that not a bush was growing between them. One could see through until the maze of trunks stopped the gaze. As there were six men assigned to one truck, taking turns by twos acting as drivers and second drivers, there were always four men in the body of the truck, so we had ample time to admire the landscape — and not a man but loved it at first sight. To add to the interest, Lieutenant Vincent and Lieutenant Gillette arranged that we should always stop to rest in some fair-sized town.

THE STORY OF THE RÉSERVE MALLET

In this way we once stopped at Château-Thierry. We learned to know Crépy-en-Valois; and we were soon well acquainted with Villers-Cotterets, once the home of Dumas, and, in our day, the home of the best-tasting pies on this side of the ocean. The pies, I should add, were but one of the pastry products that brought joy to the Americans, and unheard-of wealth to the poor woman who strove to please us — because we had come so far to fight *pour la France*, and because she had “a man in the war.” A third town we visited was Pierrefonds. Here there is a wonderfully restored château which, with its battlements and towers, at once took us back in spirit to the age of brave knights and fair ladies. This was the château which, according to rumor, had appealed to the Kaiser’s eye. In 1914, his son, having captured the region, sent to his father for advice as to whether or not the château should be destroyed, and father, they say, wired: “No, no! I want that château myself, to live in on my way to Paris,” or words to that effect.

It is not difficult to see that it was not these trips alone that made our training period at Chavigny almost a vacation. We had the best of officers. The two French lieutenants could not have been kinder to us or more interested in what we did. We had the quiet, pretty little farm where we lived — there was a piano in the farmhouse, and the gardener’s daughter entertained us evenings. We had Longpont with its eleventh-century gateway and the romantic ruins of its twelfth-century abbey. It is true, on the other hand, that we had *corvée* work and roll-call, fixed hours, and bugle-calls galore; but all of this benefited us in the end. Thus it came to pass that, when the section left for the front, the fellows had at the same time a desire to “see action,” to “get into real work,” and a hidden pang at having to leave.

I wish that I could carry with me forever a picture of Chavigny as I have described it; but the God of War decreed that that was not to be. As the months advanced he shook his huge hulk, stepped forth, planted his foot

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

on Chavigny, and in a twinkling the tranquil little spot was changed. Gone are the stables, with nothing but an elongated pile of stones to mark their previous existence. Where the animals were kept there remains but a boggy expanse of shell-holes, smashed helmets, and litter of war. One piece of wall of the *château* still stands; the rest is but a mass of crumpled masonry and broken beams. The branches are hacked from the trees as though a dull axe had been wielded against them. The trunks and stumps remaining are pierced or peppered by deadly machine-gun bullets. The field is a swamp, and, on almost the exact spot where once I lay and ruminated on the new-found beauty, stands a tank, leaning giddily, its side torn open, its ripped interior exposed. There is naught here but desolation. A cold, dank mist hovers over the spot from morn till night: and the crows flying back and forth seem to deride with their strident voices the work of man.

FREDERICK W. KURTH¹

November, 1918

¹ Of Roxbury, Massachusetts; Harvard, '18; T.M.U. 537; subsequently Sergeant, First Class, U.S. Motor Transport Corps.





Camion Diaries

Across the calm clear sky of God
A great white glory gleams;
The young men find the altar stairs
Of world-rapt hopes and dreams.

SHERMAN L. CONKLIN

I

T.M.U. 133. SECTION F, OF JOUAIGNES

THE following home letters, written by a member of the Princeton Section, give a running account of the life and work of one of the nine *camion* sections located at Jouaignes in the summer and autumn of 1917, and may be considered typical of them all. Because of the limits of space, and because all of these sections were doing practically identical work in the same sector, it has not been possible to include extended accounts of each of the other sections.

AT TRAINING CAMP

Chavigny Farm, June 11, 1917

FROM the moment we entered trucks at 21 rue Raynouard for our first stage of the journey to the front, equipped with steel helmets, gas-masks, and rifles (the rifles — I speak it softly — are of the vintage of 1874), we have experienced a rapid succession of impressions which can't be assimilated. Yesterday one hundred

of us, bound for the *camion* service, got out of the trucks at the *Gare du Nord*, lined up, and marched by squads into the station between densely crowded rows of blue-uniformed Frenchmen, who thought they were seeing the first detachment of the heralded American Army. Such a young crowd of different-looking soldiers, coming on the heels of reports of the landing of American soldiers in France, confused with the arrival of Pershing and his staff in London, made every Frenchman in the station flock to see us. . . .

We are somewhere near Soissons, about sixteen miles from the line, in a training-camp. A Princeton tentful of thirty of us boys have kept together. The tent is pitched in a long disused lawn-tennis court in the midst of a grove of locust trees, which are carefully trimmed and the underbrush cleaned out, so that the long, slender trunks stand out black against the farther distant green background, through which the last evidences of sunlight were percolating a little while ago.

Now I am writing by lantern light, and the trees look almost as straight and black and regular as the gratings of a cell. You would like the ancient farmhouse around which our tents are grouped — a long, rambling stone structure occupying one side of a quadrangle, while sturdily built and connected granaries and stables complete the square. It dates back goodness knows how long. Its story must be varied, but certainly at no time fuller of incident than in 1914, when this territory was invaded just before the Battle of the Marne. Against the door of one of the haylofts is still nailed the sign "Surgical Infirmary." One of the old stone water-troughs bears a warning not to drink the water. Sheep, peafowl, Belgian rabbits, cows, horses, chickens, and turkeys abound. All the wagons and the farming implements might literally have been made centuries ago. Except for uniforms, and notices posted here and there, we have here a perfect little piece of mediæval France.

June 12

NEVER in my life have I witnessed such a stirring sight as that which greeted our eyes this morning, when, in a grove, on the top of a hill overlooking miles of country, all the Americans in the *Camion* Service were gathered in a hollow square to witness the presentation of the *Croix de Guerre* to a French soldier. The American flag was in a corner. The French were on one side, and in another corner was stationed a full military band, completing the square except for an entry-way in the middle of one face. We were drawn up at attention. There was complete silence except for the commands of our French officers, fitting in with the shady and sombre quiet of the woods. It was intensely impressive. Then, all of a sudden, the drum-major raised his hand in response to a gesture from Lieutenant Gillette; and the buglers, flourishing their instruments, commenced a pulsing, short call. At that moment the command "Present arms!" was given; the band broke into the first measure of the *Marseillaise* and, through the opening in our ranks, six French officers walked with a slow step. They halted a moment, saluted the flag, recognized our officers, who were standing rigidly at the salute, and then moved on slowly, all the way around the square. After completing the formal inspection, they gathered in the centre, the band stopped, and one of the officers, stepping forward, read in both French and English the citation, which ran, "for gallantly risking his life when his machine was struck at night by an aeroplane bomb, and he, wounded and pinned under his machine, prevented his comrades from bringing a light which would have been taken advantage of by the enemy." The buglers gave another flourish and a call, when, on the last note, the Frenchman stepped out of line, received his decoration on the left breast of his uniform, and stepped back into line again, whereupon the officers left the square to the measure of the *Marseillaise* again, while our three companies and the one company of French formed in squads four

abreast, and, to the tune of a French march, passed before the officers in review. We may have appeared to the French somewhat "opera-bouffish"; we may have looked to them a little like a Chinese army; but, believe me, it was a ceremony of glorified seriousness to us.

THE WELL-INFORMED FRENCH

June 16

It is constantly amazing to us to see how well informed the French rank and file are. All the evening men from a cantonment near here have been dropping in on us. They speak of Wilson's Flag Day address, of the success of the Liberty Loan, of Pershing's arrival in Paris, of Viviani's wonderful speech in the Chamber yesterday about his visit in America. Of every item of news the commonest soldiers know as much as we do. It is easy to see they expect much of us. They say, "Sixty-five thousand have come without the death of a soldier — America is without doubt going to war"; and in the midst of their great hope of our aid, I believe there's a tinge of surprise that we have plunged in. All along the road we see them; every place we stop at we speak to them. It does n't seem to make very much difference whether one can speak the language or not. Their open faces tell what they're trying to say. About here we are the first Americans who have appeared. Countless times we've been met with the single question, "American?" And when we say "Yes," there's always the same wonderful smile of pleasure, welcome, and interest, all mingled.

The evening before last we were ordered to report at the office of the French head of our section, where we passed one by one, gave our names, were handed 1 fr. 50, affixed our signatures to receipts for our first pay as common soldiers in the French Army — 5 sous a day. I made a vow on the spot, as I held the two coins in my hand, never to spend them, but, during a long ride yesterday,

we stopped at the ancient town of Pierrefonds, southwest of Compiègne, and after a hurried and heated sight-seeing tour of the old château, once the castle of Louis XII, I was so terribly hot that my week's wages had to go for a *citronnade*. Of course, I had n't another cent except that on me.

June 22

TO-MORROW at twelve we leave, four in a *camion*, on a night-and-day run, getting back here at the training-camp at midnight. Driving without lights is beginning to make all of us confirmed fatalists. I don't know how we'd come through it if it was n't for the French roads. Contrary to what one might believe, nearly all the roads we have struck have been kept in splendid shape. One sees soldiers constantly at work on them. Even on the smaller local roads, old men are zealously tending them. I noticed two patriarchs yesterday grubbing up the sod around the small piles of crushed rock alongside, so that when the stone should be shovelled up, not a bit would be lost, and then piling them up with squared bases.

The other day, riding through the Compiègne Forest for miles without seeing a soul, we suddenly came to a place where a grassy forest road crossed our macadam obliquely. The trees were so thick and high that all our road was in deep shade. A little to one side, almost hidden by a large tree, was a cross with a wreath resting on the ground. As we came up to the spot, I thought that perhaps some French or German soldier was buried there, killed during the great retreat of the French at the beginning of the war; but, rolling on by, I saw the inscription which read: "Here are 160 men who died in defence of their country." In such a lonely stretch of forest land you can picture the effect of this simple cross, not within sight of the trenches or barbed wire, but miles from the nearest line. It moved one to think of this group of unsung heroes left in this shadowed backwater as the tide of battle swept on and away.

AT JOUAIGNES

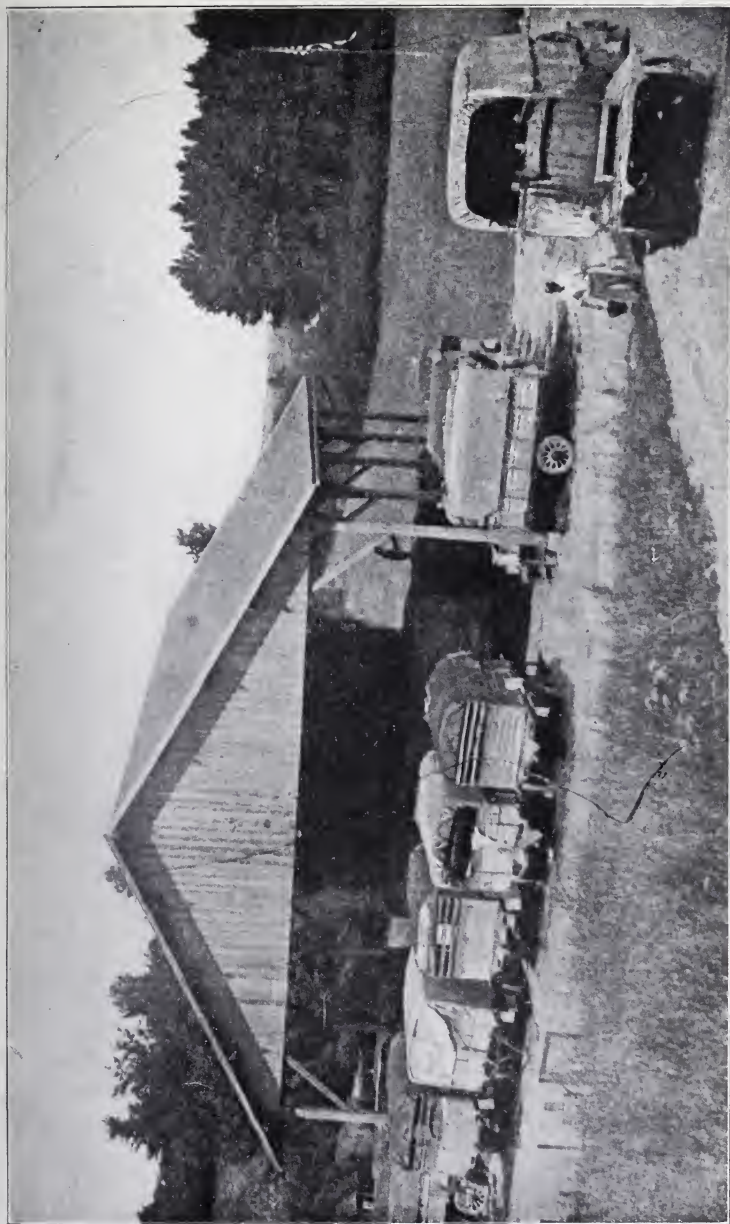
July 1

OUR section has finished its training, and been transferred from Chavigny Farm to the little village of Jouaignes, some fifty kilometres distant, where the *camion* sections are gathered, and quartered for their work. The single street that runs through the village and all of the roads leading to it are lined with Pierce-Arrow trucks, and the fields and hills around it are cluttered with the trailers and extemporized huts in which the sections live and eat and sleep.

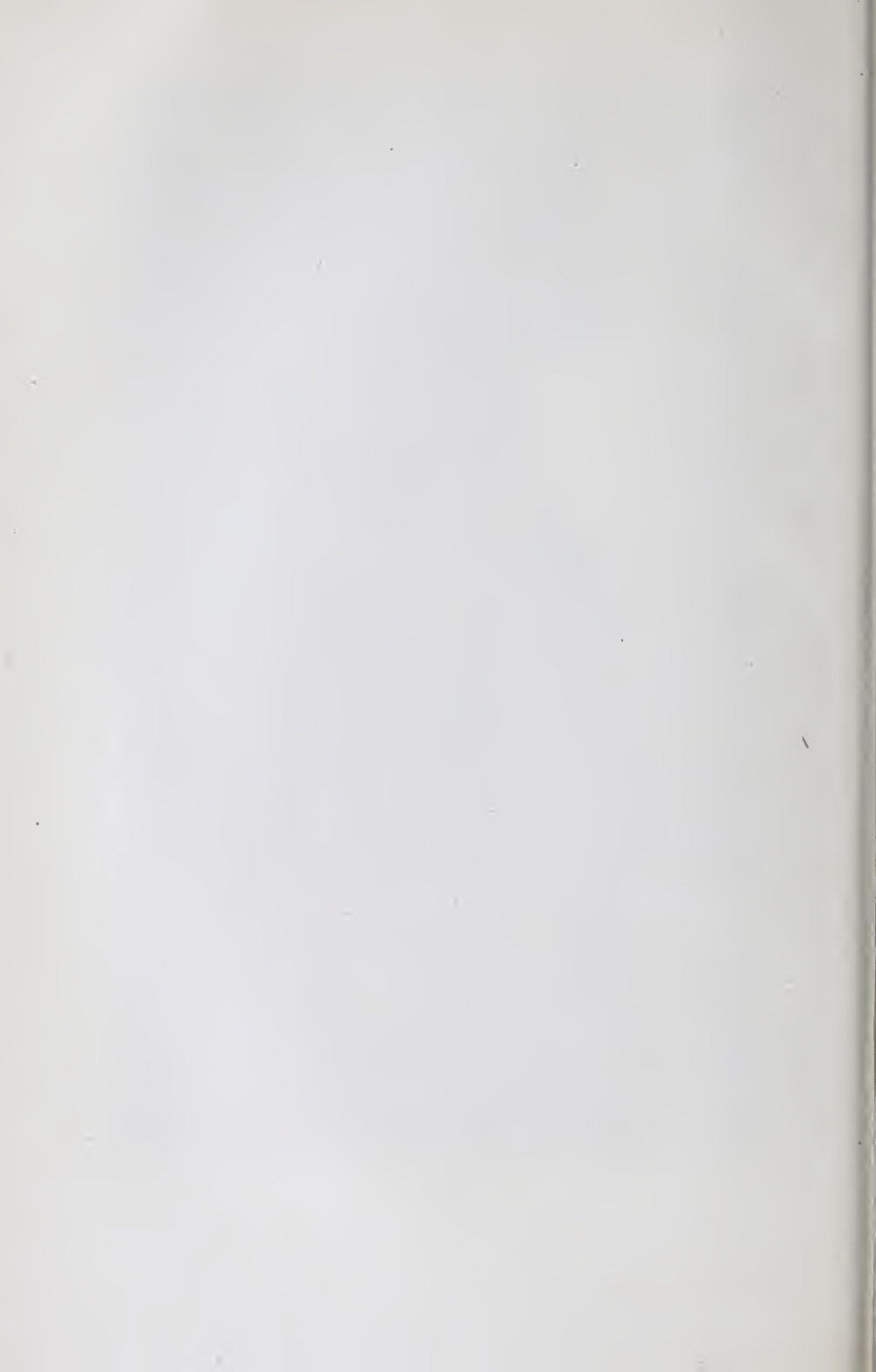
Here is probably a very fair sample of the days that are coming. We got up at six, had breakfast at six-thirty — now it is augmented by an egg — after which fourteen cars of our section got off at seven in two detachments. At eight we reached our artillery *dépôt*, where each car was loaded with “75” shells, one hundred cases with nine shells in each. It is interesting to figure out the cost of our caravan — of \$40,000 worth of shells in a *camion*. The other day we carried “150’s” — about \$600,000 in eight *camions*.

July 5

WE had the best kind of Fourth yesterday. At nine o'clock in the morning all six sections of the Transport Service that are now in the field, and three sections that are still in training at Longpont, assembled in full war regalia at the *Bureau* Headquarters. Then we marched through the little town, the American flag flying at the head of the column, and on into the country a little way, past a company of French soldiers coming back *en repos*, past a little hospital with cheering soldiers in the porch, then into a field where we were drawn up in the formation of a hollow square. To me it looked quite as ship-shape and well-proportioned as a German square might be. We were four hundred strong, plus fifty French soldiers, a band of Senegalese, and an imposing array of officers —



THE TRAILER "DORMITORIES" OF THE TUFTS COLLEGE UNIT AT JOUAGNES, 1917



a French lieutenant or captain can look like a generalissimo — the whole number amounting to about five hundred. Four *Croix de Guerre* were presented to French soldiers. Various stages of the ceremony were accompanied by bugle calls, salutes by the officers, and orders to present arms.

This afternoon a French soldier wandered into our barracks, as they are always doing, and sat down on Don Stewart's bed. He soon became interested in pictures of American soldiers in a New York *Times* Sunday Supplement, said that we were "*bons camarades*," asked for an American flag as a souvenir, and showed us all pictures which he was carrying in his pocketbook, of his wife, sisters, brothers — this one wounded at Verdun, that one at Lens now. The French soldiers are always eager to show us the little intimate things in their pocketbooks, and are overjoyed if we do the same. Don found a tiny combination of the French and American flags, and pinned it himself on the soldier's breast. You should have seen the look of delight in the man's eyes. His whole face was one beam of unadulterated joy, as he looked at all of us in turn, not daring to watch Don's fingers pinning the thing on — a mixture of soldierly repression and the instinct of keeping the best until the last.

July 13

WE have n't much time to read in camp, but while we are out with the cars there come gaps that make up about as much time altogether as the leisure in camp. While getting loaded and unloaded, which is always done by the soldiers of the older classes, who are round about forty-seven years old, we do nothing. By the way, think of it, there is a proclamation in the village saying that, before a certain date, all men between the ages of sixteen and sixty must register, not necessarily for service at that time, but to get ready for the moment when every possible man in almost any possible physical shape will

be drafted by the Government. So you see what an effort France is making. While getting unloaded, there are often very long waits, as there are many artillery *parcs* where only two cars can be unloaded at once. There is nothing to do, too, during the couple of hours spent from four to six kilometres back of the line waiting for dark before the loads can be taken up within about three kilometres of the front. This is where reading matter fits in well.

Figures show that it takes twenty-five thousand shots to bring down one aeroplane. Figures like that always give me a despairing feeling. Fifty tons of metal have to be fired at German trenches to put one man out of commission! Then I recall how much gasoline we burn up, and how much cranking and driving and waiting and eating we have to do, in order to bring up fifty tons; how much work has been done to put those "75's" F.O.B. on our *camions*, and how much road-repairing goes in our wake. It is the concern of our whole section — forty men, heaps of officers, cooks, etc. — to accomplish an average of fifty tons a day.

Every day we cross the Aisne on one of three or four bridges — shaky affairs that were hastily put up after the German retreat. Almost all the approaches to the bridges from the south are screened by great, endless strips of burlap, running for miles, which men are constantly at work repairing; for the roads, while not in direct view of the German trenches, are nevertheless under observation by the German *saucisses*. Once on the other side, we came in contact with scenes of ruination and desolation that can't possibly be exaggerated. Town after town, along the whole length of the north bank, is blasted to complete destruction. Though they've been regained and held by the French for two years, nevertheless they have been during this time under fire — so little is the distance the Germans have been pushed back here in the country we know — from Soissons east to

within sixteen kilometres of Reims. The two cities at the ends of this section — Soissons and Reims — are regularly shelled every day.

The famous road, Chemin des Dames — surely now the most famous in all the world — still marks the German line. Last evening I caught sight of it. We had stopped on the north side of the Aisne about four kilometres from the line and were waiting for nightfall before going closer — nearly two hours with nothing to do except to consume our frugal repast of army bread and *confiture*. That little matter was soon out of the way, and then half of us — one half stayed with the cars — set out exactly in the manner of sheep to seek the top of the highest hill thereabouts.

THE short stretch of rising land we crossed was like all the *terrain* rising from the Aisne to the plateau on which the Germans are. The first ten feet off the road we crossed a shallow trench in which military telephone wires were laid; still a bit higher, fifty yards farther on, we came to one of the narrow-gauge railroads that run everywhere. A few yards beyond that we saw a hastily thrown-up temporary French trench, the mound of earth being on the north side. One could see that it had been held but a short time, because there was not any wire in front of it. Then we took a path through a wheat-field and came out on a little road, still higher up, with the sign "*Défendu de passer le jour.*"

Back of this line, about a hundred or more yards away, was another line of trenches, and, fifty yards back of these, some German trenches, more carefully constructed, the walls being perpendicular, the angles sharper, the floor two feet deeper than the height of a man; and, running the whole length, was a firing-step. There were no dugouts, so probably it had n't been occupied long; and there were no signs of destruction due to artillery fire. There seems to be neither rhyme nor reason in the way the trenches, and particularly the wire-entangle-

ments, run. It is hard to recognize, in the trenches I have seen, any semblance to the order that has been diagrammed in some of our illustrated magazines. He would be a courageous man who should attempt to give a definite type of line.

On the top of the hill we came out on a plateau. In one direction — the northwest — was a fringe of bushes, back of which were three Frenchmen, one of whom was holding a pair of glasses which he kept fixed on a German aeroplane, around which there were puffs of shrapnel bursting. This man now and again said something to a man standing below him, whose head and shoulders only were above ground. On the man's head was fastened a telephone by which the observer's information was conveyed. Their dugout was a little gem for neatness. The horizontal entrance was little more than a foot wide. From it a ladder descended perpendicularly six or eight feet to a room lighted by a candle and equipped with the instrumentalities of living. A comfortable little place it seemed — warm in winter, cool in summer. However, the open-air advocate might find it a little stuffy.

We had the Chemin des Dames pointed out to us — the first-line French trenches, just this side of the crest of a hill, thin white lines cutting through the brownish soil. The German trenches, at that point, are hidden from the sight of the French infantry over and down the other side a way. Every second or two shells were bursting somewhere in this wide panorama. We were quite high up and could see for miles. As we were going down, one of the Frenchmen told us to keep back of the bushes as long as possible, since we were under observation from Boche trenches. Actual German trenches we could not see — merely locations. The sensation that we could be seen by hostile eyes was peculiar — safe enough though we were.

July 24

OUR last four days have been like this: Saturday: In camp until three o'clock in the afternoon; loaded with

CAMION DIARIES

soixante-quinze; unloaded at a château that had been shot to the very completion of ruin. Sunday morning: We got back here at seven, went right to bed, stayed in Sunday night. Yesterday, Monday, was very uninteresting — merely transferring beams for *abris* from one yard to another, both about the same distance back of the line. Back at four in the afternoon. We went through a "gas attack" this morning — probably the last one of this kind — a gas test, simply to get us a little wised up if a gas-shell should ever explode near by. Not far from here, I should explain, is a small stone road-rest or night-refuge house, square without windows, with walls nearly two feet thick. It was built by Napoleon I, along with thousands of others put up at the same time beside all these roads — examples of Napoleon's internal improvement régime. Into this, thirty of us at a time were herded, the door closed, and a gas cartridge shot off by a French lieutenant, needless to say after our masks were securely put on.

July 25

You'd have been amused to see the bed I've just been lying on. It has a good solid foundation of "220's" standing in tightly laid rows. On the blunt tops of them (fuses are not on), a sort of garden-trellis wire is laid; then on this are spread woven mattresses of pine and spruce twigs — *camouflage*, low-visibility stuff. Lying at full length between the tops of the two rows of shells and on this cushion, you could n't want a better rough-and-ready bed. We had been out all night; when we came into this *dépôt*, I could have slept on anything.

Monday, July 30

WE have been so busy lately that I have not been quite in the mood for writing. Now that I have seen how we can be worked, I am less inclined to criticise the inaction of many of the parts of the armies we see around us. Every organization has got to be prepared to multiply

its work in an emergency. Here, the last four days, we have n't had enough cars or enough men to quite fill our proportion of the orders. We have had to get cars which supposedly were out of commission out of the *atelier* at four o'clock in the morning, and yet all of us, less than a week ago, were griping about not having enough to do. Now the griping is about having too much to do. Oh, well, that's the Anglo-Saxon way, and maybe the French way too — you are never satisfied with what is what!

Two nights ago we got caught in the midst of the French batteries busy on a *tir de barrage*. To-day we learned that an American ambulance boy, Gailey, was killed that very hour — from four to five — only a mile or two from us. He was a Princeton sophomore who came over on the same boat with us. I did not know him, but many of the others did. They say he was a very quiet, reserved, diffident boy — the last sort of chap to imagine blotted out by a relentless war, until recently, probably, so foreign to his whole nature.

The roads have been packed with every description of traffic. All around and in between convoys, the continual road-mending goes on. There is just one criticism that we can't help but make all the time: we don't see the sense in having thousands and thousands of men doing nothing but break stones, using little iron mallets with long, supple handles, when there are such things as portable rock-crushers — at least there are in America.

In the rain yesterday we passed two full regiments on the march back to the front from *repos*. The poor beggars, cold and drenched to the skin, had no raincoats. They were having a pretty welcome back to the trenches after their two weeks off. All the lieutenants were on foot. The officers dress beautifully, but they certainly don't escape the common discomfort. I wonder if the word "lieutenant" makes you imagine a youngish, trim, military-looking youth? In some regiments there is not a lieutenant under forty years old.

CAMION DIARIES

August 5

WE, the American *groupeement*, ten sections, two hundred cars, have carried 500,000 shells the last two weeks! That's doing a little something, is n't it?

Yesterday we left on a trip at ten o'clock in the morning, got back at ten-thirty at night, and left again at four o'clock while it was still dark, and the fog with the gloom of early morning hid the cook shack only twenty yards away. We've exhausted all the weird, hitherto impossible hours of leaving home and getting back home, only we don't quite yet call it "home"; still, it's camp, and the sensations of getting back after a night run are powerfully like all the attractions of certain home-comings — food and a bed and a roof, when these are about all of life's desiderata at the time. In the afternoon we carried troops for the first time, and got back at seven o'clock. This makes a stretch of thirty-three hours with three hours' sleep. Oh, we'll be *en repos* to-morrow. Really, no one could possibly put in an easier thirty hours' work. It is n't work, mostly just waiting around, sitting around, puttering a bit, sleeping around, if one can sleep in odd stretches on a front seat. It amounts to putting in a thirty hours under orders, during which at least one man must stay all the time with the car, and the other man near enough by to show up in five or ten minutes.

LIFE IN CAMP

August 9

THERE is nothing to do to-day but lie around, wash up, clean our quarters, etc. I'll probably do some more waiting around because my name is posted as guard to-night. I'm sitting in the only comfortable spot in camp this minute. The sun is intermittently struggling to produce some real warmth and good eye-squinting light. But the best it can make is a half shadow on the west side of the barrack and unsatisfactory enough reflected warmth against this south end. The wind is blowing

from the north, lengthwise with strength, and chill enough to keep every one inside with the windward door closed. Two others like myself have brought out their sheepskins and improvised a very so-so sort of a reclining seat against this wall. The back of my chair has got the resiliency of a wicker seat. The barrack is of the regulation sort, made of ready-built sections of quarter-inch planking covered with tar paper, and none too strong. It does keep out the rain now, but not the cold, nor would it keep my back from going through if I were particularly anxious to make a test of strength.

A little way off, over the slope of the hill, across the concealed road, is a large American flag flying, the base of its pole out of sight. It marks a new Field Service camp. The greatest beauty of our particular camp location is its position on the side of a grassy hill. It's the only camp of ten that is n't a mire of mud within a radius of twenty yards after even a drizzle. We have no mud in any place except just above our doorstep. There is the greatest variety of sleeping arrangements inside. The start of the craze for elaboration was commenced by two boys at one end whose roof leaked on them. They figured out that it would be more worth while to halve the damage below by building a set of double-decker bunks than spend five minutes patching the roof above their particular place; so they walled themselves off from the rest of the crowd and put up two bunks against the wall, and then strung a canvas blanket roll over the top of the bunk, so that it would catch the rain which got through the roof. This blanket canvas drops over the side of both, thus making an excellent imitation of a Pullman berth. With a table, two benches, innumerable shelves and hooks, what more could be desired? The success of the original project was contagious. Every one set out to equal or better the arrangement. Now the creative result of the labors of twenty different architects makes the barrack inside look like a lot of booths at a Y.M.C.A. bazaar.

Yesterday afternoon at two o'clock, we had eaten our cold lunch and were waiting for a *corvée* to get good and ready to load us. "Mac" was sleeping on the front seat. I decided to go off on a little tour of exploration with another boy. We walked a few yards to a narrow-gauge track, investigated one of the double-header locomotives, and discovered a plate on it saying, "Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, 1915." Then we set off up the track, walked a hundred yards, passed through an orchard, the leaves still green and the apples hard and green, as ripe as they will ever get, for all the trees — and there were hundreds of them — were ringed by the Germans last April. This was a devilishly effective way to kill them; but, in most places, the Boches went after them with a saw. There is nothing that maddens one as much, nothing that so brings home to one the proximity of these damnable Germans, as those trees still green. Now a contrast! A little beyond an utterly ruined village, there were two or three trees ringed, but with a puny last crop of apples that could be eaten. Up in the branches of one of the trees was a French artilleryman and another at the foot. When we passed by, looking critically at the trees for an apple fit to eat, the artillerymen called out to us, waved their hands, and then beckoned. We were the first Americans they had talked to. I asked if the apples were fit to eat. One of them said a few were. I looked around for one to pick, but the Frenchman stopped my first movement and held out his hands — three or four little apples in each, and insisted on our taking them.

Another evidence of recent German occupation, quite as characteristic, was a sign painted on a wall in another town near by; "Gott Strafe England," and below it an iron cross, under which, in a semi-circle, were the forever loathsome words, "Deutschland über alles." It won't be long before the French give the whole thing a splash of whitewash. Let us hope it won't be so very long before the whole rotten Germanic idea will be as effectively blotted out by the Allies.

MONT NOTRE DAME

August 12

WE were in camp again yesterday with nothing to do; so after lunch we decided to set off on a visit to an old church on a steep hill. Baedeker says it was built in the twelfth century, and Mont Notre Dame is its name. At the foot of the hill a little town straggles along a single, curving street, which, when it reaches the base of the Mont, narrows and commences to wind up, rock and bushes on one side and a low stone wall and then depth on the other. On the nearly flat top is the old church with a monastery building; before the war the latter was owned and occasionally lived in by a count and countess somebody, but now it is a convalescent hospital for officers. The wonderful view from the top, the old monastery walks and gardens, and, above all, the fine old church, with its flying buttresses, its gargoyles and all, make about as fine a place as I could have imagined. An officer we came unexpectedly upon in the shade of a wall, with a sketchbook and pencil in hand, had caught a phase of the church that was a perfect gem in *ensemble* and detail. He made me ashamed that I myself had not noticed the really rare beauty of that particular spot. Strolling around in the gardens and the cemetery, where half the graves bear the red, white, and blue disks seen on all soldiers' mounds, were other officers, and with them two or three nurses, dressed in white, their single red cross being the only bit of color on their uniform. The faces of the officers were gentlemanly, dignified, attractive. The nurses were gentlewomen of middle age. One could imagine them, in their comfortable Parisian homes before the war, as wives and mothers. We went down from the church tower through an ancient wooden door, with heavy old rusty bolts, opening inward toward the circular stairway, then soon came into the triforium gallery, where we caught our first glimpse of the interior of the church proper. Four or five men in blue were



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UNDER THE FIELD SERVICE

sitting in the shaded nave below, their heads half-bowed. It was absolutely quiet. We could see the altar light burning. This was not a tourist's church. Here was reverent war-time worship by soldiers. I was glad they did n't know we were above them, almost profaning the structure. Four French flags were draped over the altar. Again I was glad of one small thing, that there were no flags of the Allies. At Notre Dame in Paris, it did n't seem quite right to see there the American flag hanging. Later, we stood below in the church for a few minutes. All three of us must have been thinking of Jack Newlin at that moment; for, the evening before, we heard he had been killed driving his ambulance.

IN THE LAND OF ALAN SEEGER

August 16

It is certainly delightful to half-sit, half-lie, here in bed with four layers of blankets over me. Where I begin to emerge from underneath them, I wear two sweaters; and yet we are in mid-August! All this covering is just enough to insure comfortable warmth, for the wind is blowing furiously outside. Eighteen of us are here, waiting until three o'clock this afternoon to go out on an all-night run. The state of good humor that reigns within now, while the wind blows outside, can be largely accounted for by the knowledge we have of where our trip takes us. We laughed at the fellows who left at three this morning to run again what we call the "bus line"; and then some of them laughed at the picture of our "blowing in," chilly and probably wet, early tomorrow morning, while they are warm in bed. Ours is the best laugh, however, because we go to the most interesting spot in the whole sector.

I've Alan Seeger's "Letters and Diary" open next to me and I've stopped at page 50, where, under the date of January 5, 1915, he says: "On New Year's Day we rose before daybreak, and the whole section was marched off to take a bath. We walked to Maizy, and then

turned off down the Canal de l'Aisne. Several miles beyond, we came to a big sugar refinery. In a barge moored on the canal-side, a woman sold us hot coffee, and bread too. This little excursion was a pleasant diversion, taking us for a moment out of the narrow circumscription we had been moving in for the past two months." But he does not describe the Canal de l'Aisne; so to one who has n't seen what he saw on the morning of January 5, 1915, the picture is nothing, certainly nothing when compared with the actual wonderful beauty of the Canal at that point, with the hills on both sides and the numerous canal-boats lying forsaken along the tow-path, cut off as they now are, and have been since the beginning of the war, from movement in either direction by the pontoon bridges that are lying across the canal in place of the ruined stone and steel bridges. The "barge moored on the canal side" is one of two that we see in the same place at least every week. We know that they have n't budged since he bought his "hot rolls," because the pontoons give unmistakable evidence that they can't move more than a few yards.

After lunch now. The meals are always particularly good when there are only a few of us in camp. I quite honestly wish I could get to like the ordinary red wine — *pinard* — as they call it. The French *corvée* workers almost pass out with mirth when we say, "*L'eau vaut mieux que le pinard.*" You would think that better joke there never was, from the way they shout and howl at our confession." "*Pas bons soldats,*" they say, at which we laugh, and they redouble their cheers. They are lovable, ragged, cheerful old men, always tricking each other if they can, always talking, never in haste. Each one has a long drooping moustache, and occasional faces have the amiable, melancholy expression of setters.

BRINGING DOWN A BALLOON

I MUST tell you about an observation balloon I saw "dropped" by a German plane. Three days ago we were

in a neighboring town getting water from a tank in the main square, where we could see most of the sky. A French observation balloon was about halfway between us and the line, and some 1500 feet up in the air. We were on our front seat, just about to eat our lunch of bread, *confiture*, and tinned meat; and the square was full of soldiers wandering about or standing in groups of threes or fours. The Paris *journaux* were being sold to the largest group by a paper-seller — a soldier, of course. Perhaps I might have seen two or three civilians, surely no more. Suddenly, some one noticed something unusual aloft. The one upturned face, of course, attracted the others. The first thing we remarked was the stoppage of movement in the square and all eyes being directed toward the French balloon. A black speck was heading toward the *saucisse*, accompanied with its puffball shrapnel satellites as every air-craft gun for miles opened up on it, making a tremendous din. Utterly oblivious of the iron rain, the German kept straight on. Then we could see a French plane heading for him, from behind and at an angle. But, for all he gained, he might have been one of the spectators in the square. During this time the balloon was being pulled down at a great rate, and the Boche was coming on also at a great rate. He became more than a speck, magically evolving into the proportions of a planing buzzard; then, at the critical moment, he made a quick, dipping turn. We saw drop from the car of the *saucisse* a speck, which almost instantly opened up into a parachute and commenced to settle slowly to earth. In that second or two there was a great flash in the sky as the balloon burst into flames, immediately followed by the creation of a dense, rolling, cohesive mass of black smoke, while the guns, which we thought were already doing their utmost, now redoubled their firing. A veritable *barrage* was being thrown across the sky. The plodding French plane was closer, due to the turn of the German, who was heading straight back for the lines. A machine gun was rattling in the air. The Frenchman

was, at least, making noise and doing unquestionably a brave thing. Both disappeared from our sight. I said, "Another iron cross for some one." But no! Later on, the French told us the Boche had been dropped over the lines.

It is a great life we are leading. We're having too good a time, perhaps. If you hear any complaints about this Service, you may be sure they come from boys who can't get satisfaction from good work well done, who enjoy only the externals, and who can't for the life of them appreciate that it is a great privilege simply to be here as we are, rather than be home and, so far as activity goes, out of the thing that counts.

August 28

ANOTHER disagreeable day. Last night the wind lifted up our mess-tent, piled it up against the side of our barrack, where it tried its best to force its way inside. Great sheets of tar paper were torn off the roof. . . . There are few comforts that could be added to complete the livableness of our arrangements. We have shelves and hooks galore, a wooden floor of our own manufacture; however, the centre of the barrack is still mother earth. We have a table and a bench, and are surrounded on three sides by the luxurious exclusiveness of clothes-racks, bunks, and tar paper, which keeps draughts away. Here a draught is the word for a blast of wind, which reminds me that, not half an hour ago, while we were eating at our tables unprotected by the tent, the lentils blew off our spoons. If we had been consuming beans, the missiles would have been troublesome. Peas would have been even worse.

AN AFTERNOON ENTERTAINMENT

Wednesday, September 20

SUNDAY, in the afternoon and contrary to all military regulations, Charlie McQuiston and I got out of the cantonment on the water-wagon bound for Braisne, in-

tending to sneak back past the road guard under the cover of night. Charlie had lost a convoy in Braisne a few days before, and had met two American girls on the street. They gave him tea, kept him for dinner, and gave him such a wonderful time that he was far from averse to going over with me. These girls, with some other English and American ladies, live in one of the town's best houses, with a charming garden behind, quite away from the noise and dirt of the main Soissons-Reims highway, which passes their doorstep. We'd picked out a poor day for a call, because the opening ceremonies of the *Cantine* they're in charge of took place at four o'clock that afternoon. With all eleventh-hour preparations, they were so rushed that leisurely conversation was impossible. All we said was sandwiched in between loads of benches and boxes that we helped them carry to the small hall, where the soldiers were already beginning to gather at the door, intent on getting good seats for the event. There must have been two hundred present. Two stripes were as common as no stripes. There also must have been a dozen five-stripe colonels on hand, quantities of captains, and, of course, the glowing orb of all — the one-star man with the gold oak-leaf braid on his cap. The General, a most amiable gentleman, put every one at his ease in wonderfully quick time after the first disturbance of salutes. The full military band on the small stage had broken into the first measures of the *Marseillaise* when he was sighted in the offing. In his speech the General pointed at us — six of us, four "*chefs*," who had been invited, and two interlopers, Charlie and me — and said the *Cantine* was for the use of the French *poilus* and the American *poilus*. It was quite an unexpected compliment to hear one's self called a *poilu*. A concert followed, probably the concert I've most enjoyed at any time. The "Star-Spangled Banner" could n't have had a better chance to make a favorable impression, for it was played perfectly. Next came the *Marche Lorraine*, the best military march

the French have, so the French themselves say. The concert over, tea was served, and a general lionizing of the two American girls began. They both speak French well, quite well enough to vary the formulas with each officer, all of whom took their leave visibly charmed.

REGULATIONS AT THE FRONT

September 25

ALMOST all the things I want to write about are on officially tabooed subjects. It is n't so much that a letter risks being opened by the censor, which prevents freedom in writing, as the growing habit of actually now and then obeying instructions. Indeed, if the instructions came in directly from the *bureau* office, stamped and signed, with all the authority of the French to back them, we'd be much less likely to follow them than the plain half-dozen words of our *chef*, Scully, who said one morning two weeks ago: "You fellows had better not write home too much of what you think is going to happen." Nearly everything we do or talk about refers to what is going to happen, so that on occasions it is a hardship not to be able to write more fully, and all the more as this particular work affords so many opportunities of seeing the big thing getting under way. We have a better chance than almost any other army service of seeing the immense movement and labor necessary even for maybe only a little "drive." We've stopped envying those driving ambulances. We see much more of all the ramified operations back of the line than they can. They run on a more or less beaten track within a small radius, while our sector is the whole of the country. The activity and anticipation are so intense that everybody breathes in the atmosphere which says, "Something is going to happen."

The spirit of our American sections has totally changed. We know now beyond doubt that our work is of a kind that can't be gotten along without. A good gauge of how needed we are is the number of hours' work

CAMION DIARIES

given us. Yesterday, for example, we left at three o'clock in the afternoon, got back at two in the morning, and found orders waiting to send out every available car at six. That left only two good hours of sleep. The boys got back disgruntled and dirty just before supper; found no water; so they had to eat without removing the quarter-inch of dust from themselves. It added to the general peevishness to have Scully absolutely prohibit the showing of any light in or outside of the barracks. He said: "I'm sorry, fellows, but this comes directly from Mallet. The Germans are known to be bombing every place where they've an idea Americans are. Last night six officers were killed."

Friday, October 5

I SAW to-day good and sufficient reason to be against the Boches. The French have begun to sandbag a huge 400-bed hospital a few miles from here. Imagine seventy-five buildings in a hospital group sixteen kilometres from the lines, twenty-five big ones to hold the wounded, each with a huge red cross painted on its roof, and imagine its being necessary to build a wall of sandbags around each of the twenty-five. Such is the case now after the deliberate destruction of the hospital at Verdun a few weeks ago.

LAMONT AND THOMPSON WOUNDED

Monday, October 8

LITTLE can one know what twenty-four hours will bring forth. Just that long ago I wrote and said that we were just leaving on a night run and that I'd been given charge of four cars. Right now, two of our boys are in the Mont Notre Dame Hospital; one, Bob Lamont, with his arm amputated to the elbow (fortunately the left), and the other, Henry Thompson, with both legs pitted with *éclat* holes. At seven o'clock last night, in the midst of a downpour and the blackest darkness I've ever known, Bob left the *parc de chargement* for the rotten-

est place we've ever gone to, Jouy. Our Section — it's always called the Princeton Section — is the only one that's ever been there. Perhaps we're given the difficult runs because we usually come back with the cars we started with. He had charge of eight cars, and I was generally responsible for four which were to leave at six-thirty for the same place. Just before our four were ready to pull out, telephonic orders came changing our destination to a very safe place. At ten minutes of seven, Bob and I were talking about the condition of the roads and wondering whether we should n't, on our initiative, wait until it should become a little less pitch-black. No; he'd take the chance; so he splashed out into the mud, blew his whistle, went up ahead, and in a minute his last *camion* disappeared, though it was only ten feet away. This was the sort of night it was, while the guns, of course, were going all the time, and the changing, rotating flashes to the north doing their best to seem visible through the rain. It would have been bad enough on account of the night without bad luck, in addition.

I was in bed this morning when Bob's convoy came back. Imagine the unbelievableness of what they told of their experience. "Bob's left hand is off" was the first thing I heard. "A Frenchman was killed; Scully came near getting his for good; the staff car is a wreck; John May's car is halfway up the radiator in mud; he's out there now, 1500 yards from the line." I got out of bed, and one of the boys said, "The Frenchman has just brought in orders for the day." The *Chef* was still out. Two non-coms left the night before, rejected physically; not a *gradé* in camp; Bob Lamont in the hospital; the other non-coms with the mired car; and now, *voilà*, orders for eight *camions* at seven, three at night. Well, we quickly agreed on temporary officers, and somehow miraculously arrived at the *parc* on time. One little incident this noon added zest to the trip. One car got axle-deep in the mud; and it was necessary to unload its



TRENCH MATERIAL AND A DUST-COATED
DRIVER



AT WORK ON THE "CAMION" AFTER CONVOY

CAMION DIARIES

"155" shells, connect it with the other cars by ropes and cables, and then get it under way by jerking in unison. The cars are marvels.

Here is a report of what happened last night written by one of the men:

The Section, composed of twelve cars, left camp and proceeded to Bazoches for loading. Rain fell heavily, whipped about by a strong wind. The yard in some places was a foot under water; so loading was necessarily slow, and darkness had fallen before any of the convoys got started for their different destinations: five cars to Jouy, three to Ostel, and four to Moulin Saint-Pierre.

Scully and Dussossoit, *Chefs* of Section "G," had gone to Ostel in the afternoon and found the road narrow, a good deal crowded, exposed to fire, with quite a number of shell-holes in it. Doubtless, nights as black as that one do occur now and then; but it did not then seem possible to us. However, things went as well as could be expected till within four or five kilometres of the village, where some big guns completely stopped up the road, the gunners being engaged in putting the caterpillar blocks on the wheels. After a wait of several hours — unpleasantly enlivened by *arrivées*, the guns moved on and two trucks reached Ostel and were unloaded; the third, however, became hopelessly mired about three kilometres distant. Three men remained with this truck overnight, spending their time speculating as to how near the next shell would be! But, about daylight, they accepted some hot coffee which the *poilus* in the village shared with them. Finally the tractor detailed for such work arrived, pulled the *camion* out of the ditch, and they reached camp about noon.

The cars to Moulin Saint-Pierre unloaded and returned without incident, except, of course, the difficulty in driving through the intense darkness. The third convoy was less fortunate. To reach Jouy, it was neces-

sary to ascend the line of hills lying north of the Aisne, and then to descend a long slope into the valley, where the road branches off to Aizy. Up the hill on the other side was the unloading point — a *poste de secours* being dug out of the hill by the roadside. Shells had been dropping about us — none very close, however, though the road was torn up and littered with branches of trees and *camouflage*. Reaching the *abri*, the convoy halted, and Thompson drove the staff car on about fifty feet. Upon inquiry from a French corporal, he found the *corvée* had not waited, and that telephoning meant sending back about six miles for other men to unload us; so there was nothing to do but unload the trucks ourselves. The Ford happened to be on a wider part of the road; so Scully called out to Thompson to move on ahead. The latter replied that he was cleaning a spark-plug, but would do so in a moment. As Scully got opposite the engine of the car, Thompson closed down the hood and stepped round to crank up, a move which undoubtedly saved his life. Scully, continuing, passed him, just as Lamont and a sergeant of the French engineers came up between the Ford and the hill.

At this instant a shell exploded on the far side of the road about eighteen feet away. Scully was thrown down, but unhurt. Thompson received three pieces of shell, one in the back which entered the abdominal cavity, but fortunately missed all vital organs, and two in the leg. Lamont's left hand was blown almost entirely off at the wrist; a shell splinter inflicted a bad wound in his right hand; another lodged in the bone of his leg, and several others inflicted painful but not serious wounds. A notebook he carried was quite riddled; and a large *briquet*, in his pocket, was bent cup-shaped.

We got both boys into the dugout, asking at once, of course, for a doctor, and the corporal said he would send for one. We did what we could with the bandages at hand. After about ten minutes, a stretcher-bearer arrived and, with his help, we administered first aid. The

next thing was to get the wounded men out of the place; so Scully tried to crank the Ford; but the motor would not stir over the fraction of an inch. As he was turning away, he heard a groan, and knew for the first time that the French Sergeant had been hurt, his left leg having been blown off above the knee. He was carried into the dugout and a tourniquet applied; but too long a time had elapsed and he died later in the ambulance. Had we known of his injury earlier, his life could probably have been saved. The wounded men were then placed upon handcarts used for this purpose and started for an ambulance. When not far from it a shell landed near, killing one of the Frenchmen pushing the cart. After being held up for some time more in traffic jams, our boys finally reached the hospital at Mont Notre Dame.

Our attention was next directed to the unloading of the trucks, which was accomplished unassisted, with occasional retreats to the dugout when the shelling appeared to be getting too near. Everybody tackled the unloading with a will, and also showed an equal willingness to dive for shelter when the word was given. After remaining under bombardment from eleven till three in the morning, we finally got all the trucks unloaded and turned round, put a tow-rope on the Ford, and started for camp, which we reached some time after daylight, discovering then that the staff car was practically a wreck.

THE WORK OF A CORPORAL

October 11, Thursday

Now I am a full-fledged bottom corporal, a *gradé*. The office has several pleasant perquisites. "Cuistot," the cook, will overlook my surreptitious stealing, now and then, of a cup of hot water for shaving. I don't have to clean cars, and don't necessarily have to drive unless I want to, and shan't be assigned to various miserable little fatigue duties. It has just occurred to me that probably I shan't have to guard, which really is a tre-

mendous relief. On the other side of the score, I've got some responsibility, which increases the heretofore meagre load on my mind at least a thousand per cent. Whenever one or more cars from our Section go out — out I'll have to go, too; and whenever a car gets stuck in the mud, I'll have to do considerable grovelling. When we go out in the convoy of more than six or eight cars, I'll ride on the last car, supposedly, as a last resort, to tow in any fatigued car of a convoy. When there are six or seven, or less cars, I'll have charge, and shall trust to a miraculous Providence and a tow-rope to get all cars back to the yards and home in good shape, and, what is more important, in good time.

We witnessed to-day from the main Soissons-Reims road, the destruction of another French "sausage." Every bit of the act was directly and plainly before our eyes. We could see the German plane dart down from the clouds and almost skim the top of the huge bag before firing into it. Exactly at the crucial moment, as far as we could see, absolutely simultaneously with the first tell-tale flash of flame from the top of the balloon, two black specks dropped from the bag of the car, and, exactly as was the case when we saw the same kind of disaster at Braisne, they almost instantly developed into floating black specks supported by white, flimsy, undulating parachutes. And, as before, all in the same second, the bag of gas burst into a mass of flame, mysteriously poised in the air. Then it fell, a trail of smoke and flame leading directly into a wood which smoked just as though possessed by a forest fire. The Boche aeroplane, after completing its havoc with the *saucisse* and as if not content with its destructive work then, flew down in a great circle, passing near the two slowly settling parachutes, straightened out its course, then headed directly back for the German lines. We heard the tapping of his *mitrailleuse*, the sound being two seconds delayed in coming to our ears. While he was passing the two French

CAMION DIARIES

observers and their parachutes, he had cold-bloodedly fired at them. The unfortunate fellows were unable to do anything but wait and let the tediously slow parachute sink at its own slow, regular rate, so that they must have passed through three or four nerve-racking seconds.

Schedules are often much better followed by us than by the officers in charge of loading and unloading *dépôts*. On arrival at *dépôts*, first a search for some responsible officer is usually necessary; then he'll look around for a *corvée*, usually territorials, sometimes artillerymen or engineers doing fatigue duty; then will follow the placing of the *camions* as near as possible to the pile of material; all of which eats up much time.

AFTER THE ATTACK ON MALMAISON, OCTOBER 23, 1917

October 24

YESTERDAY was the day we've waited for now five months. We left the cantonment early in the morning and were being loaded, when the rumor rushed down the length of the *parc* that the French had taken Malmaison; gone two kilometres beyond; that four or five thousand prisoners were taken, and all objectives gained, though with a very heavy loss of life. The roads were full of ambulances, and staff cars were carrying wounded. Val Macy and I did a bit in carrying wounded ourselves. After being unloaded in a *dépôt* halfway between the Aisne and old front, we started home, the last car in the convoy, the car carrying the dependable steel cables and double sets of chains. It must have been as late as ten o'clock at night. The firing was terrific. In the midst of the constant agitated flashing to the north, magnesium rockets and green and red and blue signal rockets were always in the sky at one place or another. We hated to pull back home out of so much of the spectacular. When passing through a town, where was a slowly moving jam of vehicles (caissons and ambulances principally), a man rushed out of the darkness to the side of our *camion* and

asked us to stop, for he wanted some lightly wounded carried back. Naturally, I said we could do it, especially as we were going on a way that led past the hospital he wanted them sent to. So I followed him into a narrow passageway, very dimly lighted, and into a room jammed full of lightly wounded men sitting on benches. He asked me, "How many can you carry?" I said, "Twenty-four"; and then he straightway marshalled out thirty of them into the drizzle. Many had to be supported. You can imagine that it was a rotten sight seeing what effort it was for some of them to climb up the high back of the car and grope around for the benches. Val had gotten ready for them; we spent much longer on the way than would ordinarily have been the case, partly due to our hypersensitiveness in regard to the inequalities in the road and the traffic jams. But by eleven o'clock the wounded were led into the rough barrack, that seemed, however, a most inhospitable place to receive them. Some had been wounded at ten o'clock in the morning, so that it was over twelve hours they'd spent in getting to the third station. Many would have to go on farther that night to a fourth place, the base hospital, with nurses and spring beds making it a heaven to the poor beggars who were already dead tired.

Our experiences, it seemed, were only beginning. We'd only made a kilometre or two of progress again toward home before the car was in the ditch. We did n't even attempt to get it out. It was a job for a tractor, not for a *camion*, to attach on and pull. So I left Val to spend the night with the car as best he might, promised to get hot food out to him early in the morning, and I jumped onto an ambulance I'd stopped, which was carrying three *couchés* to Mont Notre Dame. The driver told me he had n't slept for twenty-four hours and that he did n't expect to get even a wink for another twenty-four, probably thirty-six. We had n't much more than begun to talk when a *camion* came along, looming out of the darkness straight for us on the wrong side of the road. We

met with considerable of a thud. It was sickening to hear the sounds from the ambulance. The damage was a bent axle, a blown-out tire, and a leaking radiator. The best we could do was to put on a new tire, half an hour's work, and limp on as slowly as the injured steering-rods would allow. By the time we got to the next town, the water had all leaked out and the engine was badly overheated. A halt was made and an empty ambulance returning to the front stopped, turned around, and we transferred the wounded. I carried half the weight of each stretcher; and now I know the first nerve-getting experiences of the ambulance driver. Two of the men were suffering terribly. One of the stretchers vibrated as the poor devil shook with nerves tensely trying to control the body. To feel the shivers physically transferred through my own body was hideous indeed. My effort to behave as placidly as the ambulance boys seemed behaving was unfair to my feelings. I stayed with the banged-up ambulance to help nurse it on farther. But then it did n't seem that I could help much; so I hailed an ambulance carrying four *assis*. Then it was after midnight. The ambulance driver was just about all in and on a strange road, so I took the wheel. Now I have done all the ambulance driving I want to do; and another thing, I stop calling ambulance driving easy. Never again will I make that mistake. By one o'clock this morning I was here in camp, where I have been sleeping most of the day and now feel fine again.

A CITATION

Saturday, October 27

WE have been cited! While it's pleasant to have been in a cited section, though not with them during the events of the night that procured us this honor, and more pleasant to have been in the first cited section, we all feel that the pleasure had much better be not too obvious to others. It was n't deserved, if put on the same basis that the French *poilus* are for their reward. But to

feel as we did the morning of the attack, that our work had obviously been of concrete service, was quite a rare pleasure.

November 6

YESTERDAY afternoon we made our longest trip since I have been in the service. The morning of the 5th at five o'clock, we left here loaded with machine-gun cartridges, clip grenades, rifle cartridges, small-gun stuff — ten *camions* billed to a school of instruction some ninety-six kilometres from here, south of the Marne, even south of Paris, though much to the east, away past Château-Thierry, to the town of La Ferté Gaucher, which is out of the war zone, down into the district where roads are the same as before the war and where they dare to show lights on the streets at night. It took us all day to make the run. We had an excellent dinner at a very good small hotel, enjoyed deep, comfortable beds, with sheets and quilts, and where we had running water — price, three francs for each bed. In the morning we had quantities of hot chocolate and innumerable omelettes; had the fun of seeing a corking little town in daylight, and riding back again over perfect roads, between endless rows of trees, past comparatively well-cultivated fields; through towns where Americans in uniform have never been — towns bathed in sunlight and autumn color; through a country where were heavily laden apple orchards, cows and horses in the fields, healthy, happy-looking children in the yards of the primary schools, and no sign of ruination anywhere.

November 7

I WAS up again very early this morning. Getting eighteen cars going while it is still dark is n't joking, child's play. All of them have to be primed through the cylinders and half of them towed before they'll give a murmur. The trip was n't bad — to a town halfway between Braisne and Reims — another new place. A new destination usually helps out the day by giving a tinge of

CAMION DIARIES

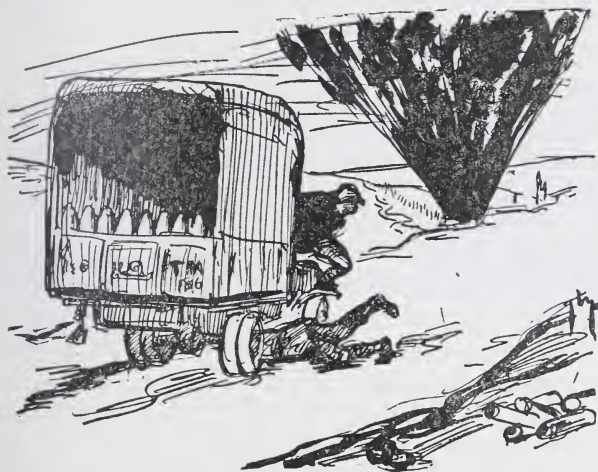
fresh adventure to the run. The day was fairly incidentless — a broken fan on Josh's car being the only mishap.

November 9

TO-DAY orders came to get cleaned up and ready to go over to Soissons and have the *Croix de Guerre* presented to the remnants of our old Section. We had got ready and had drilled a bit — the first time since the Fourth — when orders came to go instead on Monday. Scully will get a separate *Croix de Guerre*, and Bob Lamont a *Médaille Militaire*. I hear we're to be moved to Soissons Thursday, and then by another Thursday we'll be civilians again, and can make our plans for future service.

DONALD FAIRCHILD BIGELOW¹

¹ Of St. Paul, Minnesota; Princeton, '20; T.M.U. 133; served six months in the Field Service; subsequently a Second Lieutenant, U.S. Field Artillery. The above are extracts from home letters.



II

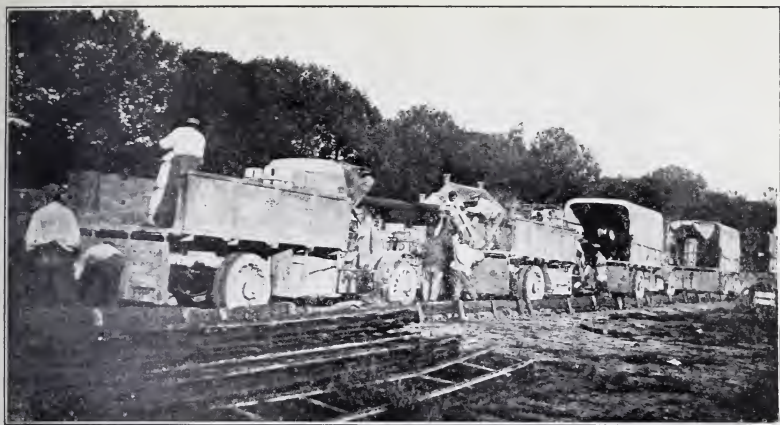
CAMION SECTIONS AT SOISSONS

MIDWAY, on that five-hundred-mile stretch of the western front, lies the city of Soissons, whose life of yesterday is still felt intensely in the things that yet remain among its ruins of the past. In its beautiful promenade grounds, "The Mall," one of the most famous in France, were encamped during the summer and fall of 1917, four of the motor transport sections that were in the American Field Service, namely, Nos. 397, 210, 242, and 155.

Approaching Soissons from Chavigny, where the Field Service *camion* drivers got their training, we look over the valley of the Aisne to the heights beyond, where the Germans dug themselves in, until driven out in April, 1917; and, from which heights, whenever an attack failed, they vented their spite by hurling shells into the city. For two years, before the spring of 1917, the Germans were only across the Aisne on the other side of the promenade ground, and their coarse gutturals could be heard from the south banks of the river.

Descending from the hill, we see the city lying in a curve of the Aisne; and, towering above it, the most conspicuous marks in the landscape, are the two towers of the old twelfth-century cathedral of Saint-Jean des Vignes, hedged about by the red-tiled houses of the town. While Soissons was not so badly damaged as its neighbor Reims, its sufferings under shell-fire were severe. Every house seems to have been hit, though not so many were completely destroyed, until the Germans again swept over the city in June, 1918, and completed what they had left undone before.

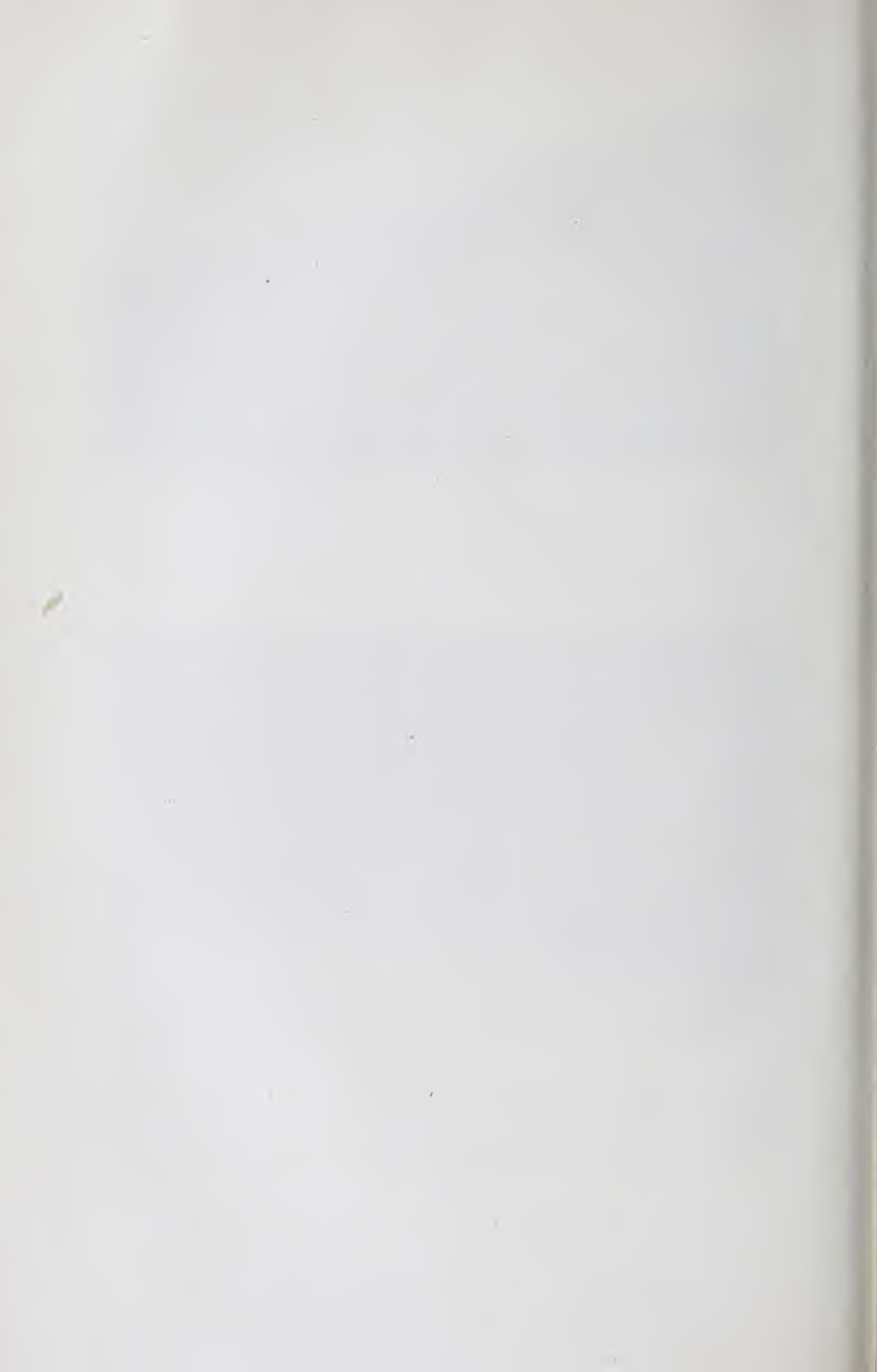
Soissons has one of the most interesting pasts of any city in France. It is rich in monuments of mediævalism. It existed as a city when the Romans began the conquest



WAITING FOR A LOAD AT THE BAZOCHES RAIL-HEAD



TRAILERS USED AS SLEEPING-QUARTERS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF SOISSONS



of Gaul; and its name is found constantly in the events which signalized the monarchies of the Franks. It was formerly a fortified city; and the remnants of the old ramparts are still seen in the field back of where our camp was located. However, its fortifications were done away with in 1870.

Rodin was very fond of Soissons, which he referred to as "a sweet and tranquil city whose soul is the daughter of honorable simplicity"; and he fairly adored its cathedral. In his volume on the cathedrals of France, he describes the sensations and emotions that the Soissons cathedral produced in him in the moonlight when, "in the immobility of the night, the great edifice has the air of a big ship at anchor." Many of us, from time to time, attended services in this cathedral during our stay in Soissons, and heard mass said by the bishop, while the light streamed in through the rich, shattered stained-glass windows, and through the huge gaping wounds made in its vaulted stone ceiling.

Such was the city where we were to live for many weeks, interesting enough to have passed whole days in doing nothing but wander about its ruins had there been time for such sight-seeing and dreaming. Unfortunately this was not the case; for, when we pitched camp at Soissons, the Chemin des Dames sector was one of the hottest on the front, and the hungry guns were ever howling for more food. Our camp lay on the south bank of the Aisne, just beyond the bridge called the Pont des Anglais, where an English machine-gunner had, in 1914, single-handed, cut up the German advance by playing his gun across the river. It was at that time that Madame Acherez performed the heroic work that won for her the war cross, in assuming the duties of mayor of the city, and remaining to take care of the people while the city was in the hands of the Germans.

When we arrived at Soissons, there were few or no people in the town; and we wound, in our *camions*, through the ruined streets, many of which were merely

paths through piles of rubbish, and arrived at camp late one afternoon. Stately rows of elms adorned the park, sheltering us from the view of airmen; and underneath these trees were our *remorques* and the barracks in which we lived, while, along the macadamized road, which ran through the park to the band-stand at the other end, were our dining-hall and shacks, which the humor of the fellows had led them to designate as the "Ritz-Carleton," "Sherry's," etc. The *ateliers* and workshops were at the other end of the ground, and the *camions* were parked in double lines a quarter of a mile or more long.

We had little leisure to think much about anything but work. Most of the cars were rolling all the time; for, from about September 1 on, there were continual rumors that the French were going to attack on the Chemin des Dames "next week." We discussed heatedly the *pros* and *cons* of this possibility as we sat about a sack of potatoes, happening to be in camp and on *corvée* duty. On the whole, it was a very contented existence that we lived there, in spite of the "kicking" that most of us occasionally indulged in; for our going out was always an adventure; we saw new things and had new experiences. Now and then air raids in the early morning hours sent us scampering to dugouts; and, to add more spice to existence, the city was shelled from time to time. Furthermore, almost every evening we went to bed with the sky lighted up by the flash of guns, whose din told all too plainly that the Germans were not far away. When, later, civilians came back to the town, we could vary the evenings spent in camp by a leave down town, where dinner could be had at the Croix d'Or or the Lion Rouge for about five francs, including wine.

Our business was work, however, and we got notice of this about every morning at four o'clock by the sergeant's coming around to the *remorque* to wake us. He could stand outside and reach up to our bunks without difficulty when he would pull the blankets off us, a method which he found more sure than yelling to us till

CAMION DIARIES

he got a sleepy and uncertain response. Then for from four to twenty-four hours we were likely to be on the road — at munitions *parcs* and batteries, foregathering with the *poilus* we found there. At that time, much of our activity consisted in hauling shells. During the course of the summer, we carried by far the greater part of the millions of shells that were hurled by the French at the Germans in what was the greatest artillery battle in the war.

Once in a while, there would be an inspection of cars, which was made quite a ceremony. The *camions* would then have the mud all brushed off the wheels and springs, the grease cups filled, and the engine painted with oil, when two or three French officers and our own *Chef* would make the rounds to look them over and either approve, or relegate the driver to a few hours more “manicuring.”

The reason we worked so hard those days was because we were supplying munitions to a vast concentration of artillery necessary for the success of the expected attack. The *terrain* difficulties of the future battle were enormous; and it is no exaggeration to say that the French preparation surpassed anything previously seen. We carried shells up to the batteries a great part of the time; and frequently our *camions* were within a kilometre of the Boche lines.

It was the great opportunity and privilege of the men of the sixteen *camion* sections of the American Field Service at Jouaignes and Soissons to have played a part in this fighting, and to have been accredited with hauling from railheads to the batteries, the greater part of the ammunition with which the prolonged fighting along the Chemin des Dames was brought to a successful conclusion by the French in the final battle of Malmaison. That was worth coming to France for.

DAVID DARRAH¹

¹ Of Akron, Ohio; Municipal University of Akron; T.M.U. 397; three months in Field Service; subsequently a Sergeant, U.S. Motor Transport Corps (*Réserve Mallet*).



Camion Sidelights

Ah, Malmaison, unhappy child of Fate!
From out your walls there comes a stifled moan;
Though you were long a slave to German hate —
Take heart — you are once more among your own;
As one of old who dreamed the world was free
You, too, have conquered in your Calvary.

FORREST B. WING

I

VOLUNTEER DAYS

IN the light of such modern war machinery as the aeroplane and the tank, it seems a bit prosaic to marvel over a motor truck. There is certainly nothing romantic about its appearance, for the war truck has nothing to boast of as to beauty of line or finish. But when the tale is told in quieter times than these, there will be a substantial tribute paid to these ungainly plodders, for they have often made possible the sure and rapid transport of troops and all war material in zones where the railroad dared not show its smoking stacks or winding rails. Furthermore, the truck has *marché* when the horse-drawn convoy was no longer able to battle with bad roads and fatigue.

CAMION SIDELIGHTS

With the arrival of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, came the "passing" of the volunteer organizations. Naturally and logically, they were absorbed into the American war machine. But there are those who will give the memory of the volunteer days first place when all war experiences have become memory. In the ambulance sections, there was a twofold joy in service; just being a volunteer, and the sacred trust of caring for the sick and wounded. Early in the spring of 1917, the French Automobile Service sent out an S.O.S. to the Field Service for men to drive the motor trucks in one of their largest and most active munition reserves. The appeal was so urgent that it could not be refused. Some of us were called in from our ambulance sections to undertake the organization of the new arm.

The story of those first days, with their wonderful enthusiasm, their training, and their many ceremonies, has already been told in picture and written word in the war periodicals all over the world. Our purpose here is not to gloat over being the first armed Americans at the front, nor is it to apologize for leaving the work of mercy for which we came. It is rather to tell a bit of how we took up the new duty that came to us, and what befell during these wonderful days of the late summer and early fall of 1917.

To begin with, we went out with youth and strength and experience, for there was scarcely an American lad in France who did not know something about the automobile game; many played it as experts. And we found big-hearted, horny-palmed, French territorials trying to man five-ton *camions* single-handed. Most of these men were from forty-five to sixty years of age, worn with three years of war-weariness; and many had never handled a piece of machinery more complicated than a one-blade plough. Our first amusement quickly passed into honest pity; and our first joy was that of bringing relief to these fine, gray-haired veterans — many of

whom were released to go back to their farms or to military service less taxing strength and endurance.

To the average American, whose automobile knowledge is bounded by the exasperating simplicity of the "Flivver," the sluggish staid ways of the motor truck must appear as altogether commonplace and uninteresting. It took us just about forty-eight hours to discover that a five-ton truck is not a toy, that it has scarcely anything in common with a touring car, and that the business of conducting and caring for it is a great big "he-job."

Our first convoys were ragged, and were marked by frequent losings of the way, occasional ditching, and even a few minor smash-ups. Our amusement at the failure of our worthy French predecessors was soon tempered by a practical understanding of their difficulties. At first, the gendarmes were shocked beyond words at our seeming disregard of the *consignes* of the *routes gardées*. Then their speechless astonishment changed to the stormy, arm-waving wrath that is the glory of the *gendarmerie*. Finally they realized that we were untutored and not vicious, and then they threw up their hands, muttered, "*les américains*," and let us pass. In a few weeks we had mastered the verbless jargon of the *poilus*, and had picked up a fairly good idea of roads and directions. Then the "five-ton truck idea" began to penetrate and our *pannes* dwindled to occasional minor difficulties with carburetors and ignition. Once acclimatized, we pronounced the work to be easy and interesting. It came fairly regularly, and occasional days of *repos* gave us ample opportunity to enlarge on our experiences for the benefit of the "home folks," to say nothing of the "home-town journals," which expanded our accounts into tragic reality. And so the first of the summer months slipped away, and chill nights announced the coming of the *quatrième hiver*. Early in the fall we got our first taste of real war work.

It is not given to many to take part in the preparations

CAMION SIDELIGHTS

for a great offensive. Now that "it" is over and the glorious French troops are storming their way toward Laon, we can tell a bit of that which censorship would otherwise forbid. For weeks we had been carrying small lots of munitions and *génie* material such as barbed wire, iron ingots, planks, logs, and sacks. Often our run took us within three or four kilometres of the lines, where we were able to see the many interesting sights of reoccupied territory and watch the daily aerial skirmishes.

Have you ever stood upon an upland and watched the calm beauty of the ocean resting in summer sunshine? And have you seen it suddenly disturbed, chopped into white-caps, beaten into rollers, and finally hurled into glorious action? For weeks the war seemed far removed; the country lay all rich and beautiful in the changing colors of the fall. The *ravitaillement* trains came and went; and the convoys passed with the easy regularity which might characterize the conduct of an ordinary day's work. Then there came a strong wind that tore away the autumn leaves and seemed to speak to the sullen war machine which had been loafing on the job. Horses broke from an easy walk into a nervous trot; automobiles bearing the "big pots" appeared on the scene; small units of soldiers drifted in and began helping at the *parcs* and *dépôts*; traffic conditions became complicated to an annoying degree, and special road police took the places of the not-too-intelligent *gendarmes*. On a sudden, the hillsides along the front seemed alive with workers digging positions for guns and clearing *parcs* for ammunition. And the Boches knew; their sullen *saucisses* had not been floating in the gray distance for nothing. Soon they began to harass the workers with *arrivées* more or less accurately directed. *Avions* appeared in great numbers and tried all the bombing tactics that are known. And the strong wind blew more fiercely and the roads were blocked with great processions of troops; lines of artillery, with pieces of all sizes, *chasseurs à pied*, squads of cavalry, sleek

Alpines—crack regiments, huge four-wheel-drive tractors dragging the *grosses pièces*. It was about this time that we felt the first lash of work; many of us had never known it before. We had some eighteen-hour days worming our way through traffic that would make Fifth Avenue, between 23d and 70th Streets during the *matinée* hour, look like an ocean boulevard at eight o'clock on Monday morning.

The fall rains set in in earnest before the offensive "broke." There is so much genuine misery caused by these rains that it seems a shame to mention ours. Skid chains are *dépendus* unless your car is ditched, for, as yet, no one has invented a tire that will stand up under a ten-ton load with skid chains fixed. So we armed ourselves with two ropes and cables and went about the job of "pulling out" as though it were a game. There is surely a lot of satisfaction in getting out of a bad hole. It makes you feel as though you were once and for all the master of all inanimate objects. After a while, we got expert at it; and the crowning disgrace of the camp was to get "in" badly enough to need the assistance of the tractor. We had one lad who boasted too frequently that he had never been stuck. One day he got "in" for fair, and we broke two inch-and-a-half ropes trying to move him. After a while, we gave it up and left him to wait until we returned with empty cars to take his load. We had not been at our unloading station more than an hour when he drove in. Underneath the mud, there was the smile that never knows defeat. He had walked back about a kilometre and begged the assistance of a steam-roller that was repairing some recent shell-holes. After this we let him crow to his heart's content.

There is just one night that stands out so clear in all our experiences that it must be told. We left camp soon after lunch with fourteen *camions*; we got our load about five o'clock. It had rained for nearly forty-eight hours and the early darkness foretold a bad night. Our point of discharge lay within eight hundred yards of the lines;

CAMION SIDELIGHTS

and the only road was one which had been heavily shelled for several days. All lights were *défendus* and by seven-thirty we could n't see a thing. My Sergeant walked with me in front of the convoy and we "searched" the road with a carefully guarded vest-pocket flash. In some places the water was over a foot deep and the wind had blown the *camouflage* in all directions, so that there were wires and logs and burlap at every turn. We had a seventy-ton load and the outlook was bad. First we encountered some ammunition *caissons* which had lost the way and were returning in the wrong direction on our road. We had to back on to perilous edges until these squeezed past. Then we got all the second drivers together and stationed them at the shell-holes and bad places in the road to call directions to the men as they came up. This worked fairly well for a time, until a whole battery of French "155's" started a *barrage*; and we could n't hear another sound. At last we had to stop the convoy and take the cars in, one at a time, to the *dépôt*. Soon the Boches began "searching" for the French guns, and for nearly two hours we were soundly bombarded. It was after midnight when we got unloaded; for the *corvée* made frequent retreats to near-by *abris*. We had to turn round in a mud bog; and, before we got all the cars headed in the right direction, we had ditched nine of them and broken five tow-ropes. Just then, two other motor convoys came in on the same road and tied the traffic so that no one turned a wheel for two hours. Most of the boys were wet to the skin, and none of us had eaten since noon. Many slept on their cars while they were waiting. When we did get a start, the last *camion* got crowded off the road by a passing cannon, and was so badly "in" that we had to leave it for the tractor. This would have been a terrible disgrace, had not two of the French tractor men been killed by shell-fire while they were pulling it out. These are the incidents that take all the joy out of the game. Thirteen cars got back to camp after four-thirty; and there we

found orders for a twelve-car convoy at seven-thirty the same morning. It is in a place like that that you see what fine stuff there is in men. We asked for volunteers and nearly every man responded. Most of us had been up for twenty hours and many worked all the next day. With it all, there was never a man who complained of the work or lay down on the job.

So it went, and the wind blew into a great storm of activity; and, when the French "went over" the Chemin des Dames for the splendid victory of October 25, there was joy in the hearts of every one of us that we had helped in some small part, and all of the monotony and irksomeness and fatigue were forgotten in that joy.

PAUL F. CADMAN¹

January, 1918

II

ON THE ROAD WITH T.M.U. 526

WHILE our five-ton *camions* were being loaded with barbed wire and trench timbers, the Sergeant let us go for an old-fashioned swim in the little river Vesle. After that — at about four in the afternoon, to be precise — our convoy wound northwards out of the valley and started for the not-too-distant front. I was at the wheel, but I am afraid it received very little attention. For it was my first trip, and I was more interested in the sights about me than in the car.

We crossed, for the greater part of the way, one of those countless plateaus which characterize northeastern France. As far as we could see, the land dipped and rose in slow swells quite peacefully. But, if the plateau itself was peaceful, the immediate vicinity of the road was very reminiscent of the business we were about. To begin with, all along our course we were protected from view — and from viewing — by two fences of loosely woven

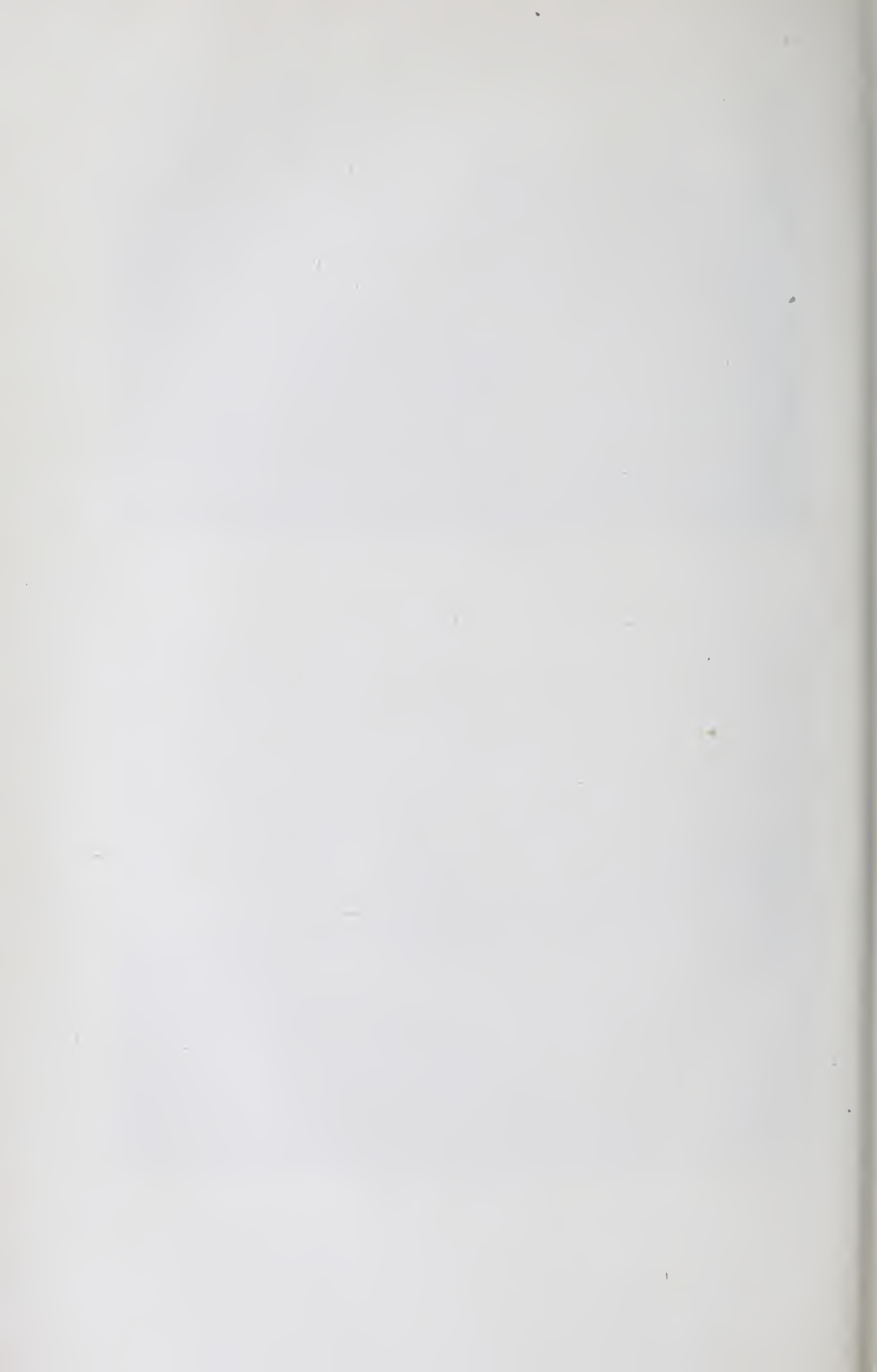
¹ Of San Francisco; University of California; S.S.U. 8, and T.M.U. 133; later Captain, U.S.F.A.



MUD—A SLIP—AND IN THE DITCH



THE DUSTY OPEN ROAD



burlap; *camouflage* is the technical name. The monotony of this would be broken by occasional munition *dépôts*, or by immense heaps of brass shell-cases piled up for return to the rear. Again, in every little hollow we passed, a village was hidden, or what had once been a village; the ruins always occupied by swarms of *poilus* waiting their turn to go into the trenches.

Villages and their inhabitants seemed prosy, however, beside the road itself. We were lumbering on in a dust-cloud thicker than a Sahara sandstorm. Out of this would emerge interminable field batteries, which passed us with a great rattling and creaking. Supply wagons followed; stupid-looking affairs, for the most part, except for those which were going very close to the lines. These were painted in jaunty greens and brown to harmonize with the landscape. Battleship gray staff cars shot by like spectres now and then, leaving only a memory of gold braid and jangling Klaxons. Then, for at least three miles, we passed marching troops; a regiment of gigantic Senegalese, black as I never imagined human beings could be; and a battalion of *chasseurs*, very trim in their double-breasted jackets of navy blue.

I was convinced that a gigantic offensive must be under way. Illusions like that are hard to break.

We descended at last into the valley of the Aisne, crossed a canal in which barges sunk three years ago crowded the brackish water; waited our turn to crawl over the shaky bridge which spanned the river itself, and then ran westward along the foot of the northern hillside. Not very far away, countless batteries of seventy-five's kept up an untiring racket; the veritable drum-fire, which formed, I was told, a barrage for one of those raids which are an everyday affair along the Chemin des Dames. As we passed near one battery, I detected a sickly smell like rotting weeds.

"*Lacrymogène*," Bob explained to me. Two weeks of the work had made him sophisticated. "The gas," he went on, "the Boches use to blind artillerymen."

"Dangerous?"

"Not very. If there were much of it here, the motors would stop."

Ten minutes later, our convoy halted along the main street of Braisne and we climbed out with our mess-kits for a leisurely meal.

The refectory we chose was no less a place than the churchyard, which occupied the highest land in the town. From the top of the principal monument, we could look northward along a narrow valley that wound toward the lines. Both its slopes were full of concealed batteries, flashing continually like fireflies in a hedge. Above us, the air was alive with *avions* flying to and from the German trenches, back of which is the real air battle-line. Little clouds of smoke from bursting shrapnel hung about many of them. For the most part, those from German shells were black; those from French shells white. Once we saw a German sausage balloon come down in flames, while the observer in a parachute — to us he was a barely visible dot — floated above it. And again we heard distant machine-gun fire in the air; a French plane had attacked an albatross from above. A minute, and the latter dropped slowly like a piece of torn paper. In the street below us, the *poilus* were shouting their approval. The cheers proved premature, however, for after a thousand-foot drop, the Boche recovered himself and darted off toward home. He had performed the famous "leaf fall" which is the latest sensation in aviation.

Later I explored the town. Its streets boasted certainly of nomenclature cosmopolitan enough. The main thoroughfare was the "rue Kitchener"; it was crossed by the "rue de Londres" and the "rue de Rome." One shabby street corner was the "place Roosevelt." All that seemed typical of the way the war is forcing the outer world into many a quiet village of northern France.

Talk with a French *camion* driver elicited the reason of our halt in that particular town. Every evening the Boches shelled a bridge half a mile beyond, and the

CAMION SIDELIGHTS

crossing was not considered safe until nine o'clock. As we talked, a German "240" rushed over our heads with a noise like the Twentieth Century Limited and burst in plain sight by the bridgehead.

An old lady got me some drinking-water, which sometimes is a scarce article near the lines. She had not left her village during the whole war, she said, although up to this spring the lines had been only a short mile away.

The Boches had been there twelve days. No, there had been no atrocities. They had been marching all the time . . . first toward Paris, and then back again. . . . After that had come the English, who had stayed thirty-four days. She elaborately counted the time on her fingers. They had been very brave, but they had been killed like flies.

As she gave us this information, two more shells lumbered on toward the bridge. . . .

Nine o'clock came; and we passed the bombarded bridge, running a hundred yards apart and at top speed. Through the *camouflage* we could see the shells still breaking a few hundred yards away.

We went forward through the interminable summer twilight. Now we were passing the walls of the immense park of the Château de Soupîr.

They extended on and on, broken by shell-holes, bordered by abandoned dugouts. We caught glimpses within them of a landscape once as well ordered as a New England parlor. Fauns and nymphs, gods, kings, and philosophers were grouped at appropriate intervals; an artificial lake had been fixed just where it was needed to break the monotony. The château itself, in harmony with its park, had been of that ornateness which is somewhere between mere ostentation and real splendor.

At present, it was only a gutted shell. Half the ornamental poplars and yews were shot down; the busts had gone, many of them, to form parts of *abris*, while those that remained were peppered with shrapnel. Quite unfeelingly, the German artillery had scattered about shell-

holes without any regard for decorative effects. Yet in all its ruin, the park was unconquerably polite and rococo. It reminded one strongly of the powdered *marquises* who preserved on the scaffold the manners of the drawing-room.

As night finally set in, we drew into the *dépôt* of the engineering corps, which was our destination, and waited to be unloaded. Midnight was past before we started for home by a totally different road, something a little difficult, considering that headlights are forbidden at the front.

The apparent confusion on the highways by day had been very impressive. By night, however, they had a quality entirely different. The dust in the afternoon had been pictorial; now it became something tangible, which sifted through one's clothes, and stopped the breathing and shut off all sight of the stars. Out of the gloom interminable batteries still moved, but now they were always hurrying, hurrying. Once, four "220's," mounted on automobiles, unlimbered in a field very close to us and opened a fire that, at every deafening report, made the dust luminous, and reflected back flames from invisible clouds. Again there were ambulances, always loaded and always silent.

We threaded our way through the almost invisible ruins of what had once been a large town. Here, I thought, there must be many batteries, for the explosions were constant. About our way we were a little doubtful. I heard the sergeant accosting a sentinel to ask the road. His French was not the best.

"Quelle route . . . est-ce que nous . . . que nous voudrez prendre d'ici à là?"

The answer was a little surprising. "You take the road to the left," the soldier told him in English tainted with New York, "and you go damn quick because they are knocking hell out of the town."

We followed his instructions to the letter, and moved toward the river along a deserted road that narrowed into a causeway. I was still tingling in useless fright.

CAMION SIDELIGHTS

The going was difficult, and we slowed down gradually. At the point where we crossed the river, I found out later, an iron bridge and three of wood had been shot away in succession. At last, the crossing had been moved two hundred yards upstream. Of this fact the Boches were not yet informed; but, unfortunately, their fire was wild and was as apt to hit the new bridge as the old.

Even after the leading string — the first division of eight cars — had made its way over, there was some delay. And, as we waited, a heavy *marmite* burst in front of us and a little to the left. Some of the red-hot pieces fell very near and lay smoking in the road. Immediately the American craze for souvenirs came to the fore; and a half-dozen of the boys were racing for the fragments, and picking them up gingerly in their helmets.

We moved forward. Right by the bridge I saw something lying across the road. Bob, who was driving, swung out. As we passed, I turned a flashlight toward the obstruction. A middle-aged Territorial in the nondescript clothes of those old warriors, who serve as laborers along the front, was lying there in a little spot of bloody mud. A fragment of shell — probably from the very last — had torn a great hole in his side.

I turned the light away, and we went on in silence. . . . Then other ruined villages we passed, and other marching troops; all the time, star-shells rose and flamed over the lines. I was not watching them much, however. I was remembering the man at the bridgehead. For, after all, the dust and the galloping batteries, Soupier grand in its ruin, marching troops, and star-shells formed only the panoply of war; that middle-aged Territorial lying in his own blood was its immediate reality.

MALCOLM COWLEY ¹

¹ Of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Harvard, '18; joined the Field Service in May, 1917, serving with T.M. U. 526 until November, 1917; subsequently entered U.S. Field Artillery.

III

AN IDLER'S DAY IN CAMP

NORTHWARD through the open door of the barracks lies the Aisne Valley. Star-shells and searchlights still gleam fitfully in the semi-darkness and one knows that it is not yet dawn. But, around you, men are rising from their bunks, clamping on steel helmets, Canadian reefers, and the other paraphernalia of an early-morning run. You sleep on, that is if you are fortunate enough to belong to a section where the military is not emphasized and roll-call not a diurnal duty. We sleep, many of us, till ten o'clock or still later.

Now in camp, during the day, there are always two things to clean, one's person or one's *camion*, and which to do first is forever a problem. If the natural order be taken, namely, to bathe first one's person, it invariably follows that love's labor will be lost, for the Pierce-Arrow may be relied on to undo all that is accomplished and to make more grimy than ever the most spotless of faces.

On the other hand, should the car be put first in condition, greased, cleansed, renovated for new tests and inspection, it may be ordered out at noon, and why scrape off the dried mud of France with neatness and despatch that it may all appear again in the space of an hour? Furthermore, those of us who are crafty like well to hold in reserve the cleaning of our car as a trump card to play if requested to peel potatoes, or to do some other task more onerous than inspiring. And so, thus debating, the luncheon hour arrives. The meat often leaves much to be desired, but the gravy is always excellent. The bread is often like adamant and occasionally mouldy to boot, though this is not always true. According to the law of the land, upon the bread must be stamped the date of its baking, and we learn from experience that all bread less than six weeks of age may be taken and relished.

And there is other food such as vegetables, cooked as only the French know how, fruit or cheese every day, and *confiture*! The name of this latter article of diet is a term applied apparently in France without discrimination to any kind of fruit preserved in a sugary syrup; and it is compounded of most everything from apples to cucumbers.

And so endeth our midday meal, and likewise our supper unless one has bought chocolate in the village, chocolate the king of foods, and of all material comforts the foremost.

The *poilu* would differ with me concerning this praise of chocolate. To him *pinard* would come first, for *pinard* is a name to conjure with in the armies of the French Republic; and, that the supply may not be lessened, all vineyards of France suitable for this sort of wine are commandeered by the Government. But with us this French army wine has few takers. It is placed on our bench table, and twice daily we may consume it, but most of us don't use it, unless to wash dishes with it. There are many methods of washing a tin plate. One may cleanse it in hot or cold water, one may scrape it with a knife, one may rub it spotless to the naked eye with an old newspaper, one may also wash it with *pinard*, and this latter method long practice has taught me to recommend.

One cannot make a soldier overnight, and we are but semi-soldiers anyway. We wear all kinds of shirts and sweaters: "T" shirts, flannel shirts, khaki shirts, and cotton shirts, and sometimes no shirts at all, but jerseys and sweaters in their place. The *poilu*, trained in the manners of the Continental soldier, thinks it no shame to go shirtless, provided only that he wear his coat with high collar. We Americans, I often fear, shock him greatly with our costumes. The variegated colors of our college sweaters, the numerals and letters emblazoned on them, emblematic of athletic prowess, these perchance he may pass by, but that we should be coatless — this is hard to forgive, even in an ally.

The day is still long before us. Our lunch has come early, eleven o'clock and there is no afternoon tea to occupy the time. Nor are there likely to be further afternoon duties. One *camion* with two drivers always sets out with a silly little trailer called a *remorque*, to fetch home water. Two hogsheads full will be brought from a distance of six miles to supply all of our needs, and until the *remorque* arrives we shall be waterless. Thus two men are occupied. Two others do police duty, burn up stray papers, and cut wood for the cook; but the rest of us may do what we like.

We have a few tame pets, dogs and cats, and a number of dirty birds whose wings have so long ago been clipped that they may become domesticated. The majority of the animals are welcome, for they are our friends, but this is not the case with all. For instance, there is Olive, the famous pig of Section "G." She is not a pretty pig, and what is more, neither her habitat nor her manners are attractive. But Section "G" cannot get rid of Olive for she is the property of certain Frenchmen who look after the welfare of the section. Expostulations are useless. They have been tried, but Olive was defended by several of her staunch upholders, all gesticulating and asserting simultaneously: "*Bon Olive!*" "*Gentille Olive!*" "*Olive n'est pas un sale cochon!*" So the attempt was given over. Olive remains with Section "G."

The dusk gathers and, with its coming, approaches the greatest joy of army life, the mail bag. The worst phase of service at the front is its stupidity, the deadly hours of waiting for action long delayed. But that has its compensation in the thought of home; and, for most of us a home that may yet be established. Hence the great longing for the mail. The average undergraduate is not unduly sentimental, at least not more so than the ordinary run of men. But place him in the Transport Service, let him wait three hours at a stretch for reservists to unload his *camion*, let him not either eat with or talk to a woman for three months running, and then behold a

CAMION SIDELIGHTS

change! Lads of nineteen and twenty make their plans for future happiness, and in great detail. No more thought of college for them. We all become older overnight and in one month grow three years.

All this predicates the coming of the mail. The sergeant brings it to us nightly. For two or three nights after the arrival of a liner, it bulks large. The names are read off, sometimes by candle light; and groans and cheers explode among the close-packed ranks as hands are outstretched for the precious paper. A letter from the wrong girl, and none from her we long to hear from, is a calamity worse almost than no mail at all. If some greedy man gets more than his full share of letters, a loud jeering, or in Section "F" a peculiar hissing, which is the Princetonian signal of disapproval, may be heard. Each man then goes to his separate corner with his letters, the best one saved till the last; while those who have been disappointed stolidly betake themselves to bridge or possibly to a tenth reading of some ancient missive, now all thumb-marked and greasy, possibly now two weeks in their possession.

It has grown dark. Once more, vivid evidence of the war may be seen in the night sky. Between us and the enemy, a score of searchlights, crisscrossing and intertwining with one another in fantastic and multiple combinations, hunt tirelessly for German aircraft. Starshells burst in profusion like beautiful rockets, while the roar of the artillery intermittently continues, and the lone guard sallies forth with his rifle that the *camions* may be safe while the rest of us sleep.

WALTER PHELPS HALL¹

¹ Of Princeton, New Jersey; Yale, '06, Columbia, Ph.D., '12, and a professor at Princeton; T.M.U. 133; served five months in the Field Service; subsequently with the Y.M.C.A.

IV

INCIDENTS OF THE NIGHT GUARD

It is midnight, and at that hour begins the most dreary watch of the night. The air, though clear, is bitter cold, and the collar of my bulky fleece-lined overcoat is warm and soft as it rubs against my ears. In a half-awake condition, with an unloaded rifle under my left arm-pit, I count the *camions* of our section. Each of the Pierce-Arrow giants swells into an ugly black mass as I approach. An occasional cat jumps from the underbrush at the side of the road and darts off at the sound of my crunching footsteps. No living creatures but glow-worms remain in sight, but they only increase the loneliness. When near the camp I hear the low, mingled breathing of my comrades. And, frequently, a distant whistle and a faint rumbling reach my ears. All is very peaceful, to be sure, unless one thinks of the destination of those supply trains that rumble on and on.

The glowing hands of my watch are often consulted, for the time is heavy and dull. The meditations of those long hours pierce every memory, every hope, every ideal. Perhaps I curse the system which forces me to parade this cold night, a worthless procedure, as it seems to me. And then I catch sight of a momentary glimmer on the horizon, and begin to think of the sufferings and the glories of the front. Conversations with *poilus* that I had the day before return to me, and I again feel the deep sympathy which their words awakened. How little America realizes the vastness of the conflict. Her villages are not in ruins. She has no cathedrals filled with praying, black-clad women, no cities without lights and café music; no farms worked by girls and crippled men. A Belgian who, before the war, had been a student at Louvain, told me with tears in his eyes that he had no university to return to. And his loss is a drop of moisture in the clouds of a mighty tempest.



INSIGNIA PAINTED ON THE SIDE OF A RÉSERVE MALLET CAMION



And often my eyes follow involuntarily the path pointed out by the Great Dipper to the North Star — a path impressed upon the receptive mind of my childhood by a sea-going relative, — a path which sets me first rejoicing, then bemoaning over the contrast between America and France.

The crash of a bursting bomb breaks into the stillness; two other crashes follow and indicate to one familiar with war-time noises of the night that a German air raid is being conducted against some town near by. Soon the dark starlit heavens are streaked with beams from several searchlights, which play about at first in efforts to discover the aircraft. Then the streaks of light cease to flash aimlessly, but become steady in their action, and converge toward a definite spot in the sky where they have spotted the enemy. And, as he moves, the lights move with him, while possibly other German aircraft are followed by other searchlights. Shells of "75" calibre explode in or near the spot where the beams converge, and their reports reverberate around the countryside. Starshells and rockets lend their aid in locating the marauders.

A French soldier has stopped to watch with me this illumination; and we have been discussing the last air raid, in which fifteen men were killed in a hospital six kilometres away. We talk in the low, hoarse whispers which persons conversing at night instinctively use. At intervals we can hear the purr of aeroplane motors; perhaps Frenchmen are also in the air, for the familiar noise is near and toward the south.

"*Mitrailleuses!*" whispers my comrade, as a lively machine gun patters.

More bombs are dropped. The beams of the searchlights are shifting. We can hear the boom of the anti-aircraft guns and the bursting of the shells, and frequently we hear the swish and thud of an unexploded one which has landed in a field near camp.

And so the spectacle continues, till the Boches no longer threaten. The last searchlight gives the heavens a

final flash and leaves the stars alone. My comrade of the moment has gone, and I am left to my own meditations once more.

A quivering glow marks the horizon, and, gradually fading into the darkness, stretches out far to the right and to the left. It quivers like the gleam of a mighty furnace, responding momentarily to the intensity of the fire beneath. Rockets shoot across this band of brightness and into the blackness beyond. Star-shells form new and ever-changing constellations. And along with it all, are the murmur, the frequent rumble, the undulations of the distant cannonading.

Such was the spectacle the guard of our section was watching when a company of infantry, coming from *repos*, drew toward him. The lieutenant on horseback, at the head of the column, gave the guard a brief glance, and the soldiers laboring under their packs and made drowsy by fatigue and the heavy atmosphere of the night, scarcely noticed him. At last, a few two-wheeled *voitures* passed by, and then the company kitchen, rattling with loose tin and ironware. Here the train halted, so that the guard could feel the warmth reeking from the horses that drew this last vehicle. Two figures were on the driver's seat, one holding the reins, while the other was almost entirely lost in a huge army-blue overcoat, the collar of which was so high that it doubled up a lengthy moustache. Surmounting this mass of blue wool was a small fatigue cap, beneath which a pair of eyes glistened sharply in the dark. They were gazing at the guard; and their owner, after a moment of mental laboring, asked gruffly: "*Qui êtes-vous? Anglais?*" "*Non,*" said the guard; "*américains.*"

The man on the seat, who had not hitherto disturbed a wrinkle of his great coat, jumped from his *voiture* and exclaimed "*Ah! camarades!*" grasping the guard's hand and then hastening to the head of the column to proclaim his discovery to the other Frenchmen.

Throughout the ten or fifteen minutes that the infantry train was waiting, the guard was greeted and questioned by many of the weary soldiers. They were delighted to hear his smattering of their language and enthusiastic to learn of the coming of American troops, *poilus*, as they termed them. He was shown the large pots of *potage* ready to be heated and the little grate below filled with wood.

A whistle blew and the train recommenced its march. There was more handshaking and a shouting of "*Au revoir, camarades. Bonne chance.*"

Then the long line of infantry, after this trifling incident, perhaps the only break in their monotonous journey, continued on their way toward the north — toward that bright flickering glow on the horizon. The rumbling of the *voitures* grew fainter, till it could no longer be distinguished from the noise of the distant guns.

I had been pacing the roadway in front of the camp, counting and recounting the *camions*, and had become very hungry. Besides I wanted to rid my mouth of the taste of French tobacco, for I had consumed several of the famous red package cigarettes in order to keep awake. Consequently, when I approached the camp kitchen for perhaps the fortieth time that night, I yielded to temptation, to hunger, and to the sense of taste, and decided to raid Henri's "holy-of-holies," the *remorque* where the cook stores his food.

I rested my rifle against the wheel, and then swung myself over the tail-board, which was closed up. My legs were straddling the board, one on the inside and the other out, when my overcoat became caught, so that I could not move. I was searching for the cause of my uncomfortable position, when some noise on the gravel startled me. Listening for a moment, I could hear nothing but the breathing of "Ko-Ko," Henri's pet owl. Again I tried to free my overcoat, and again I heard the same noise on the gravel. This time it was nearer and more distinct --- it was the sound of footsteps only six

feet from me. I dropped the curtain which covers the end opening of the *remorque*, so that my body was concealed from the outside; but, as the curtain reached only to the top of the tail-board, my truant leg was still in view.

Through a small tear in the curtain, I could see the figure of the cook just outside. Chocolate and butter in abundance were within my arm's reach, yet I had no energy to take them, since my nervous system, strained with anxiety, was throbbing like a high-power dynamo. I thought of the great traditions of "*Système D*"; but they would be of no avail under these circumstances. And then, to my horror, Henri lit his *briquet*, and the details of the kitchen were in full illumination, and I knew my leg was as plain to see as the coffee kettle near by.

I was about to deliver myself up to Henri, when a rifle shot startled us both. After the cook had darted off to learn the cause of the report, I leapt to the ground, freeing my coat at the same time, though it cost me an ugly rip. About fifty yards away, a Frenchman and the guard of the neighboring section were violently addressing each other, and the former, judging from sound, seemed to be gaining the upper hand. The road was lit by the headlight of a motor-cycle. The young American on guard held a smoking rifle in his hands, and the Frenchman clinging to his motor-cycle, seemed extremely afraid of it. I admit I was a little surprised to learn that one of our rifles had actually been loaded when used on guard. Henri had already joined the group when I approached.

"*Dis-donc*," the Frenchman with the motor-cycle said to me, and then gave me a frightful lecture of which I understood not a word. He kept pointing to the other guard while speaking, but I experienced a shuddering sensation and felt that I was in some way being held responsible for a glaring crime.

But a French officer, who had drawn near, freed me from the abuse of the motor-cyclist, and after he had

himself ascertained the facts of the disturbance (still unknown to me), he sent the guard with the smoking weapon back to his camp and told me to return to mine, though I was then as near to it as possible. However, I pretended to obey the officer by counting the *camions* once more, and forgetting my hunger and the taste of those vile cigarettes.

The next morning the following notice on the bulletin board attracted much attention:

"Firing at aeroplanes by the guard is forbidden."

I went to the kitchen to drink some of Henri's coffee, and discovered my rifle leaning against the *remorque*, where I had left it the night before. Henri pointed it out to me with a sly smile. I am wondering even to this day if he saw my leg when he lit his *briquet* only six feet from me. Anyhow, he was pleasant enough to me and told me (in very slow French, to be sure) how the other guard had almost killed the motor-cyclist, believing him to be a German spy. The guard was a nervous, stupid fellow, and had thought his intended victim was signalling to a hostile aeroplane in the sky with his searchlight. In reality, there was an aeroplane very close at the time, and the Frenchman tried to spot it for no reason except his own amusement. The guard claimed he shot at the aeroplane, though the Frenchman showed a bullet hole through a bag he had tied to the motor-cycle seat. The officer had adopted the first theory; why he had done so, Henri did not know.

"It's good that fellow was a poor shot," said Henri, as he cut me off an extra piece of *beurre*.

"Yes, but I am glad that he fired," I said to myself, as I thought of my poor leg protruding from under the canvas curtain in the light of Henri's *briquet*.

ARTHUR C. WATSON ¹

¹ Of New Bedford, Massachusetts; Harvard, '19; T.M.U. 184.

V

IN "LE PAYS RECONQUIS"

THE camp in which we of the *Camion* Service were taught the theory and practice of driving Pierce-Arrow trucks, was located near part of the territory evacuated by Hindenburg in the retreat of the spring of 1917. And so it happened that the noteworthy event of our period of training in 1917 was the visit we were allowed to make to the abandoned German trenches and dugouts.

Just as they left their quarters in Nouvron-Vingre, not two months before, we found them: the corners cluttered with empty wine-bottles; a kettle filled with water on the improvised stove; the kitchen reeking with rotten potato peelings. We found shells still piled in the storehouse; rusty bayonets scattered along the path; clips of shells, signboards, and a cemetery growing with the flowers which they themselves must have planted the year before.

The road that we were following ran down a narrow ravine, and it was on the side of this ravine that the Germans had built and concealed their dugout city. Their habitations were cement caves roofed with sheet iron and covered with four or five feet of earth. These were only for the common soldiers, and were nothing in comparison with the quarters of their officers, which we later saw; but, even at that, they were palaces in comparison with the makeshift *abris* of the French.

There seems to be this difference between the attitude of the French and the Germans toward the war — the Germans accept it as the normal state of affairs, and make the best of it. The French, on the other hand, are fighting to end it. While the struggle goes on, they seem to greet any hardships they may encounter without great effort to lighten them, for they look upon these as only temporary.

The interiors of the dugouts were filled with tables and

CAMION SIDELIGHTS

chairs, and with bunks still containing improvised mattresses of chicken wire or of woven reeds. From the back of the living quarters, elaborate tunnels, fitted up with electricity, ran all the way, we were told, to the front-line trenches. We did not explore them, mindful of what we had been told about pitfalls for the unwary. At last, we ourselves encountered one of their traps. Along the path at one place, a trench torpedo had been hung by a thin wire, ready to fall and explode when the wire was touched. A wren had built her nest in it, but that hardly made it seem any the less horrible.

A little beyond was a small café, built in concrete, stained green, and given some jovial Bavarian name. It was solid, permanent, comfortable, and littered with enough wine-bottles to show that the war has not yet forced prohibition beyond the Rhine.

The new graveyard held our attention longer. We found it elaborate and filled with sententious references to Kaiser, God, and Fatherland; and yet it was constructed entirely out of material stolen from the French cemetery across the road. It was, in other words, typically German.

Here, as everywhere else about the town, there seemed to be no doubt expressed as to the permanency of the German occupation; there were few makeshifts. Everything seemed constructed to last a hundred years. Methodically, it appeared, the invaders had set about the Prussianization of the country. The first step in that process was the annihilation of everything French. That part of the task they had done thoroughly.

We visited many other villages that afternoon, but everywhere we met with the same sights. Everywhere there was total destruction: houses dynamited if the shells had not razed them; apple and cherry orchards chopped down; graveyards despoiled in favor of the German dead. On the ruins was everywhere the same attempt to rear a civilization exclusively Germanic, compounded of dugout palaces and diminutive beer gardens.

And this *Kultur* seemed always childishly anxious to justify itself by copious inscriptions. "Ein Gott, ein Volk, ein Koenig," read one of these at Juvigny: "One God, one people, one king." England came in for most of the hard words. No ruined village seemed complete without its "Gott strafe England" painted on the ruins of the Town Hall. One elaborate inscription was more specific:

1914

Der Boden ist geduengt mit blut;
Vernichtet Euer Hab und Gut.
Ihrer Franzosen denkt daran;
England hat dies all' getan.

"For all this destruction, England is to blame," which, however, is no great consolation to the French peasants for their destroyed apple orchards and poisoned wells.

Then we left the ruined villages behind and came down again into the valley of the Aisne. The west was lost in one of those sunsets which are never found outside of France. The reed-bordered river curved majestically among the meadows. Here and there were clumps of willows such as Corot loved to paint. And it seemed to me suddenly that, even if the invaders did succeed in destroying every vestige of past civilization in the country, and killed every human being, they would hardly succeed in their work of Germanization. In the end, the land itself would conquer them, just as it had conquered Celts and Romans, Franks and Northmen, in past centuries making them over into its own spirit.

MALCOLM COWLEY

VI

A BATTERY IN ACTION

May, 1917

LAST night, I left the *parc* when we were unloading a mile behind the trenches; and, though the noise of the

batteries was a little dizzying, I made my way to one of them, a "155." The artillerymen got me behind a tree, a whistle blew, and the whole world was lightning. Well, after the cloud burst, I straightened my disjointed features and immediately began to inquire just how often the Germans popped at them and just how often the Germans were popped. The soldiers laughed at me, told me their job was a "cinch"; that only three men had been killed that week so far and that an hour or so ago the first shells of the day exploded about 40 yards off. I wanted to retreat, but then the ridge ahead of me let out such an explosion I thought the whole thing was blown up; it was the "75's" on top opening fire — and what a fire! Balls of lightning darted from muzzle after muzzle; and clouds of red flame burst upwards as they sent hell screeching through the air as deadly and diabolical as man could invent. This war is all electric operation, explosions, death, and that is what fills you with fear — a fear of the unknown and omnipotent. Then some strings of light-balls floated up like champagne bubbles in order to call the aeroplanes back; rockets signalled to the guns and star-shells made night into day for miles around.

I landed back in camp at three, and went to bed feeling that I could face a New York gang of "gunmen" as though catching butterflies, after what I had seen or rather heard that night — that "very quiet night," as the Frenchmen say.

JACK WRIGHT¹

VII

FOURTH OF JULY, 1917

ALL was not work at the front, as can be seen from this account of a Fourth-of-July celebration in a town in the

¹ Of New York City; joined the *camion* branch of the Field Service April, 1917; T.M.U. 526; killed in January, 1918, while training in the U.S. Aviation in France.

Aisne Departement. Credit for it must be given chiefly to Captain Genin, our French commander, a jolly good fellow, and one greatly interested in American customs. All during June, he had been hearing about nothing except the Fourth of July. At last, he decided that, at his own expense, we were to have a Fourth that should surpass those we had known in the States. And, after that, day by day, various articles arrived in the camp — live rabbits, narrow-gauge track, crates labelled "champagne," cigarettes, flower-pots — about all of which there was some mystery and a great deal of speculation.

The programme of the day itself began with a review, which was hardly different from some peace-time reviews in the States. The ten sections present were in the bad humor common to troops on inspection. And there was some cause, too; for every *camion* in Jouaignes had been on the road from five in the morning until eight the night before, while, even after that, there had been a great deal of cleaning and oiling to do in preparation for the rigid inspection that would be sure to come the next morning.

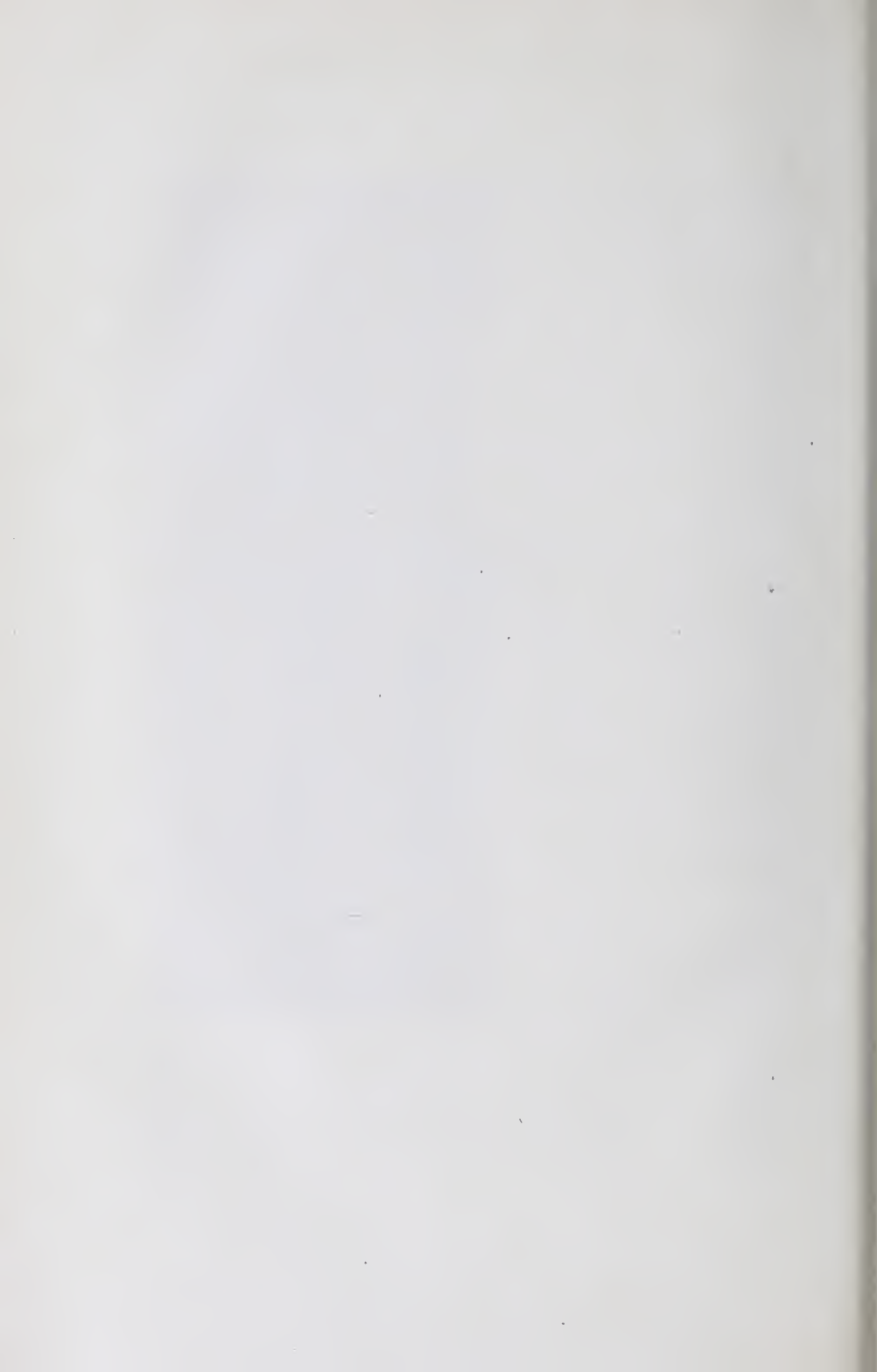
Section after section marched through the little gate into the field and arranged themselves in formation for review. A sharp *Gardez-vous!* rang out, and Captain Mallet, head of Mallet's Reserve of American *Camion* Drivers, entered the field, whereupon a square was formed, of which three sides were Americans and one side Frenchmen. Why the Frenchmen were there we were to find out later.

The American flag was waving proudly in the breeze, borne by a color-bearer, who shared with every American there a thrill of patriotism as each passing French officer paused to give the emblem a graceful salute.

The ceremonies began by Captain Mallet calling for the *Croix de Guerre* section to come forward. So forward they came, three sun-beaten, war-worn French *camion* drivers, the youngest of whom must have been forty-five. Straight and erect, they marched from their ranks



REVIEW OF TRANSPORT SECTIONS AT JOUAIGNES, JULY FOURTH, 1917



and faced Captain Mallet, whom they saluted, and the ceremony of presentation began.

The citations for their deeds of bravery were read in French and the medals pinned on the proud-eyed veterans, with a warm handshake from Captain Mallet, and more from every officer, French and American, whom they passed on the way back to ranks. Then came some well-chosen remarks by Captain Mallet, his simple, dignified English appealing to every hearer. Not an eye but shone a little brighter, not a chin but was tilted a little higher, after these inspiring words. Captain Mallet, then and there, won the heart and hand of every American who heard him.

Then came the review by Captain Mallet. To the time of an Algerian drum corps, the only music of the occasion, column after column of shining helmets and red faces passed by the reviewing stand at "eyes right." What those dark-faced musicians were playing, nobody knew, but it was to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" that the American feet kept time. In the middle of the long khaki lines came the color squad and the Stars and Stripes, which the French officers saluted, as it passed, with the dust-covered lines passing through the gate, bound for camp.

And, all the time, to remind us of the business we were about, a little to the north one could see the sausage balloons whose business it is to make sure that nothing goes unobserved in the German trenches.

Such an afternoon as we spent, could be encountered nowhere except at the French front, and at no time except the present. After *déjeuner*, we found that a mixture of races more varied than that of an international exposition had taken possession of the camp. There were English, Tunisians, Moroccans, Algerians, Senegalese, French of all varieties, not to mention the Scotch nurses from a hospital near by. Spain and Switzerland were represented among the camp mechanics, while I

hear that even a few yellow Annamites happened in to complete the picture. There was no time lost in mere staring either; for the "Buglers of Spahi," a band from Tunis, immediately twirled their curved horns like a lightning flash and struck up a regimental tune. Even this was cosmopolitan, consisting of a conventional European phrase repeated twice by the bugles, and answered by a burst of Arab melody from the strange wooden pipes carried by the rest of the band.

After a concert of some half an hour, the games commenced. Now we discovered the use of the narrow-gauge railway. It was to serve as a tilting course in a game which, with obvious modifications, has survived since the Middle Ages. One mounted the push-cart which replaced the indispensable Norman charger of knightly tourneys, and coasted down the track. In his course he aimed a lance — a fishing pole, if you like — at nothing grander than a hole in a board. If he should succeed, he received a bottle of champagne; if he failed, a bucket of water tipped over on him. We tried, most of us, and got a ducking for our pains. After us, Captain Genin made the attempt, and failed also. But at this point some of the Berbers entered the game. They had been brought up in a state of society in which handling the lance was as indispensable a gentlemanly accomplishment as bridge is with us. And out of the proficiency thus acquired, they received some honor and a great deal of champagne.

After that, there was another game, which involved being blindfolded and swinging with a baseball bat at concealed flower-pots. These, when broken, would be found to contain the live rabbits we had seen — or ducks, or anything else the camp ingenuity had provided. When the last pot had been broken, another Spahi band struck up an even wilder tune. A circle was formed as soon as the music had begun, around a tall turbaned Arab, who was twisting himself about a red bandana stretched on the ground. At first, some disagreement arose as to whether his performance should be called "The Dance of

the Sacred Veil" or "The Dance of the Dirty Handkerchief." We stopped scoffing after a while, however, and watched with a kind of childish wonder the set look on his face as he circled about. Finally the curious rhythm of the drums and the wailing flutes and the hot sun finished by making us believe that we were in the scorching square of some North African town. That impression was heightened by the later dances. Lithe Berbers hurled French army rifles high into the air and caught them without losing time with the drums. Then there were sword dances in which two simulated opponents whirled yataghans about their heads. We were fascinated and a little frightened.

Afterwards, I talked with some of the Tunisians. They had little respect for any Germans. "Yes," they said, "the Germans are brave enough to crouch in dug-outs under shell-fire, but, when we come after them, they are cowards. They run away and shout 'Kamerad! Kamerad!' Bah! Boches no *camarades* with us." As one remembered the sword dances, it seemed hardly surprising that the Germans were cowards before these outlandish warriors.

Shortly afterwards a baseball game began, which must have seemed as bizarre to the Arabs as their dances were to us. About the fourth inning of the game, fencing started in as a counter-attraction, and charmed away, one must confess, almost everybody except the Americans. In this our own French Lieutenant Chalos vanquished all comers. By seven, we had all piled our mess-kits about improvised tables and were waiting for the dinner.

M. Bousquet, the *cuisine chef*, was reputed to have officiated in many kitchens, including those of the Duke of Luxembourg. Yet, however great the number of feasts he had prepared, he surely never encountered one stranger than this. A wonderful salad was served up in a dishpan and eaten off dirty tin plates. The meats were roast capon and a filet with mushrooms; the only bread was the hard dry *pain d'armée*. *Pinard* — a euphemism

for the cheapest, sourest wine existing — alternated with old Muscat and Moët et Chandon. Then, all the time, there was boisterous jesting, and dogs that stood around the tables ready to snap up any spare morsels, until, by dint of so many contrasts and so much hearty jollity, everything assumed a truly mediæval tone. One rather missed torchlights and smoky rafters. Except for these, it was easy to imagine, looking down the long, littered tables, that one was present at a banquet in some Norman castle when Edward III was king. Always, however, when the laughter died down for a moment, the guns that were defending Craonne or Moulin de Laffaux would drown the lesser clatter of the tinware.

After the plates were scraped clean — for once we did not have to wash them — the French force — cook, mechanics, clerks, wounded for the most part in the trenches — took possession of the tables and the remnants of the *pinard*. There followed another celebration, a truly French celebration, which lasted most of the short summer night, during the course of which regimental songs were sung, including the now famous *Chant* of the Foreign Legion, and during which many speeches were made about “*les jeunes américains*,” and “*la victoire qui viendra*.” American ragtime had a fraternal share, too, and many ludicrous attempts were made to translate it into French. Then there were more speeches, and a great deal of handshaking and laughter — always laughter. About two, we — most of us — crawled off to bed, quite aware that we should be called on at daylight to carry trench torpedoes, and quite content nevertheless.

MALCOLM COWLEY

July, 1917

VIII

THE LUCK OF GREEN AMERICANS

July, 1917

ALL the time that we were eating our cold suppers, we could hear the *whiz . . . boom* of exploding German shells. Seemingly they were falling a couple of hundred yards away, behind a little strip of woodland that hid the munition *dépôt*, known as C3, from the north. A little later, when we had backed our motor trucks among the piles of shells, and were waiting for the squad of middle-aged territorials who should unload them, the bombardment was even hotter than before. So half a dozen of us — without permission — started out to watch it at close range.

We followed a path through the woods past an anti-aircraft gun in action. For a while we stopped to watch the shrapnel it was firing as the shells burst six thousand feet in the air, leaving white puffs of smoke like giant chrysanthemums. A mile or two beyond, hidden only by smoke clouds, lay the trenches. A black dot we could see, even farther away, was a German observation balloon. A quarter of a mile away from us were two French heavy batteries which, every minute or so, burst into flame. It was these batteries, we found out, which were the target for the German bombardment.

The explosions neared us. Now of the six of us there, four had just come from training camp and were plainly very much excited at being under fire. The two others (I was one of them) were veterans of three months' standing, and pretended a boredom they did not feel. When shells began whistling past us, however, and bursting not much more than a hundred yards away, all pretence disappeared, and the six of us tumbled together into an abandoned trench and hoped that the shells would come no nearer. Then for some unknown reason the firing stopped altogether, and we walked calmly back

toward the munition *parc* to find that everything was much the same as before, except that a few seedy territorials had appeared and were unloading the first two trucks. And there were twenty more trucks which had just arrived, whose drivers were eating supper.

But before we had time to tell our story, a new bombardment burst forth, this time very near to us; and everybody crowded back into the shelter of an overhanging bank on one side of the road. Now shells were falling at regular intervals of time, approximately every two minutes. Each time one exploded, a few red-hot fragments would fall into the road in front of us. Then would ensue a wild scramble after them as souvenirs, and many burnt fingers were the result. A minute later everybody would rush back under the bank to wait for the next shell. The territorials, who had seen too much war to risk their lives for thrills or souvenirs, had, in the meanwhile, disappeared into dugouts. Ten minutes later, this bombardment stopped as suddenly as had the others; the territorials reappeared and went back to work, so that just as the late summer night was falling, we bumped out of the *parc* over a corduroy road, unloaded at last, while other trucks backed in to take our places.

I found out later that the real excitement occurred only after we had left, when German shrapnel began bursting again, their target this time being the munition *dépôt* itself. Once more the Frenchmen about the place disappeared into dugouts, and invited the Americans to follow them! But instead, openly eager to be home, they began to unload the cars themselves, with the result that two of the boys were struck in the head by flying shell fragments. Fortunately they were wearing helmets and suffered no harm, but half a dozen of the trucks were hit. In fact the chauffeur of the staff car was standing beside his machine with a bottle of wine in one hand and a war-bread sandwich in the other when there was a loud explosion near him, and the next thing he knew he was wandering around without either the wine

or the sandwich and asking where he was. One shrapnel ball had struck his helmet and another had grazed his knee.

And that was the end of it. If a lot of war-wise Frenchmen had tried to unload the trucks under fire, probably they would have suffered half a dozen fatalities. Thirty or forty Americans just out of training school went about it, anxious to wring the last drop of excitement out of the situation, and the result was only three bruised heads and a skinned knee.

And here was the official French view of the episode:

The Major in command of the Automobile Service with the armies, addresses his felicitations to the members of the Third Platoon, under the orders of Lieutenant A. T. Cox, for the coolness and courage which they displayed during the night of July 28, 1917, while unloading trucks in a *dépôt* subjected to a heavy bombardment.

MALCOLM COWLEY

IX

WORK AT NIGHT

July, 1917

It is three o'clock this afternoon and I have only just got up, the reason being that I did not arrive back until eight this morning. We had a hard, long trip yesterday and last night. We left here at two in the afternoon, picked up a load of barbed wire, then ran up toward the lines as far as we could in daylight, and stopped for supper about five o'clock. Three of us had bought some cheese, bread and jam, so, with the modest rations furnished us we had an excellent supper, sitting out in the middle of a field, with a fine view off to the west and no reminders from the north that such a thing as war was going on.

We had not been there very long before we heard a hiss and a bang near by, and ran over to see what had happened. We found that one of the new boys had

picked up a hand grenade and thrown it into a near-by trench, but it failed to explode; so he looked over to discover the reason. Then it did go off (as usual) and some jagged splinters hit him in the leg above the knee. We bandaged him up, hailed a passing ambulance, and shipped him off to the hospital, from which reports have come that the slug was easily removed and he will soon be out. He was a lucky lad. The fields about here are filled with unexploded shells and hand grenades and bombs, and we have strict orders not to touch them; so it was his own fault entirely.

We had to wait until ten o'clock so that we should not be seen going to the lines. We ran down into the gully of the Aisne River; and just as we were about to cross the stream, the car ahead of me, instead of turning and going over the new bridge, headed straight for the one which had been destroyed, and almost reached there, but was stopped in time. I turned to the right without waiting for him, crossed the new makeshift bridge, and went banging along up to the opposite slope where we were to unload.

There was no shelling to speak of, so soon all ten trucks were unloaded and we were ready to go home, but it was not to be. There was a lot of heavy shells which were to be moved to another spot from a near-by abandoned battery; so we cranked up and started off for another load. It was awfully dark and cloudy and just beginning to rain; so there was an excuse for my almost running down some soldiers on their way back from the trenches. They were marching along silently in the dark, the captain with a dog leading the way on foot, the soldiers with their rifles and packs close behind him, following behind the supply wagons.

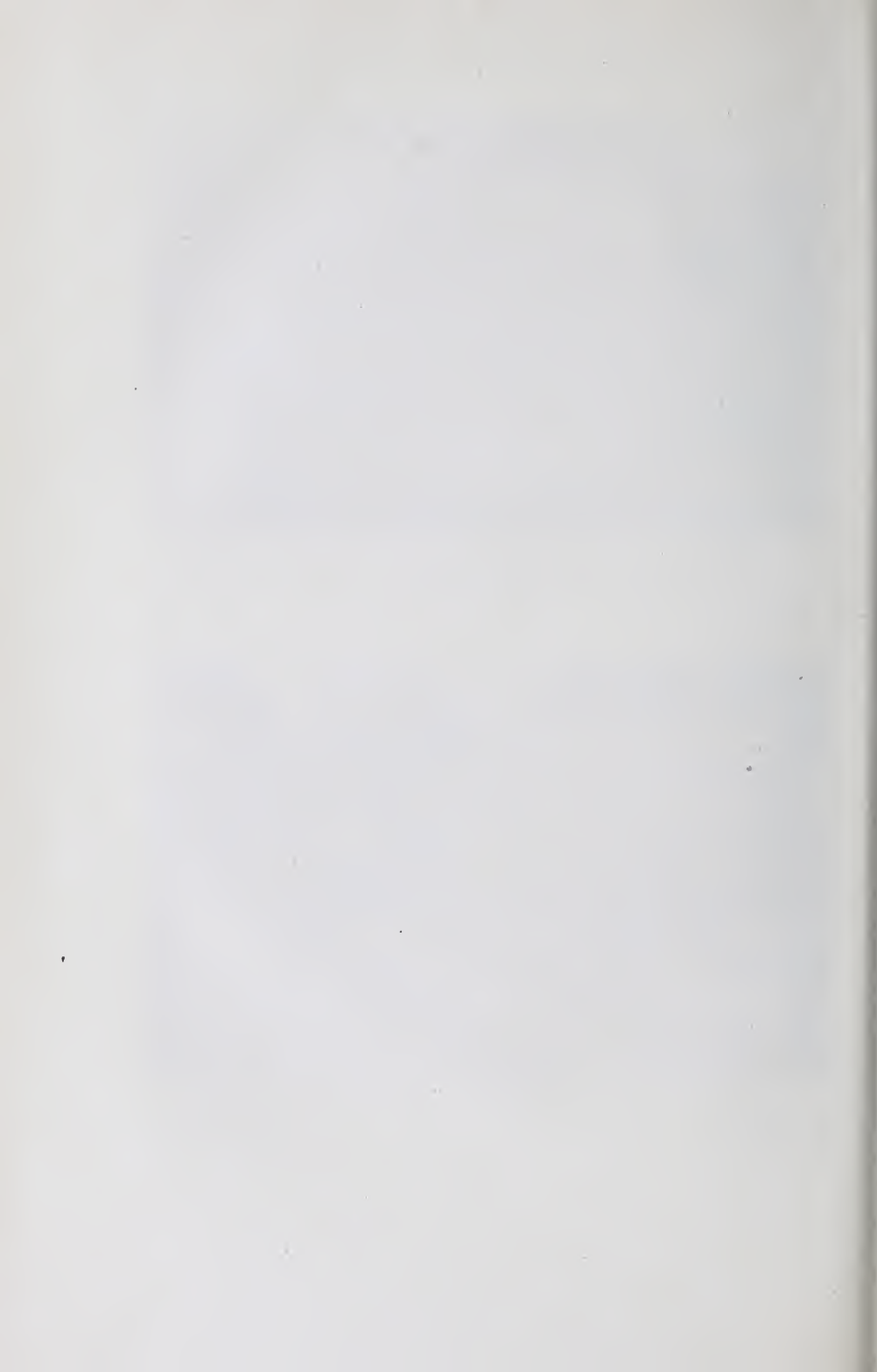
So having passed by, we ran on for a few kilometres in the pouring rain. The unloaded trucks slid first to one side of the road, then to the other, with sometimes a wheel in the ditch. After a time we found the shells, which turned out to be those huge "320's." It took the



WAITING WHILE LUMBER IS BEING LOADED FOR THE TRENCHES
NOTE EMBLEM OF "GROUPE HÉMART" ON CAR PANEL



LOADING SHELLS AT A MUNITIONS DUMP FOR A T.M. SECTION



men a long time to load them; so we coiled up on the seats, pulled our thick coats over us, and slept soundly in the rain for almost two hours.

Then came the order to move, the cars roared and spluttered; one went into a ditch and had to be pulled out. Another lost all the water from its radiator because the car ahead smashed into it; but went along, the last car towing the invalid. The road we were on would in daylight have been about as safe as a lane in No Man's Land; but now, with only the star-shells burning over us and no "sausages" up, it was as safe as an American street on a summer night. The star-shells lighted things wonderfully.

We went rumbling through deserted villages, the noise of the trucks becoming a roar in the little narrow streets. Never a soul do you see in these small ruined towns; it is almost uncanny. Most of the little houses are roofless, some have great gaping holes in the walls; many have hardly anything left but the walls themselves, which stand out in all their jaggedness against the blaze of light to the north. A sentry stood at the bridge as we crossed a poplar-lined canal. We ran along through the country again; but soon entered one of the prettiest French towns I have yet seen.

The streets are wide (for a French town), most of the buildings were châteaux set well back from the road among the trees, and oddly enough they were not much damaged by shell-fire. Off to the right was clearly visible a square church tower, surmounted by the spire such as tops so many French country churches.

We turned to the left, and suddenly came into a part of the town which had been torn to pieces. Most of the trees were cut off near the ground; some still stood with a grotesque limb or two projecting from the trunk. The houses were in ruins; great round shadows in the gardens showed where some of the shells had landed. It was almost impossible to believe that this was a part of the same town.

We passed on again into the country and turned back toward the south. The star-shells behind us cast the shadows of the *camion* on the road before us. No longer was the illumination an aid; it was most decidedly a hindrance. The road became rougher; we bumped rapidly on; and then suddenly came out into one of the great broad highways for which France is famous. Those of us who were wise enough to remove the governors from our cars flew along; those who had not done so bumped placidly along. Finally, just as it was growing light, we came to our *dépôt*, only to find we could not be unloaded until six o'clock.

The driver of the car ahead of me let down the back of his truck, exposing the forty-odd shells which lay there. He thought he would be unloaded there; but, instead, he was told to move farther on. Forgetting that his tail-board was down, he started ahead, jolting over the corduroy road. I saw the last one of the shells move back; then it rolled a bit nearer the edge. I did not budge, but sat there scared stiff. Nearer it came and suddenly rolled off and dropped five feet onto the log roadway and lay there — without exploding.

We curled up again on our coats, and although the rain began again, we slept on for two hours until the men came to unload us. Then we flew for home, picking up some turbaned African soldiers who asked for a lift. At 7.30 A.M. we pulled in here, and at 8 we were sound asleep after eighteen hours on the road. I have gone into detail about this trip, so as to show what our work is like. Sometimes we have more excitement in various forms; but this was an average trip.

ALDEN BRADFORD SHERRY¹

¹ Of Troy, New York; Cornell, '16; served in T.M.U. 526 from April, 1917; subsequently a First Lieutenant, U.S. Aviation.

X

THE CONVOY

SLOWLY and carefully the convoy crept along, mounting higher and higher until at last the level plateau was reached. The anxious Sergeant at the head stopped, and the ten cars behind slowly closed into line, leaving only a few feet between each of the heavily laden *camions*. The night was inky black, and a drizzling mist had been falling for hours — fields, roads, everything was covered with wet and slush. Time and again muddy ditches had tempted the sliding wheels; but the well-chosen route of the experienced leader kept the cars on the hard road; and now the last and most dangerous stage of the trip lay just ahead. For two hours the curtain of night had hidden the approach of supplies which an entire battery had been calling for all day. As soon as the obscuring dark had closed in, the *camion* section had started from an ammunition *parc* to bring the hungry “75’s” their daily rations. Through the day enemy observers in airplanes and observation balloons watched the roads along the front for any signs of activity. Artillery regiments returning to their posts of duty, infantry troops, and all supply trains wait for night to cover their advance over the zone within the spyglass range. Lights are never used, of course; and even the glow from the cigarette of a tired and dusty soldier is forbidden. Before starting again, the sergeant hastily went down the line of his charges, counting them to make sure none was left behind and questioning each driver for any trouble; how the motor was running, if they were going slow enough, etc. In the dark, any kind of accident might happen. A collision with a passing wagon train, a slip into the ditch, a bad bump — and there are always plenty of those — or ramming the car ahead. The strain on the pilot makes even two hours of driving seem ages: the constant nervous tension, the fear of hitting an obstruction — be-

cause often it is only by the feel of the wheel one can find the road — but, most of all, fear of the car ahead making a sudden stop. Because of the darkness it is necessary to travel close together; an unexpected turn might lose half the convoy, for a bad road makes each car follow the track of the one in advance; hence close running is imperative. A rear-end collision is no novelty when the dark renders eyes useless and the bumpy rattle of the car makes noises almost indistinguishable. I was doing the best I could with the old car assigned to me; but that best was only enough to keep me from being lost altogether. Any kind of hill forced me into a slower speed than the others; and I was continually trying to even up the wide space ahead. To the sergeant's relief, I finally made the last long grade and joined the end of the *convoy* with the precious six-ton load of trench bombs. Again the *convoy* began to move; and this time the greatest care was necessary. Four kilometres away, the sharp-eyed observers of the enemy were on the watch; and that four-kilometre drive was to be reduced to three kilometres, then to two; and then under cover of black night the waiting soldiers would take the load into the deep underground bombproof, close to the concealed battery, and safe from the fire of those thousands just over the ridge.

GREAYER CLOVER ¹

XI

CAMPING OUT AT THE FRONT

Soissons, October 10, 1917

THE experiences of camping-out days in America come into play just now in a most admirable fashion. This is especially the case in the matter of eating and cooking.

¹ Of Richmond, Virginia; Yale, '20; joined the Field Service in May, 1917; served with T.M.U. 133; subsequently a Second Lieutenant, U.S. Aviation; killed in aeroplane accident in France, August 30, 1918.

Thus, we have just been trying to make a hunk of red beef look like porterhouse. We never quite succeed in doing that; but it surely does taste so to us after we have fried it brown just as we like it. Then we pour in the potatoes and onions, heat the coffee, and "hop to it"; and we enjoy the meal. Meat, by the way, is the worst item in the bill of fare here. Our "beef" has too often hauled Paris delivery wagons and responded to whatever is the French equivalent for "Get-up," and to "Whoa," which, they tell me, is the one international word. Every nation under the sun stops its horses with "Whoa."

Last night, being Sunday, we went out and cooked our supper. As usual, every Frenchman who passed by stopped. They always do. At Villers four *poilus* — one of them a young lad from Dunkirk whom I liked especially well, and who spoke a little English bashfully and haltingly — used to come up every night from their camp near by and talk and smoke as we ate and cooked. The young fellow was home on his *permission* when we left; unfortunately, I did n't get to tell him good-bye. Last night among other passers-by were two old men and a little boy. They spoke a queer dialect French which I had great difficulty in understanding. I gathered from what one said that he was very bitter at the high prices civilians had to pay for all provisions; and I understood that he was orating because we, who were "*avec les armées*," had plenty and could go picnicking with jam and potatoes and meat. To straighten things and square ourselves, we told him that we had paid for everything ourselves and come up there to cook our own supper because we wanted a good meal for a change. But this did n't go; and, after ten minutes, I made out that he was urging Bert and me to come with him, but just why, I could n't tell; and he grew more noisy and gesticulated more profusely until I finally grasped that he was sorry for us and was inviting us to his farm for supper. His wife would cook us a great kettle of potatoes "*comme ça*" — indicating a "*beaucoup*" quantity — and

eggs. Furthermore, he had a little good wine and we need n't drink black coffee; also he had a great admiration for Americans, knew we were helping France, and he wanted to show his appreciation. Then, when we insisted in poor French that we really must go, and thanked him, he orated again. We must n't be afraid of him. His farm was only a little way off, and there were soldiers close by; he was an old man and had a "*bon cœur*," vigorously hitting himself on that vital part of his anatomy so that we should be sure to understand him and know that he meant what he said. Besides, he would be honored to have Americans dine with him. By this time our supper was cooked and getting cold, so we had to politely but firmly decline, with the understanding that it would be a pleasure and an honor to accept his kind invitation the next evening. But it rained to-night and we couldn't go. To-morrow afternoon I shall walk over to his farm, and if he is still in the notion, believe me, I shall accept *avec plaisir*.

This was all typically French. They are the finest, most polite people in the world; and one meets here, back in the hilly districts of France, some of the most delightful characters to be found anywhere.

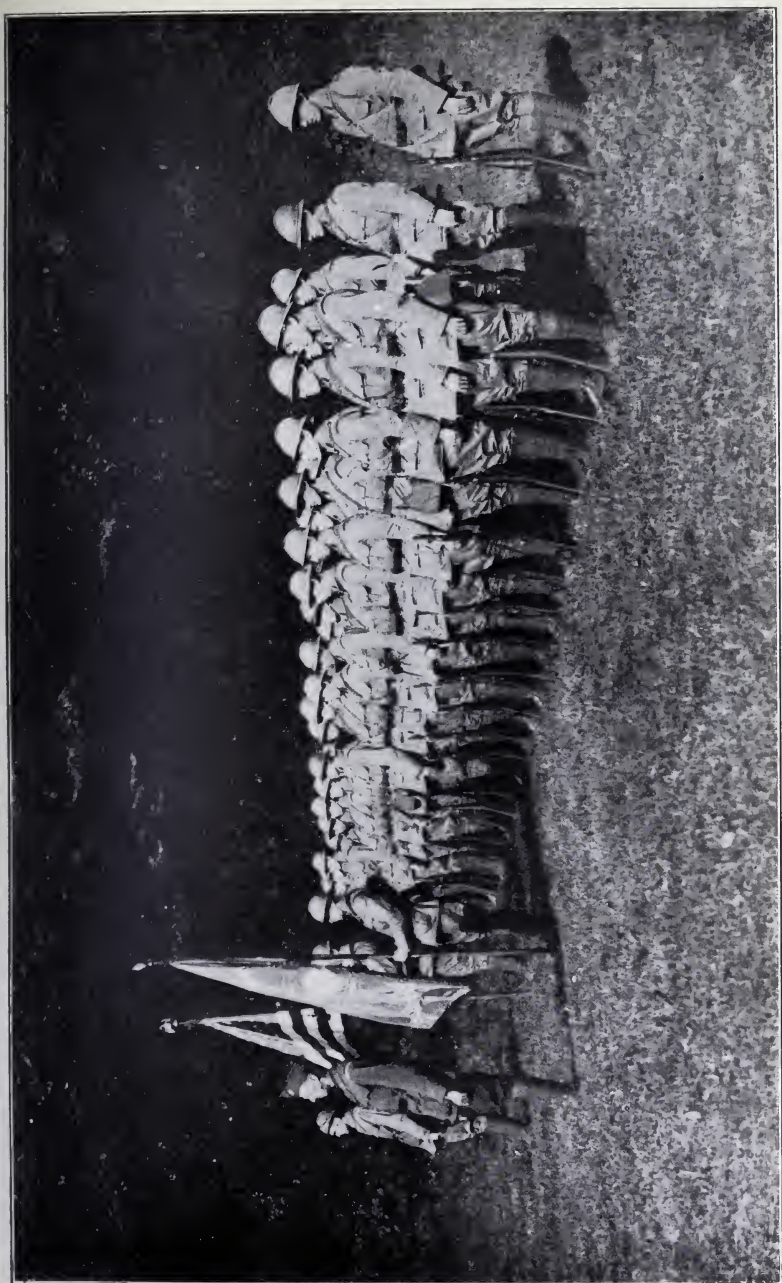
ELMER M. JOHNSON¹

XII

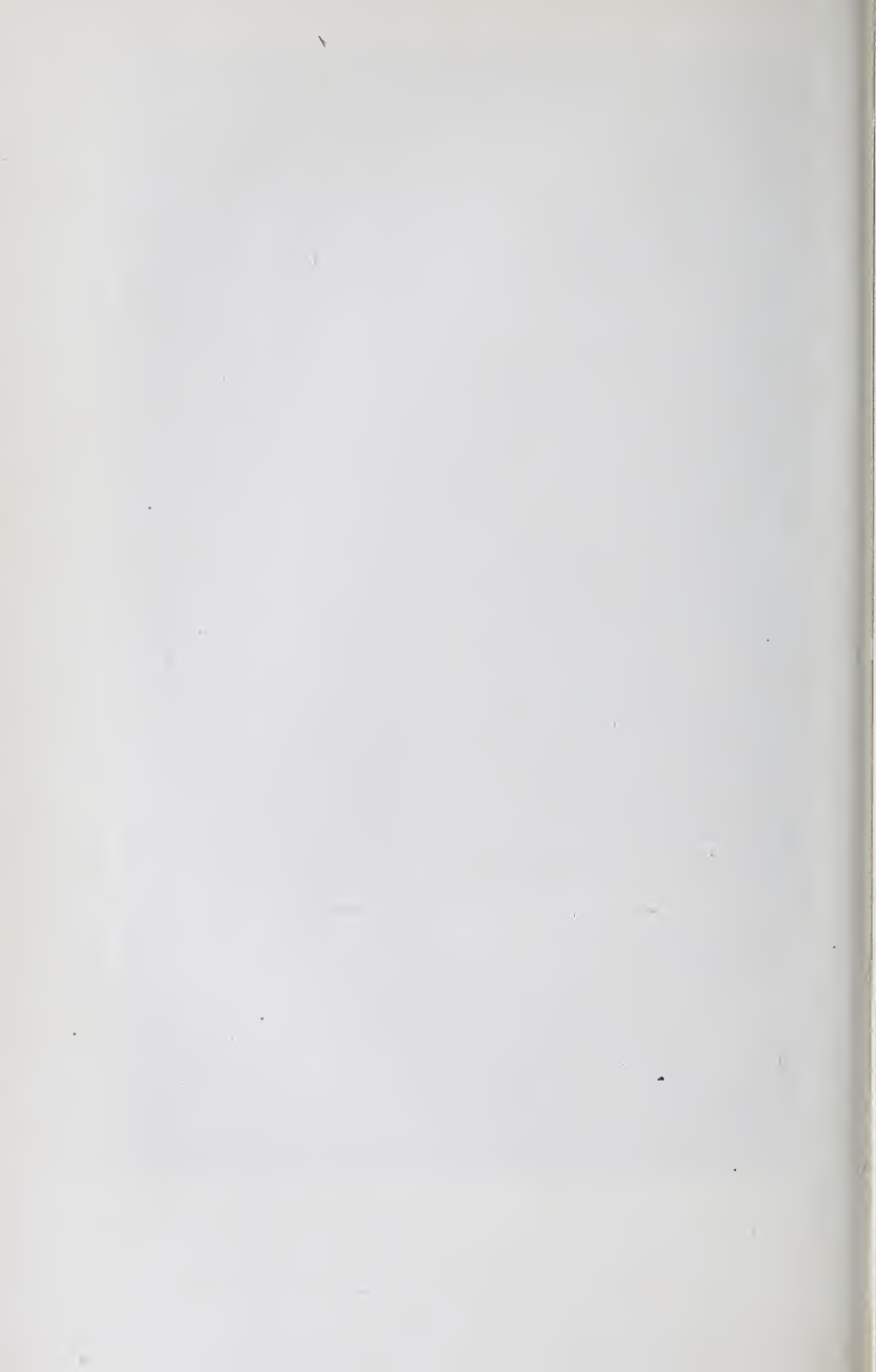
THE CALIFORNIA SECTION

IF the self-appointed task of the California Section has been an unspectacular and rather inglorious one, it has been none the less earnest, for the men have had at least the satisfaction of having done a man's work. Through all the ups and downs and all the discouragements, which are bound to be met with in any service, there was no losing sight of the common end we were all

¹ Of Melville, Montana; Cornell, '20; joined T.M.U. 397 in July, 1917; subsequently Second Lieutenant, U.S. Q.M.C.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TRANSPORT SECTION AT 21 RUE RAYNOUARD JUST BEFORE
LEAVING FOR THE FRONT (MAY, 1917)



CAMION SIDELIGHTS

working for — Victory. The transporting of shells and ammunition may be a humble task, but it is a necessary one; and to carry some eighteen or twenty thousand shells up to the front in a single night has helped a little to defeat the Boches on the Chemin des Dames; for it was on the Aisne front that the California Section served, through the memorable summer and fall campaign of 1917.

The members of the Section, wherever the fortunes of war have taken them, will always be glad to have been associated with the American Field Service in the "heyday" of its glory, and they will always be grateful for all that has been done for them by that organization. For it must never be forgotten that it was the American Field Service which did so much in the early days of the war, before the entrance of America, to keep alive and bright the flame of kindred spirit which has ever existed between the two great Republics. It is difficult for Americans at home to appreciate just what this active expression of all that America has sincerely and devotedly felt since the beginning, has meant to such a people as the French. Much as the American Field Service has actually accomplished in the field, this is by far its greatest contribution in the war.

RICHARD D. SIAS¹

XIII

PREPARING FOR THE MALMAISON ATTACK

Camp, October 11, 1917

ONE trip took us to within 1200 yards of the first-line trenches, which is very close for five-ton *camions*. Of course, we could n't proceed from the main road toward the trenches until after dark. The road was absolutely new to us; the night was raw and the rain came down most of the time in buckets. Such conditions rendered

¹ Of Corona, California; University of California; five months in Field Service, T.M.U. 133; afterwards Second Lieutenant, U.S. Field Artillery.

the sides of the road most dangerous for our heavy loads, and it was so dark that I could n't see whether any one was even on the seat beside me or not. But, finally, the time came to start and it was up to me to lead the convoy. A sergeant always rides in the first car, keeping directly in the middle of the road, and I could just barely make him out as a slightly darker blotch than the surrounding blackness, about three feet in front of the radiator. Things that I met on the road were most uncanny; they did n't seem to come along as things should; but were just suddenly there, and seemingly twice their natural size, especially the large *camions*. Of course, the other drivers as well as ourselves were worried about going off the road; so the close shaves were very close and scraping of hubs and sides most frequent. The batteries of heavy guns by this time were firing on all sides of us, and their flashes helped us not a little. The flashes are like heat lightning, as near as I can describe them. But really the sole thing that we had to thank for our safe arrival at the *parc* were the star-shells. They are shot up just like a sky rocket, leaving the same bright trail of sparks; then they suddenly twist out like an arc-light, and, by aid of small parachutes, hang for some seconds before falling. When the road was lighted up by these, we sometimes got into high gear, but the contrast, when they went out, made going almost impossible until another one befriended us. The road was in miserable condition, all rutted up, and the shell-holes did n't add any to the riding qualities of our *voitures*. Finally, I caught up to the first convoy, which I found was stalled for keeps. We were opposite the place where we were to unload, but were going on to a place where we could turn around. I walked ahead and noticed that the first car was directly across the road with one of the front wheels out of sight in the mud. The next three cars, in going to the first car's aid, got stuck in the mud, which put the four cars all in the same fix; and the traffic all this while was piling up on both sides. It took us just four hours to

clear that road. You can imagine how I blessed my rubber boots during all this knee-deep wading. After getting all the *camions* to one side of the road, we could n't find any one to unload us; so we had to do it ourselves. I had just dropped my tail-board and was climbing in, when the explosion, the flash, and the whistle of a shell came all at the same time, and the blamed thing dropped just one hundred feet short of my *camion*. That started things, and the shells began whistling in in earnest. Thereupon three or four of us found an *abri*, and in we piled. It was already almost full of Frenchmen. We could hear them — the shells, not the Frenchmen — whistling overhead, but luckily none of them struck the road. It was soon over, whereupon we went out and unloaded anywhere that our *camions* happened to be. We then went up and turned around where we had tried to some four or five hours before. Coming back by the place where we were unloaded, we were stalled again and were waiting when more shells came in. We were all not a little nervous, I can assure you. Just as I was expecting to make my most welcome get-away, a car ran entirely off the road into a field, which, fortunately, had a solid bottom at the depth of one foot or so; and it was up to me to haul it out. But, after getting backed up to it and tied on, my wheels just spun; so there was nothing to do but put on chains. This operation gave me the perfect appearance of a lump of mud. Even then the blamed wheels would n't hold, so we hooked another *camion* onto mine, and we finally all came out. Expecting shells during all this work made it quite exciting; but luckily none came in. By now the sky had cleared up sufficiently to let the moon peep through occasionally; so we started home in better spirits. But I had only made about a kilometre, when, *put, splutter, lif, bang!* — and I was out of gasoline. We always carry three extra fifty-litre cans of gas; so that was n't as awful as it might have been, but it was bad enough. Well, to cut a long story as short as possible, I climbed into my cold, cold blankets at four-

thirty. This trip was preceded by two long night trips in the rain and another one yesterday; so you can easily guess why I slept right up until lunch-time to-day.

Camp, October 31

THE great attack is over; I longed to tell you about the extensive preparations which were going on all about us; but, of course, I could not do that. Day by day the masses of material were being piled up in the *parcs* far back of the lines; and day in and day out the trucks never ceased rolling their loads to advanced *dépôts*. I could write pages on the massing of the infantry, the bringing up and locating of the heavy guns, the amount and sizes of vast quantities of munitions, the distributing of the various kinds of war material, and so on, but peace has not been declared yet. The artillery action in preparation for the attack was beyond description. The bombardment culminated in an effort more tremendous than had taken place either at Verdun, on the Somme, or in Flanders. At one of the temporary detention camps I saw 250 Germans out of the 11,000 captured. They were mostly young boys, some of whom were glad to get out of the inferno they had gone through. One of them could speak very good English, and said that he had eaten nothing for two whole days, the French *barrage* fire having cut off their communications. They certainly were all in. One of them, a boy of eighteen, had only been in the war nine days, which he said was plenty long enough for him. In the *barrage* fire mentioned above, the "75's" alone fired 2330 shells a minute.

In my letter home of the 3d inst. I told you about one of the hardest and most exciting trips that we had had. Well, three days ago, each of us that was on that trip received a personal letter of congratulations from the Captain of our *groupe*.

RICHARD V. BANKS¹

¹ Of Ossining, New York; five months in the Field Service; subsequently Second Lieutenant, U.S. Aviation; killed in motor-truck accident, near Nancy, October 30, 1918.

XIV

THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE

TOWARD the end of August, 1917, when I was still new to France, when to my eyes the sights of the Old World appeared much as does the toy department of a store to the popping vision of a six-year-old, an usual amount of traffic began to pass over the small stretch of road with which I was acquainted. My unaccustomed eyes saw munition wagons, soup-kitchens, and carts of all descriptions pass by. Soon this combination was interspersed with guns, "75's" and "155's," which grew in number as time went on, until most of the traffic was of this description. But, little by little, not only did the nature of the convoys change, but also the volume. Mass after mass of engineers' carts, horseshoeing outfits, guns and more guns, came along each day. Then, the big pieces began to arrive. One would meet a train of powerful "Quad" two tractors, shackled together, and the pair slowly but surely drawing a huge cannon, the twenty-inch tires of whose truck sank into the hard macadam roadway as if it were sand. No wonder the roads of France are eaten away; rather, what a wonder that they are as good as they are! Thus, as the days passed, the traffic passed, all headed in the same direction, almost all going through Soissons. Even the more experienced said that the number of guns being concentrated was terrific. It seemed to me that there could be on the entire front but very few more than those I saw toiling toward one point. Last of all, men passed — on foot, covered with dust; in *camions* smothered with dust; wherever they were, however they travelled, dust was their companion. Then came a calm.

On everybody's lips was the whispered question: "When will the offensive begin?" — whispered because the enormity of the preparation had inspired us with awe. Then, too, we were the nearest point to the attack-to-be.

But all remained calm, while the world in our vicinity waited and waited. This was, indeed, the calm before the storm! At last one evening, that of October 16, it was declared secretly in our Headquarters that "To-night, at zero o'clock" (the mysterious and unknown hour at which all attacks start) "the French are going to begin." We listened all the evening, but heard nothing. I woke up several times in the night — all was still.

What a difference the next day, and the next, and for many days thereafter! I can still hear that noise, and probably shall be able to imagine it all my life. The explosions were so continuous that what we heard was very nearly one continuous roar. It was as if there were some huge blast furnace in operation in the distance; and, at night, the flashes of the guns could be seen in the sky like the reflections of the fire playing against a background of clouds. When, however, one listened intently, the roar became divided and subdivided, and the explosion of separate guns could be made out, though they lapped and overlapped without any cadence. Now the sound was like the boom of low-pitched kettle-drums, hundreds, thousands of them, all being pounded with no respect to rhythm; and, at short intervals, the louder rumble and roar of a *grosse pièce* stood out above the other sound like the boom of a huge bass drum. And the flashes were nearly continuous, like lightning in a terrific storm raging in the valley. Each day the air was overflowing with sound; each night, the flashes and the stars vied with each other.

Then, very early on the morning of October 23, I awoke to an uncanny stillness, broken only by the buzz of aeroplane motors. The French had gone over the top. For the next few days, our hearts were joyed by the repeated French successes. Under that terrific bombardment, after that great preparation against them, the Germans were fairly outclassed and helpless. Prisoners we met said that it was the most terrific gun-fire they

had been through, and that their line of communications had been cut off for four days. Some of the prisoners were sullen — like true Boches; but most were happy — just childlike in their happiness to get out of that hell of French fire.

On Hallowe'en afternoon I had the good fortune to be present at a grand review — the supplement of the victory on the Chemin-des-Dames. On the highest hill of the town were gathered as many dignitaries, and soldiers from the attack, as could be spared from their important duties. There, too, were the captured cannon. As was the case a short time before, men and cannon faced each other.

The square was filled with Boche "77's" — some with their curious rifling exposed where a direct hit had ploughed its way along; some with gear blown to bits; almost all with a disfigurement of some description. Alongside and in between were trench-mortars with their ugly, death-dealing mouths turned heavenward. It was a simple matter to put one's head into the muzzle of one of them, so large were they; and, like the cannon, they bore marks of that withering fire which had been turned upon them by the French. In great number, and no less damaged, were the machine guns and *Minenwerfer*. Row upon row of them squatted upon the grass, like beasts sniffing the air before advancing stealthily against their prey. What an array it was and how silently but vividly it testified to the accuracy and gallantry of the forces of Right striving against the lawless lords of Germany!

The men and the flags to be decorated were lined up opposite the cannon. Most of the soldiers were of the well-known *chasseurs*, with their clean-cut faces, their determined jaws, and their rakish *bérets*. Over their neat, dark-blue uniforms floated the flags of their various units, and, most prominently, the splendid tricolor. The band played the "*Marseillaise*," as only a French one can; and

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

then, after the citation had been read, General Le Maistre, followed by M. Clemenceau, "*Le Tigre*," pinned on each man who had been cited the Cross which stands for so much of bravery and courage, and sealed the act with the kiss of comradeship.

FREDERICK W. KURTH ¹

¹ Of Roxbury, Massachusetts; Harvard, '18; T.M.U. 537. Subsequently a Sergeant First Class, U.S. Motor Transport Corps (*Réserve Mallet*).



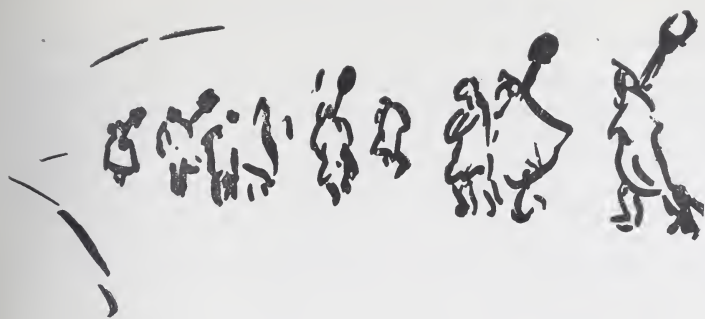


AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN THE TRANSPORT BRANCH OF THE AMERICAN
FIELD SERVICE BEING WELCOMED BY THE VETERAN FRENCH DRIVERS
WHOM THEY WERE TO REPLACE



AT JOUAINES, MESSING IN THE OPEN AT TABLES BUILT ON GASOLINE
TANKS. THE SLEEPING-QUARTERS WERE THE TRAILERS IN
THE BACKGROUND





Summary of the History of the Camion Service under the U.S. Army

As already stated, the United States Army authorities in the autumn of 1917 agreed to take over the *camion* sections which the Field Service had supplied to the French Army. They agreed also, after enlisting the Field Service men and commissioning the Field Service Officers, to recruit and multiply their sections by additions from the United States Army troops, and, most important of all, it was agreed that these sections would be left with the Mallet Reserve in the service of the French Army. The organization was thereafter to be officially designated as the American Mission, and Major (later Colonel) Gordon Robinson was placed in command of the American personnel.

In the preparations for the concluding offensive made by the French on the Chemin-des-Dames in the fall of 1917, most of the motor-transport work had been performed by the volunteers of the American Field Service. In the concluding days of the offensive the transfer of this service to the United States Army took place. About three hundred of the old *camion* volunteers enlisted with the American Mission, but several hundred others, who did not want to enlist permanently in this branch of the army, nevertheless continued for a considerable time to serve in it as volunteers in order to avoid any abrupt interruption. Many, in fact, continued to do so until replacing troops had arrived from America in December.

In the course of the drive which the English made before Cambrai in the latter part of November, 1917, orders called out practically every *camion* in the Mallet Reserve. November

21, the long convoys took the road from Soissons to Château-Thierry and on to Montreuil and la Ferté-sous-Jouarre, where they loaded with French attacking troops. Then they turned and carried them back to the vicinity of Péronne, Montdidier, and Nesle, to be held in reserve there for the English offensive. After discharging their troops, the convoys returned and established camp in the city of Montdidier, where they remained eight days awaiting developments in the offensive. The rest of the winter was spent in Soissons.

THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE OF MARCH, 1918

AFFAIRS were at this point when the German offensive began, on March 21, 1918. On March 16 shells had begun falling in Soissons and the bombardment grew more intense as the date for launching the offensive approached. The camps of the companies at Soissons had to be evacuated. The headquarters of the American Mission moved from Soissons to the Ferme de Chavigny on March 25. After this move came a period of intensely hard work for all the companies in the organization. It was American drivers on the trucks of the Mallet Reserve that hauled the French troops who made their startling appearance just in time to close the hole made in the English army back of Saint-Quentin.

It was also these American drivers who transported the reserves of artillery which enabled the French troops to stop the advance of the Germans toward Compiègne. This was the first time in the history of the Reserve that field pieces of the 75-mm. calibre were hauled on the trucks. Machine guns were also part of the loads in many of the convoys. During the last week of March the trucks of all the companies were on the road almost continuously, concentrating troops and ammunition about Ham, Nesle, Montdidier, and Guiscard. There were exciting circumstances during many of the convoys.

The following are examples of the work of the convoys at this time: On March 27 *Groupe Meyer*, with 50 cars, and *Groupes Genin* and *Pacques*, with 30 each, left camp at 12.30 P.M. and proceeded to Vassens. There they loaded three battalions of the 126th Infantry, the headquarters company, mitrailleuse carts (4 per truck), and rolling kitchens and limbers, transporting them to Le Plessis-Brion, north of Compiègne where the first cars arrived about 6 P.M. The convoy returned home empty, *via* the Soissons-Compiègne highway, arriving about 11.30 P.M.

Shortly after midnight of March 28, 50 cars from *Groupe*

UNDER THE U.S. ARMY

Gillette, 40 from *Genin*, and 35 from *Pacques* loaded three battalions of the 327th Infantry at Montmacq and the headquarters personnel at Saint-Leger-aux-Bois, unloading at Ressons, six kilometres from the lines. At 4.40 A.M. while the loading of the three battalions was under way, an enemy plane dropped five or six bombs. Twenty-six men were killed, thirty-five wounded slightly and an unknown number severely, many mortally. A sufficient number of trucks were detached to carry back the dead and lightly wounded. Motor ambulances were telephoned for to transport the stretcher cases. The trucks returned to camp early in the afternoon, except eleven which were detached from *Groupe Genin* to evacuate the material of an *H.O.E.*

The carrying of troops was up to the 8th of April almost continuous, many trips being made as far east as Châlons. During this time, though the American Mission headquarters had been moved back to the Ferme de Chavigny, the camps of the various *Groupes* were still kept on the roads about Soissons because convoys were principally made over the main highways leading north and south from this city. However, the first week in April the bombardment of the city and its vicinity grew so intense that it was found necessary to move all camps farther back. So, on April 9, *Groupes Robinson*, *Gillette*, and *Pacques* moved to Vivières and Soucy, south of Vic-sur-Aisne and the remainder of the *Groupes* moved to Violaine and Villers-Hélou, near Longpont.

THE GERMAN DRIVE ON THE AISNE, MAY, 1918

THE interval between the end of the German drive on the Somme and its resumption on the Aisne at the end of May was used by the various truck companies for recuperation. The wear and tear of continuous action had been especially hard on the trucks and they were in need of thorough overhauling. So during the lull in activities, the men were engaged in work of this nature at their villages. There were only a few convoys made, to the region of Soissons and Villers-Cotterets.

When the call came again for transport on the night of May 27, at the start of the German drive on the Aisne, the Americans in the Mallet Reserve were ready. Activities consisted in hauling ammunition up and refugees back, and there were brushes with the enemy along the roads between Soissons and Fismes. One company waiting to evacuate a French headquarters in Soissons got out of town about an hour before the Germans entered it. So swift was the German drive that the

mayors of cities along the Aisne were not given time to get their people evacuated, and hence had to call on the *camions*. It was during the early days of this battle of the Aisne, also, while the French Army was making a desperate resistance around Corcy and Longpont, that a truck belonging to the Reserve was captured, along with a French battery beside which it was standing to be unloaded. The gunners took the shells out of the truck and ran over to the gun to fire them at point-blank range, for the Boches were only about a kilometre away. Presently the gunners got orders to retreat. Wishing to exhaust all their ammunition they fired the last shell before obeying the order to fall back, and the truck, in making a turn to expedite unloading, broke an axle. The last shell was fired with the Germans in plain sight and the gunners and drivers escaped on a gun caisson.

On the night of May 28 the headquarters, which was still at Chavigny farm, received orders to evacuate immediately. With such supplies and other material as could be loaded into a section of French *camions*, the headquarters left Longpont at three o'clock in the morning of the 29th, and, travelling by way of Villers-Cotterets, arrived at Etrépilly, northwest of Château-Thierry at nine in the morning. Owing to the rapidity of the German advance, a part of the supplies in the warehouse at Longpont had to be abandoned. After a delay of one day at Etrépilly, the headquarters moved on to Meaux, where temporary quarters were established in the barracks of the school of instruction there.

On May 31 the enlisted men in the headquarters company were temporarily distributed among the various companies in the field as drivers to relieve the excessive strain of driving to which the men in the companies had been subjected for about five days. These companies, after breaking camp in the vicinity of Longpont, moved to villages about la Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

While operating in the Advance Section, it frequently became necessary to send out a "salvage party." Spare parts being, in the Advance Section, even more than elsewhere in the A.E.F., hard to obtain, when a truck caught fire or was hit, the salvage party was sent to dismantle and bring back to the organization headquarters the remains of the truck. This had continually to be done under rather heavy fire — and occasionally such an expedition resulted in the salvaging of a German truck. During the latter part of the war rubber had become so scarce in Germany that, for truck tires, recourse was had to two concentric iron rings of different diameter, cushioned

between with small blocks of rubber or with spiral steel springs. The German trucks which were captured from time to time were objects of great curiosity.

The men of the American Mission, Mallet Reserve, were in all the desperate fighting that checked the German drive across the Aisne and held them at Château-Thierry. They hauled American troops, of the 26th Division and Marines, to the lines about Château-Thierry and the battles in which they won so much glory. Transport work during the month of June was adjusted to the line of advance made by the Germans. Though there were some troop convoys, particularly those in which the Americans were hauled, the greater number of the convoys were of munitions hauled to the Villers-Cotterets, la Ferté-sous-Jouarre, and Château-Thierry sectors, part of it for French and part for American batteries. Loading was effected in Meaux, Changis, Claye, Mitry-Mory (a point only fifteen kilometres from Paris), and the railheads between Meaux and Coulommiers; occasionally, too, there were trips as far as Chantilly and Rebais.

Enemy aerial activity throughout the month continued to subject transport work to much more danger and difficulty than usual. *Camions* from *Groupes Vincent, Bernard, and Browning* had narrow escapes during the early part of the month when enemy aviators blew up a munitions *parc* at May-en-Multien, and attacked convoys of these *groupes* with machine guns. In many cases, particularly with the "155's," the *camions* were sent forward to the batteries themselves, the ammunition being taken out of the truck and thrust directly into the breeches of the guns.

THE ALLIED OFFENSIVE, JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1918

FIGHTING was practically stationary in the Marne sector during the first eighteen days of July, but it was a period of intense preparation and severe trench-fighting. The trucks of the Mallet Reserve were hauling shells day and night to French and American batteries around the bulge in the line from Corcy and Longpont to Château-Thierry. Headquarters of the American Mission remained at Meaux during the month, with cantonments in small villages thereabouts.

Transport work was exceedingly heavy. Most companies were daily on the road for long periods. While shells were the principal material hauled, some transports of troops were made. During the entire month traffic conditions made the management of convoys especially difficult. Roads were heavily bur-

dened with vehicles of every description, artillery trains going in and coming out, *ravitaillement* of all sorts, and columns of infantry. In the transportation of munitions there were also many hard problems to solve. Until July 18 the artillery munitions *parcs* were more or less immobile, but after that date, when the Americans inaugurated General Foch's grand offensive at Château-Thierry, and, after taking the initiative, began a rapid advance, a shifting line caused orders for the *camions* carrying shells to discharge their cargoes regularly at the batteries and not at munitions *parcs*. Toward the end of the month most of the companies were hauling "155's" and "75's" direct from railhead to battery. This brought them repeatedly under shell-fire and led to predicaments requiring coolness and decision. The trips with ammunition took the *camions* of the Reserve up through the wheatfields of the Marne and beyond them, past the dead, still lying on the field, and past the scores of German batteries abandoned with the gunners piled about their pieces. The trucks formed almost the only link between the supply base and the advancing troops because supply by rail was impossible by reason of the rapid advance.

In August the Reserve left the Marne-Ourcq sector and moved up to the Oise and Somme for the offensives that were planned there and launched, on August 8, before Montdidier by the First and Third French Armies. The work performed during the first week of the month was mostly transportation of shock troops to the neighborhood of Montdidier. Between August 4 and 7 troops were taken from reserves in rear areas to Taillefontaine, Ferme Saint-Nicholas, and Jumal. After an intensive barrage that lasted two days, these went into the attack on the morning of August 8. Altogether, the month of August set a record over previous months for long hours and quantity of material transported, and, because the *camions* were rolling in the open country of the Somme most of the time and unprotected from enemy observation from the hills, there was greater danger.

On August 2 Captain P. B. K. Potter was placed in command of the Mission. Five days later the headquarters was moved from Meaux to Houdainville near Mouy, the companies being scattered in the villages to the north in the direction of Clermont and Estrées-Saint-Denis. On August 15, after the successful drive at Montdidier, the headquarters moved to Lihus, and on the 17th of August it was again moved to Crèvecœur-le-Grand, south of Amiens, where it remained until August 31.

Working through the shell-swept country of the Somme there

was scarcely any rest from the beginning to the end of the month. The ammunition *parcs* were relayed from time to time as the armies advanced. About the middle of the month part of the Reserve began working to the north, with the French First Army, while the rest of it worked farther south, with the Third and Sixth armies, and in addition to the transportation of shells, evacuated Compiègne when German airplanes threatened it with destruction by repeated nightly visits.

Some idea of the strenuousness of the work may be gained from a glance at the figures for the month of August. During the month, out of 744 hours in the month, one company rolled 669 hours, making only 75 hours of the month when this company did not have *camions* on the road. *Groupe Wilcox* hauled 6513 tons of shells and 1808 troops; *Groupe Robinson* carried 8091 tons of ammunition and 2781 troops; *Groupe Browning* transported 10,297 tons of ammunition and 3678 troops; and *Groupe Vincent* hauled 9054 tons of ammunition and 3349 troops. The companies rolled an average of 5300 kilometres during the month, working in the Amiens, Montdidier, Resons-sur-Matz, Marest-sur-Matz, Soissons, Villers-Cotterets, and Compiègne sectors.

Until the last week in September the theatre of operations was unchanged, and the trucks covered every road about Breteuil, Wavignies, Faverolles, Noyon, Lassigny, and Nesle, in the territory between the Oise and the Somme. Headquarters until September 19 was at Moyenneville, southwest of Montdidier, and on that date moved to Compiègne and five days later to Château-Thierry. After a few days in Château-Thierry it then moved to Epernay, with the truck companies following and being stationed in its vicinity. This move was occasioned by the attack which the French launched, in driving toward Reims. When the organization left the Oise-Somme district, part of *Groupe Lamade* was left behind to move ammunition *parcs* on the road leading south from Amiens. After coming to the Champagne district, the work continued as heavy as ever, for the offensive there was one of the greatest French efforts and was characterized by some of the most stubborn fighting of the war. Here the trucks supported divisions of Italians as well as the French. In *Groupe Wilcox* there was a slight falling-off in the activities, due to a breakdown in equipment in consequence of overstrain. *Groupe Lamade* transported 10,450 tons of munitions during the month, *Groupe Robinson*, 3989 tons and 1088 troops, *Groupe Browning*, 9879 tons, and *Groupe Vincent*, 10,496 tons.

HAULING TANKS

ON September 30 the trucks of the Reserve hauled the tanks from Suippes that made the attack on the plateau of Tahure, cleared this important region of the enemy, and opened up the road to the taking of Vouziers. This plateau was a stronghold situated east of Reims, northwest of Verdun, and directly south of Vouziers. It was the centre of a triangle formed by these three points, and it was also where the French armies joined the American armies in the terrific fighting in the Argonne. A description of the operation, which was typical of others, will perhaps be of interest.

Ninety tanks were hauled on this occasion. The loading was made at Somme-Suippes near Châlons. The way was long and the driving hard to Tahure, for the weight of the tanks made the heavy trucks sink into the roads, which were in bad shape. Upon coming nearer to the front the drivers had to dodge shell-holes, and several times when a truck got into one of these they had to stop while it was pulled out with a tank. There were enemy observation balloons along the horizon ahead of them and enemy shells occasionally landing in the fields around them. When it grew dark, as heavy firing was taking place, the drivers kept in the road by the glare of the guns. Back of the plateau of Tahure they stopped to unload at the point where the tanks were going into action in the morning. There was a long wait. About midnight the Germans started to shell a cross-roads on the hillside just above them. This was a bad sign, for the Germans were retreating, and at such times they generally spent the night showering their shells on the roads and back areas to save themselves the trouble of hauling them back or to prevent them falling into enemy hands. The traffic was heavy at the cross-roads where the tanks were being unloaded. There was a first-aid dressing-station on one side and ambulances arriving and departing ceaselessly. Mules, loaded with ammunition, were passing in one direction and mules, with no burden, were passing in the other. As the shells fell closer there was consideration of moving. A short time later the shelling stopped and airplanes began to whirl over. On the horizon could be seen tracer bullets flying in the air. The anti-aircraft guns took up the chant till their noise grew and drowned out that of the guns firing near the trenches. Then the earth about the trucks trembled, as with a loud growl and crump several bombs fell, all at once, indicating that the planes were bombing a near-by battery. All this time the unloading of the trucks continued, for



HOW BIG GUNS WERE LOADED ON TRUCKS OF THE RESERVE



ESTABLISHING A PRECEDENT

A *groupe* of the *Réserve Mallet* making the first convoy of seven-ton tanks
on five-ton *camions*



it was imperative that there be no delay now in getting the tanks into position. So, in spite of the danger of discovery it involved, the drivers, who were helping in the unloading, employed flashlights in aiding the heavy tanks to crawl down the runways without falling off. This shortened the time of unloading. The drivers got away just a little while before the tanks went into the action that was completely successful in clearing the plateau of Tahure of the enemy. The experience of these trucks of the Mallet Reserve was used in the preparation of a M.T.C. Bulletin containing advice and instructions on the management of a tank convoy which was sent to all M.T.C. organizations in the American Expeditionary Forces.

Groupe Lamade, consisting of four truck companies, was busied with these tank convoys up to the 3d of October. For the rest of the companies, the month of October saw a falling-off in the tonnage of material hauled, as compared with previous months. The French, during the early part of October, were fighting continuously in the Champagne, but, after having made considerable progress in the first days of the battle, were then checked and held up by stronger German resistance. During this time the companies worked out of Château-Thierry, Châlons, Savigny, and Jonchery, with headquarters at Epernay.

On October 15 the rapidity of the French advance north and east of Saint-Quentin required more *camion* transportation in that region, since rail transportation was out of the question for some time, so that one *Groupe*, consisting of *Groupes Robinson, Wilcox, and Ordway*, was detached from the rest of the organization and sent north to villages about Nesle for duty with another French army. The three remaining *Groupes* moved north to Reims, as the French continued to advance. Headquarters were established there on October 19, and the work was centred about this city, which was the farthest advanced railhead. Ammunition and food supplies were both hauled from the Reims *dépôt*.

However, on October 30, activities were diverted to another convoy of tanks to be taken to the region about Château-Portien, where was raging some of the fiercest fighting of the war. Some three hundred light tanks were taken up to the vicinity of Lor by *Groupes Lamade, Vincent, and Browning*, and, as happened a month before, it was the tanks which were chiefly responsible for the success of the attack in which they were employed. Roads leading up to the front were in very bad condition and part of the time one company of trucks had to tow another to get by the roads. The convoys hauling these tanks

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

were continuously under shell-fire and met with many dangerous and difficult situations.

AFTER THE ARMISTICE

THE transport of ammunition was uninterrupted until the day before the German delegates started toward General Foch's Headquarters for the memorable conference that ended the war. A day or so before this all orders for ammunition were stopped and both the companies in the neighborhood of Saint-Quentin, and those around Reims began the hauling of food supplies.

On November 5 the *Groupes* to the north moved into Saint-Quentin from Nesle, where they remained until November 18. Almost from this time on they hauled provisions and passengers about the neighborhood of Saint-Quentin and Guise. On November 18 these three *Groupes* rejoined the rest of the Reserve and moved into Novy, near Rethel. A day later they moved on to Le Chesne.

On November 16 headquarters was moved from Reims to Rethel, and on November 19 moved again to Charleville-Mézières. On November 29 another change was made to Sedan, where they remained until May, 1919. The other three *Groupes* made several moves, from Jonchery to La Malmaison, Asfeld-la-Ville, and Avaux, till they finally settled, toward the end of the month, at Saulces Monclin, near Sedan.

After the signing of the Armistice the trucks made many long trips into Luxembourg and Belgium, part hauling food and part troops of the army of occupation. They were called upon to take the place of the destroyed railroads, and throughout the north of France it was chiefly motor transportation that kept the armies of occupation going. In addition to provisioning the armies, the trucks also hauled food for civilians and hauled back to their homes those who had been evacuated by the Germans. Trips into Luxembourg were especially long and hard because of the fact that the railheads were so far back.

Immediately after the signing of the Armistice, the following letter was issued by Commandant Mallet:

"To-day, when France and her allies are magnificently rewarded for the sacrifices undergone during more than four years by the most complete victory in history, I express my heartfelt thanks to the personnel of the Reserve, officers and men, American and French, for the unceasing devotion of which they gave proof under every circumstance.

"I am proud to command an organization in which every

member has shown such a high regard for duty and for the importance of his task.

"All will be happy to feel, to-day, that the effort furnished by the Reserve has contributed its part toward the final victory. I wish, particularly, to express my gratitude to our comrades of the American Field Service, who came to offer their services to France at a time when they were under no obligation to take part in the war; and who were, in a way, the connecting link between the armies of France, which had been struggling since the beginning of hostilities, and the great American Army, without which the Victory of Right would have been impossible.

"I pay a tribute to all members of the Reserve who lost their lives during the campaign and, particularly, to our dear friend, Lieutenant Edwards, who fell on the field of honor barely three weeks before the cessation of hostilities.

"Our work is not finished. Our duty now is to make one last effort and to replace the means of communication destroyed by the enemy during his retreat. This effort will be hard, but the security of our armies of occupation, the provisioning of our soldiers and the civilian population must be assured before all.

"I am confident that I can depend on all to accomplish this task to the end."

Commandant Mallet, who had organized the Reserve which bears his name, was relieved of duty with it and left, November 29, to go to India on a mission for the French Government. The American officers of the Reserve, at a dinner given in his honor at Sedan on the day of his departure, presented him with a silver loving-cup.

Captain Pavillon, who had been Major Mallet's assistant, succeeded as French commanding officer of the Reserve, but only remained as the head until February 23, at which time the Mallet Reserve was disbanded as a French unit, and was cut down to two *Groupements*. On leaving, Captain Pavillon paid high tribute to the Americans in the Reserve. "The vicissitudes of war undergone together, the dangers and the fatigues suffered in common," he said, "have served to create between us ties that we will never forget. The Reserve is like a big family, where without the distinction of nationality all are comrades, and where there is not only mutual respect but something deeper."

About the first of May, the two *Groupements* were formally released from the French armies, the French trucks and equipment were turned over to the French authorities, and the American personnel was placed at the disposal of the American

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

Army. On May 9 the telegram was received ordering the American Mission, Mallet Reserve, with all the troops under its command, to depart for a base port in anticipation of its return to the United States.

Thus ended the history of another branch of the old Field Service — the *camion* branch — a formation in many respects unique in the annals of the War. As an indication of the character of the men who composed this branch of the Field Service, let it be said in conclusion that of the three hundred Field Service men who remained in the Mallet Reserve after the United States Army took over its command, no less than one hundred and twenty-nine, or 40 per cent, became commissioned officers in that department, the Motor Transport Corps, of the Army.



CAMION

Through the tinted village,
Under the moon,
Great beetles, one by one,
Whirring in tune.

Blind beetles, one by one,
That drop their iron spawn,
And scuttle off. The dust streaks gray
Across the dawn.

ELISHA WHITTLESEY ¹
T.M.U. 133

¹ Of Pittsfield, Massachusetts; Harvard, '18; served as volunteer for three months with T.M.U. 133 of the Réserve Mallet in 1917.



IN MEMORIAM

CHARLES PATRICK ANDERSON
CHARLES BACON
CARLOS WILLARD BAER
RICHARD VARIAN BANKS
ROBERT HARRIS BARKER
MERRILL MANNING BENSON
RICHARD ASHLEY BLODGETT
ALEXANDER BERN BRUCE
BENJAMIN HOWELL BURTON, JUNIOR
STUART CARKENER, 2d
GREAYER CLOVER
RICHARD STEVENS CONOVER, 2d
HENRY HARRISON CUMINGS, 3d
GEORGE EATON DRESSER
GEORGE LANE EDWARDS, JUNIOR
WILLIAM ARMSTRONG ELLIOTT
HUGO WING FALES
HORACE BAKER FORMAN, 3d





IN MEMORIAM

ERNEST ARMAND GIROUX
WARREN TUCKER HOB
CHARLES ALEXANDER HOPKINS
HENRY HOWARD HOUSTON, 2d
HOWARD CROSBY HUMASON
WARREN THOMPSON KENT
SCHUYLER LEE
PAUL WARREN LINDSLEY
GEORGE WELLES ROOT
WALTER LAIDLAW SAMBROOK
KRAMER CORE TABLER
WILLIAM HENRY TAYLOR, JUNIOR
EDWARD ILSLEY TINKHAM
CHESTER ROBINSON TUTEIN
GOODWIN WARNER
WILLIAM JEWELL WHYTE
JACK MORRIS WRIGHT



THE UNIFORM AND INSIGNIA OF THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

WHEN the Service was formed as an adjunct to the French Army, a distinctive and practicable uniform was essential. It was impossible to adopt that of the United States Army while America was still neutral, and on that account special uniforms and insignia had to be provided, which also should not cause confusion among the myriad uniforms of the Allied forces. The color selected was khaki — that of the American Army — but the tunics were designed upon a more comfortable and practical model, with an open roll collar and bellows pockets. The French Army authorized as insignia on the coat-collar the *grenades* of the French Automobile Service, which were to be worn on a buff patch — this buff being selected as the color of the American Colonial uniform of Revolutionary days. On the left sleeve was sewed an embroidered strip bearing the words "American Field Service." The collar and sleeve insignia were embroidered in red silk for the drivers and in gold for the officers of the Service. Rank was also indicated by *galons* on the lower sleeve after the manner of the French Army.

The headgear was either a khaki visored cap, or a khaki *bonnet-de-police*, upon the front of which was a bronze device representing the American eagle holding a shield bearing the Stars and Stripes, and crossed by a ribbon with the words "American Field Service." On duty at the front the French blue-gray steel *casque* was worn with, as a device in bronze, the United States shield encircled by a laurel wreath.

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE



Embroidered strip on the left sleeve of the tunic

Device in bronze for the French *casque* worn on duty at the front

Insignia on the collar of the tunic, the *grenade* of the French Automobile Service

Bronze device for the khaki visored cap

THE INSIGNIA OF THE FIELD SERVICE (slightly reduced in size)

Literature of the Field Service

- I. SKETCHES
- II. POEMS
- III. HUMOROUS SKETCHES
- IV. LIGHTER VERSE
- V. END OF THE WAR SKETCHES AND VERSES



PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK AT, 21, RUE RAYNOUARD,
PARIS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

To All To Whom these PRESENTS May Come :

GREETING !

Christmas in France, boys, far away from the loved ones at home. But remember, it's the last Christmas we will ever spend over here — unless we come back après la guerre. You've all heard this February stuff, of course, and some of you no doubt believe it. We do anyway. And since it is for most of us our first, last and only Christmas in this land of mud, Pinard and éclats, .

Therefore, Be it Resolved that :

1. It's going to be a right merry one.
2. We're not going to keep all our Christmas joy to ourselves, but we're going to try to distribute a little of it to the poilus who may not have the things that we have.
3. On Christmas Day an armistice shall be declared, and on that day we shall desist from that most famous of all war time sports, viz and namely, crabbing the post office.

Witness our hand and seal this blank day of blank in the city of blank, county of blank, state of blank — minds blank also :

Section 65,

Introduction

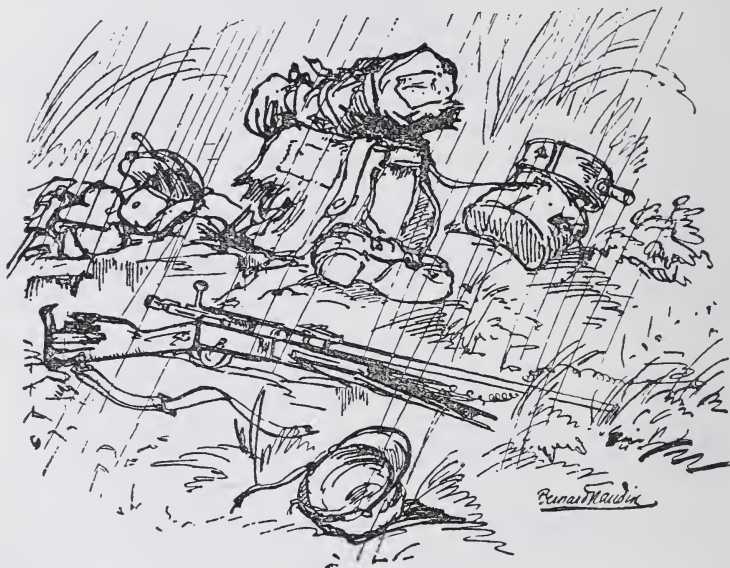
THE following sketches and verses were written by members of the Field Service during their life at the front. Some of the contributions date back to the early days of the Service; many were written in the summer and fall of 1917, and a number belong to the period of the A.E.F., up to and even after the Armistice. Most of them first appeared in the *American Field Service Bulletin* — “a small weekly, published in France by the volunteers of the Field Service for their own and their comrades’ amusement.” With the rapid growth of the Service in 1917 the happy thought occurred to the Field Service staff to edit and send around to the sections a little paper in order that the sections might keep in better touch with one another and with the Field Service Headquarters. The first copy of this journal came out in mimeographed form on July 4, 1917, a hundred copies being distributed among the sections. The idea of such a periodical proved so popular that with the fourth number it was decided to put it out as a regularly printed weekly. The coöperation of the sections was readily enlisted, and soon appeared original contributions from members of the Service — verses, stories, and sketches as well as regular section notes. The *Bulletin*, under the editorship of Mrs. Isabella Howard, continued publication in France throughout the war and the early months of the Armistice, the final number appearing in May, 1919, when the last of the old sections sailed for home.

In the more serious contributions the ambulance or *camion* driver pictures his daily life, and the events and scenes that impressed him. He attempts to bring to life again, to re-create in the reader of his lines, the same mood that was originally created in him, and in so far as this effort succeeds these contributions have worth. The lighter material shows the reverse side of the life at the front — the inside of the coat, the comic patches on the garments. Yet even where the humor is keenest the effect of the comradeship, long and delightful, with the French soldiery is apparent. The Field Service man came to know their foibles, their endearing, genial failings, their unassuming greatnesses, and their philosophy. He came to laugh with them rather than at them. But more than this, he became able to laugh at himself as well — to see himself as they must see him — to be amused at his own idiosyncrasies, no

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

less curious to them than theirs to him. Such relations, after all, form the surest basis for any real understanding between two peoples.

Despite technical and literary faults and often inadequate expression, this matter seems worthy of publication here. Perhaps nothing will recall so sharply to the old drivers the days in France as will these varied pages of rhyme and prose — these vignettes of the ambulance and *camion* times that were. Not much of it could be omitted without losing something in expression. It was a life of many colors, and even if some of these variegated patches are not of the most artistic design, still without them the pattern would be incomplete. Within the limits of space, therefore, contributions have been included which were real expressions of life as their writers lived it in the France of "*La Grande Guerre*."





Sketches

Qu'ils étaient beaux les jours de France!

DU MAURIER

I

THE AMBULANCIER AND HIS CAR

It is difficult for one who has not led the life to appreciate just what his car means to the *ambulancier*. For periods of weeks, mayhap, it is his only home. He drives it through rain, hail, mud, and dust, at high noon on sunshiny days, and through nights so dark that the radiator cap before him is invisible. Its interior serves him as a bedroom. Its engine furnishes him with hot shaving-water, its guards act as a dresser. He works over, under, and upon it. He paints it and oils it, and knows its every bolt and nut, its every whim and fancy. When shrapnel and shell *éclat* fall, he dives under it for protection. Not only his own life, but the lives of the helpless wounded entrusted to his care, depend on its smooth and efficient functioning. Small wonder, then, that his car is his pride. You may reflect on an *ambulancier's* mechanical knowledge, his appearance, morals, religion, or politics, but if you be wise, reflect not on

his car. To him, regardless of its vintage or imperfections, it is not only a good car, it is the *best* car. No millionaire in his \$10,000 limousine feels half the complacent pride of the ambulance driver when, perhaps after days of travel, he has at last succeeded in inducing it to "hit on four," and with its wobbly wheel clutched in sympathetic hands he proudly steers its erratic course.

R. W. IMBRIE

S.S.U. I

II

NOTES FROM PONT-À-MOUSSON

Pont-à-Mousson, April, 1915

AFTER a few more short delays, inseparable from times and states of war, the Section at last found itself within a mile of one of the most stubbornly contested points of the line. In a little town not far from the front men came in swift progression into hard work, bombardment and appreciation by the army.

The whole country near to the active lines is one great theatre of war. Everywhere are sights and sounds forbidding a moment's forgetfulness of the fact. Yet — and it is one of the most curious and touching things one sees — the peasant life goes on but little changed. Old men dig in their gardens, women gather and sell vegetables, girls stand in the evenings at their cottage doors, children run about and play in the streets, while often not more than two miles away, an attack may be in progress, and between the concussions of the cannon throwing their missiles from the hills over the village, can be heard the rattle of rifle-fire and the dull pop-pop-pop of the *mitrailleuses*. In an hour or two, scores, maybe hundreds, of wounded men, or lines of prisoners, will file through the village, and at any moment shells may burst over the street, killing soldiers or women indifferently; but the

old man still digs in his garden and the girl still gossips at the door.

One would like to say a little about the wounded men, of whom we have, by this time, seen some thousands. But it is difficult to separate one's impressions. The wounded come in so fast and in such numbers, and one is so closely concerned with the mechanical part of their transportation, that very soon one ceases to have many human emotions concerning them. And there is a pitiful sameness in their appearance. They are divided, of course, into the two main classes of "sitting" and "lying." Many of the former have come down on foot from the trenches; one sees them arrive in the street at Montauville looking round, perhaps a little lost, for the *poste de secours* appointed for this particular regiment or company. Sometimes they help one another; often they walk with an arm thrown around some friendly shoulder. I have seen men come in, where I have stood waiting in the *poste de secours*, and throw themselves down exhausted, with blood trickling from their loose bandages into the straw. They have all the mud and sunburn of their trench life upon them, a bundle of heavy shapeless clothes, always the faded blue of their current uniform, and a pair of hobnailed boots, very expressive of fatigue. They smell of sweat, camp-fire smoke, leather, and tobacco—all the same, whether the man be a peasant or a professor of mathematics. Sometimes, perhaps from loss of blood, or nervous shock, their teeth chatter. They are all very subdued in manner. One is struck by their apparent freedom from pain. With the severely wounded, brought in on stretchers, it is occasionally otherwise. If it is difficult to differentiate between man and man among the "sitting" cases it is still more so with the "lying." Here there is a blood-stained shape under a coat or a blanket, a glimpse of waxy skin, a mass of bandage. When the uniform is gray, men say "Boche" and draw round to look. Then one sees the closely-cropped bullet head of the German. One might describe the ghastliness of wounds, but enough

has been said. At first they cause a shudder, and I have had gusts of anger at the monstrous folly in man that results in such senseless suffering; but very soon the fatalism which is a prevailing tone of men's thoughts in this war dulls one's perceptions. It is just another *blessé*, — the word "*gravement*," spoken by an *infirmier*, as they bring him out to the ambulance, carries only the idea of a little extra care in driving. The last we see of them is at the hospital. At night we have to wake up the men on duty there. The stretcher is brought into the dimly lighted, close-smelling room where the wounded are received and laid down on the floor. In the hopeless cases there follows the last phase. The man is carried out and lies, with others like himself, apart from human interest, till death claims him. Then a plain, unpainted coffin, the priest, a little procession, a few curious eyes, the salute, and the end. His grave, marked by a small wooden cross on which his name and grade are written, lies unnoticed, the type of thousands, by the roadside or away among the fields. Everywhere in the war zone one passes these graves. A great belt of them runs from Switzerland to the sea across France and Belgium. There are few people living in Europe who have not known one or more of the men who lie within it.

May 2, 1915

I WENT early one morning with one of our men, by invitation of an engineer whose acquaintance we had made, up to the part of the Bois-le-Prêtre known as the Quart-en-Réserve. We started at three, marching up with a party going to identify and bury the dead. The sites of all the trenches, fought over during the winter, were passed on the way, and we went through several encampments made of little log houses and dugouts, such as the most primitive men lived in, where soldiers were still sleeping. It was a gray morning with a nip in the air; the fresh scents of the earth and the young green were stained with the smoke of the wood fires and the mixed smells of

a camp. After a spell of dry weather the rough tracks we followed in our course through the wood were passable enough, the deep ruts remaining, while here and there a piece of soft ground gave us some idea of the mud through which the soldiers must have labored a few weeks before. And it is by such tracks that the wounded are brought down from the trenches. Small wonder that when the stretcher is laid down its occupant is occasionally found to be dead. In about half an hour, nearing the top of the hill which the Bois-le-Prêtre covers, we noticed a change both in the scene and in the air. The leafage was thinner, and there was a look, not very definable yet, of blight. The path we were following sank deeper, and became a trench. For some hundreds of yards we walked in single file, seeing nothing but the narrow ditch winding before us, and bushes and trees overhead. With every step our boots grew heavier with thick, sticky mud, and a faint perception of unpleasant smells which had been with us for some minutes became a thing which had to be fought against. Suddenly the walls of our trench ended, and in front of us was an amazing confusion of smashed trees, piles of earth and rock, as though some giant had passed that way, idly kicking up the ground for his amusement. We climbed out of the remains of our trench and looked around. One had read, in official reports of the war, of situations being "prepared" by artillery for attack. We saw before us what that preparation means. An enlarged photograph of the mountains on the moon gives some idea of the appearance of shell-holes. Little wonder that attacks are usually successful. The wonder is, that any of the defenders are left alive. The difficulty is to hold the position when captured, for the enemy can and does turn the tables. The scene we looked round upon might be fittingly described by the Biblical words "abomination of desolation." Down in the woods we had come through, the trees were lovely with spring, and early wild flowers peeped prettily from between the rocks. Here it was still winter — a monstrous winter where the winds

were gunpowder and the rain bullets. Trees were stripped of their smaller branches, of their bark, there was scarcely a leaf. And before us lay the dead. One of the horrible features in this war, in which there is no armistice and the Red Cross is fired upon as a matter of course, is that it is often impossible to bury the dead till long after they are fallen. Only when a disputed piece of ground has at last been captured and the enemy is driven well back, can burial take place. It is then that companies of men are sent out to pick up and identify. Of all the tasks forced upon men by war, this must be the worst. Enough to say that the bodies, which were laid in rows on the ground, awaiting their turn to rest in the sweetness of the earth, were those of men who fought close on two months before. I pass over the details of this awful spectacle, leaving only two things — one of a ghastly incongruity, the other very moving. Out of a pocket of a *cadavre* near to me I saw protruding a common picture post-card, a thing of tinsel, strange possession for one passed into the ages; and between two bodies, a poppy, startlingly vivid, making yet blacker the blackened shapes before us.

Montauville, May 4

THE main street of this little town gives, perhaps, a characteristic glimpse of the life of the soldier on active service, but who is not actually taking his turn in the trenches. He is under the shade of every wall, lounges in every doorway, stands in groups talking and laughing. His hands and face and neck are brown from exposure, his heavy boots, baggy trousers, and rough coat are stained with mud from bad weather. He laughs easily; is interested in any trifle, but underneath his surface gayety one may see the fatigue, the bored, the cynical indifference caused by a year of war, torn from every human relationship. What can be done to humanize his lot, he does with great skill. He can cook. Every cottage is full of soldiers, and through open doors and windows one sees them eating and drinking, talking, playing cards,

and sometimes, though rarely, they sing. In the evening they stand in the street in great numbers, and what with that, the difficulty of making ears accustomed to shrapnel take the sound of a motor horn seriously, and the trains of baggage wagons, ammunition for the guns, carts loaded with hay, etc., it is not too easy to thread one's way along. In our early days here curiosity as to who and what we were added to the difficulty, crowds surrounding us whenever we appeared; but by this time they are used to us, and not more than a dozen at once want to come and talk and shake hands.

Perhaps the most interesting time to see Montauville is when, after a successful attack by the French, the German prisoners are marched through the village. These, of course without weapons, and with hands hanging empty, walk with a dogged step between guards with fixed bayonets, and, as they pass, all crowd near to see them. Almost invariably the prisoners are bareheaded, having lost their caps — these being greatly valued souvenirs — on their way down from the trenches. They are housed temporarily, for interrogation, in a schoolhouse in the main street, and when they are lined up in the school-yard there is a large crowd of French soldiers looking at them through the railings. Afterwards they may be seen in villages behind the lines, fixing the roads, or doing similar work, in any old hats or caps charity may have bestowed upon them.

Pont-à-Mousson, July 24, 1915

ON Thursday, the 22d, we had a quiet day. In the evening several of us stepped across to the house where two of our men live to have a little bread and cheese before turning in. They had brought some fresh bread and butter from Toul, where duty had taken one of them, and these being our special luxuries, we were having a good time. Coiquaud was at the *bureau* and two or three of our men were in or about the *caserne*. There were nine of us at the house at the fork of the road. Suddenly as we sat round

the table there came the shriek of a shell and a tremendous explosion. The windows were blown in, the table thrown over, and all of us for a second were in a heap on the floor. The room was full of smoke and dust. None of us was hurt, happily, except Holt, who had a cut over the right eye, and who is now going about bandaged like one of our *blessés*. We made a scramble for the cellar, the entrance to which is in a courtyard behind the house. As we were going down the stairs there followed another shell, and quickly on top of that one or two more, all very near and pretty heavy. We stayed in the cellar, perhaps ten minutes, and then, as I was anxious to know how things were at the *caserne*, I went up and, letting myself out into the street, ran for it, seeing vaguely as I passed fallen masonry and *débris*. The moon was shining through the dust and smoke which still hung a little thick. When I got to the *caserne*, the first thing I heard was Coiquaud crying, "*Oh, pauvre Mignot!*" and I was told that the poor fellow had been standing, as was his wont, in the street, smoking a pipe before going to bed, and chatting with two women. Lieutenant Kullmann's orderly (I think they call him Grassetié) was not far away. The same shell which blew in our windows killed Mignot and the two women, and severely wounded Grassetié, who, however, was able to walk to the *caserne* to seek help, though he was bleeding a good deal from several wounds, had one arm broken and his tongue partly severed by a fragment which went through his cheek. He will probably recover. A boy, the son of our *blanchisseuse*, who was wounded at the same time, will, it is feared, die. As I was told that Mignot still lay in the street, I went out again and saw him being examined by gendarmes on the pavement. He seems to have been killed instantaneously. The contents of his pocket and his ring were taken from the body by Coiquaud and handed to me; they will, of course, be sent to his wife. He leaves two children. Poor Coiquaud, who had shown great courage, became a little hysterical, and I took his arm and led him back to the *caserne*. When we

collected at the *bureau*, our good luck at our own escape — if the shell had travelled three yards farther it would have killed us all — was marred by the death of Mignot, for whom we all had a great affection. He served us well, cheerfully from the beginning, honestly and indefatigably. He was a good fellow, possessing the fine qualities of the French workman to a very high degree. You would have been very moved if you could have been present at poor Mignot's funeral. We did what we could for him to show our respect, and I concluded I was only carrying out what would be the wishes of the Field Service by authorizing the expense of a better coffin and cross than he was entitled to by his grade in the army. At eight in the evening as many men as were off duty went to Pont-à-Mousson to attend the funeral. A short service was read in the chapel of the Nativité. There were four coffins, — Mignot's, covered with a flag and with many flowers, and those of three civilians, killed on the same evening. It was a simple and impressive ceremony. The dimly lighted chapel, the dark forms of some twenty or thirty people of Pont-à-Mousson, our men together on one side, and the sonorous voice of the priest, made a scene which none of us can forget. The little procession was formed and we followed, bareheaded, the dead through the darkened streets and across the Place Duroc. We crossed the river and mounted the lower slope of the Mousson hill, where, under the trees in the cemetery, we saw as we passed the shattered tombs and broken graves left from the bombardments, which even here have made their terrible marks. In a far corner, well up on the hillside, the coffin of Mignot was laid down, to be interred in the early morning. We walked quietly back and were at last free to rest after so many hours of unbroken strain.

August 1, 1915

DURING the months of May, June, and July the Section, increased in number to twenty cars, broke all records of the Field Service. The work was so organized and men

brought such devotion to their duties that it may be said that, of all the wounded carried down from daily and nightly fighting, not one was kept waiting so much as ten minutes for an ambulance to take him to the hospital. Where, before the coming of the American cars, ambulances came up to the *poste de secours* only when called, and at night came after a delay occasioned by waking a driver sleeping some miles away, who thereupon drove his car to the place where he was needed, the American section established a service on the spot, so that the waiting was done by the driver of the ambulance and not the wounded. The effect of this service was immediate in winning confidence and liking, of which the members of the Section were justly proud. Their swift, light, easy-running cars were a great improvement on the old and clumsy ambulances which had served before them. In the early days, when these old ambulances were working side by side with ours, wounded men being brought from the trenches would ask to be carried by the Americans. That the latter should have come so far to help them, should be so willing to lose sleep and food, that they should be saved from pain, and should take the daily risks of the soldiers without necessity or recompense seemed to touch them greatly. It was not long before the words "*Ambulance américaine*" would pass a man by any sentry post. The *mot*, or password, was never demanded. And in their times of leisure, when others were on duty, our men would eat with the soldiers in their *popotes* and become their friends. Many of them have become known and welcomed in places miles apart and have formed friendships which will last long after the war.

J. HALCOTT GLOVER ¹

S.S.U. 2

¹ Of London; *Sous-Chef* of the Section, who was in the Service throughout 1915; subsequently a Captain in the British Royal Air Force.

III

A FUNERAL

ONCE an American ambulance was really pressed into service as a hearse in a very touching funeral. A young lieutenant, the son of a prominent and influential official, had been killed in a gallant action. The family had been granted permission to enter the lines and attend the funeral. The young officer, who but a few days before his death had won his commission, was held in the deepest affection by his company, and they arranged that, as something very special, he should have a hearse. A car from Section Two was offered, and went to the church in the hamlet back of the trenches. The soldiers literally covered the ambulance with flowers and branches, and then stood waiting with the great wreaths they had brought in their hands. The little group emerged from the partly wrecked church, and the flag-covered coffin was slid into the car. The *cortège*, headed by a white-robed priest and two censer boys, wound slowly down the tortuous path that the troops follow on their way to the trenches.

The mother was supported by the father, a venerable soldier of 1870, who limped haltingly on his wooden leg. Back of the two came the lieutenant's sister, a beautiful girl just entering her twenties. The captain of the company was at her side, then followed other officers, and the silent, trench-worn soldiers behind. The funeral halted on the hillside near a grave dug beneath the branches of a budding apple tree. The coffin was pulled from the ambulance and lowered into the grave. And the mother knelt at its side, sobbing. The old father, who struggled to suppress his emotion, began a little oration. His voice trembled, and when at intervals he tried to say, "*Vive la France!*" it broke and great tears ran down his face. The soldiers, too, were crying, and the Americans' eyes were damp. Behind, a battery of "75's" was firing — for on no

account must the grim details of the war be halted — and at every deafening shot and swish of the shell tearing overhead the girl shivered, huddled close to the captain, and looked in a frightened way at the soldiers around her. In her small, thin shoes and black wavy dress she seemed strangely out of place in those military surroundings.

J. R. McCONNELL

June, 1915

S.S.U. 2

IV

HARTMANNSWEILERKOPF

I SPENT the winter in Haute Alsace — around a certain old nubbin — “a protuberance of terra firma,” à la Dr. Johnson — called Hartmannsweilerkopf. I wish to God I were still there. When I was there I usually wished I were anywhere else in the world. The bottom of a sewer to the armpits and over in liquid manure would have seemed a wholesome and savory situation — provided the sewer were profound enough and the manure resistant enough to defy *obus*, and all their kind.

To see the old nubbin itself — spur of the Vosges, concealed between the parallel spurs — one must grind up the old mule paths — since broadened into fair wood roads — quite close. Leave the main arteries, go out toward a battery or observation *poste*, crawl into an old shell-hole, and where the trees have snapped like straws to the *obus*, take a good look through. Below you are still trees, but as the ground rises *en face*, they dwindle and disappear, as disappears all vegetation in great altitudes, or diminishes toward the north — quietly, quietly toward the ice-fields. Here, however, no great altitude, nor any ice-fields. First come the maimed trees, then the skeletons of those dead with their boots on, then a bare stump or two — a few ankle bones — then nothing. Before the war all was forest — and a damned thick one at



AN INSPECTION TRIP IN ALSACE

Mr. Hill

Dr. Gros

Mr. Bacon

Mr. Andrew

Lieut. DuBois

that. Then, all this timber, grown to its prime, lulled into a false security, sun-basking *en beau temps*, buffeting and jostling their neighbors in the wind — crash one day out of a clear sky! . . . The nubbin, the old ridge, the spur, the razor-back, whatever you call it, loses its pelt; after its pelt, its hide; after that, its whole scorched anatomy is drubbed, hammered, ploughed, furrowed, ripped, scoured, torn, shattered — consult dictionary of synonyms — and beplastered with every calibre of *obus* that whines. For they whine, the bastards, they whine to tell you of their coming, and give the flesh a moment to goose itself in, and damned pagans like some of us to find a religion. No Moslem ever curved his vertebræ with a quicker parabola at the sight of Mecca — or the antics of the sun. No armadillo or ant-eater ever entrenched his proboscis in the ground with the despatch of our hero at the whine of an *obus*, to all intents and purposes about to land between the eyes. Mud, manure, . . . down into it, nose first, and make thy world therein, while she whines and whines overhead! Sometimes the whining becomes a drone, feebler and feebler — perhaps she is n't going to make the grade. You help her on her way with every muscle in your prostrate form. Once I dove into an *abri*, side of the road, and stuck at the entrance — a damned narrow passage, not for maternity girdles — leaving two friends outside, alternately pushing and pulling in vain. I was known as the human *bouchon* (stopper) thereafter — another man, the human “magnet,” attracting always tons of metal. . . . Another man is called the human “earthworm,” always to be found in a cellar or gutter. . . . I have hit cellars too, consoling good nuns — sisters of charity of German stock, that is Alsatians — who gave me underclothes of the dead, gratefully received, for my sympathetic attitude. One was killed one day of bombardment in the valley. I wear still a good khaki jersey she gave me. I've forgotten her name — probably Ursula.

I started out to give you a description of our mountain.

I left you peering through the gap in the trees — *n'est-ce pas?* — *Eh bien* — before you, the old scalped nubbin — the most awful monument of war I have seen. It's inhabited, this mass of terra infirma — muy, muy infirma — as the Spaniard would say (this being Cervantes' tricentenary, have to heave in a bit of old Castilian). There are small ants of men who crawl about amid its boils, ruptures, and gaping sores. Some are French, some Boches. The lines are about a yard apart at the top, for no one side can hold it against the other, though taken and retaken many times. Thus they live together — only in the fear of killing one's own lies their security. It's a sort of terrific altar of war, against the sky, drenched with a thousand sacrifices, rising grim and naked, and scarred alive — the valley and her slopes tree-covered. It was always a spectacle that chased the red corpuscles in my veins down into my heels, and brought every white one to the surface. The last time I looked at it, perhaps we were seen — we were there — the *obus* began whining at us from somewhere in Bochelands — I measured my length . . . as I will measure it again. Somewhere on the Vosgean steep . . . there must be a perfect mould — the life-mask of one Peirce, *conducteur d'ambulance*. I have not seen the old nubbin since.

WALDO PEIRCE¹

1915

SS.U. 3

V

HARTMANN'S, 1915

A FEW more hours and the steady line of ambulances began its journey downward to crawl up again for another load, always waiting. We deposited our wounded at the first hospital in the valley — there the British ambulance section took them and moved them on to

¹ From a letter to Professor C. T. Copeland, of Harvard. This letter is republished from *The Book of Harvard Volunteers*. 1916. Harvard University Press.

ward the interior. During that first night and day the wounded men could not filter through the hospital fast enough to let the new ones enter. Always there were three or four Fords lined up before the door, filled with men, perhaps dying, who could not be given even a place of shelter out of the cold. And it was bitterly cold. The mountain roads were frozen; our cars slipped and twisted and skidded from cliff to precipice, avoiding great ammunition wagons, frightened, sliding horses and pack-mules, and hundreds of men, who, in the great rush, were considered able to drag themselves to the hospitals unaided.

I was on my way to the *poste* nearest to the lines on the afternoon of the 27th when I was ordered to stop. Shells were falling on the road ahead and a tree was down across it. I waited a reasonable time for its removal and then insisted on going on. At that time I had never been under fire. For two kilometres I passed under what seemed like an archway of screaming shells. Branches fell on the car. At one time, half stunned, half merely scared, I fell forward on the wheel, stalled my engine, and had to get out and crank up, with pandemonium around me. Then I found the tree still down. For an hour I lay beside my car in the road — the safest place, for there was no shelter. We were covered with *débris*. Then dusk came, and as we must return from that road before dark, I tried to turn. The road was narrow, jammed with deserted carts and cars, and with a bank on one side, a sheer drop on the other. I jerked and stalled and shivered and finally turned, only to discover a new tree down behind. There could be no hesitating or waiting for help — we simply went through it and over it, in a sickening crash. And then our ordinary adventures began.

JOHN W. CLARK ¹

1915

S.S.U. 3

¹ Of Flushing, New York; Yale, '13; joined the Field Service in November, 1915; served with Section Three until August, 1917; subsequently a *Sous-Lieutenant* in French Artillery.

VI

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN SECTION FOUR

"WHO the blazes are you? *Shut the door!!*" It was a cavalier greeting, but a glance around the bare dormitory, gloomy and forbidding in the cold chill of the February evening, afforded ample explanation: a "party" was in progress among the "old birds" who happened to be off duty — a losing fight against the vicissitudes of French war weather — and the icy draught from the entry apparently called for more than mere amenities. We bore up, then, Forbes, Dayton, and myself, and cheerfully joined the group around the feebly inadequate wood stove. Were we downhearted after our three-thousand-mile journey? No! a thousand times, no! But as for stomachs, ah! that was a different proposition! — and it was with joy that we welcomed Delaserre's hail from below, and followed him out across the yard to a supper hastily thrown together by the inimitable Marcel. Apparently life at the front was not so serious after all.

From first to last, our journey had, to now, shown a France much less war-worn than we had been led to expect. Bordeaux had appeared busy and prosperous, a little subdued in tone, perhaps, and there were more uniforms than one usually sees in peace-time — and more black. But, on the whole, nothing particularly noticeable. Paris was much more changed; there the horizon-blue was everywhere, and ever appeared the mourning and half-mourning of the women. But the shops seemed gay and attractive, loaded with the best and latest of everything, and the streets were full of taxis — madly scurrying taxis — and motors of all kinds. And then, suddenly, one realized that the taxis were all driven by elderly men, that most of the other motors were of army gray, and that the red cross appeared on a large percentage of them.

And at night the streets were dark and forbidding —

lights heavily hooded or not burning at all, no strong motor headlights allowed; blinds drawn; theatre *marquise* lights reduced to a faint blue glimmer; many of the theatres not open at all; restaurants fairly full, but quiet, and closing early. A very different Paris from the gay and brilliant city of peace-times; no longer a cosmopolitan Paris — there are few foreigners in evidence — but a sober Paris of the French. A changed Paris — but not war-worn, in spite of the closed museums and show-places; in spite of the women conductors of tram and Métro; in spite of the wounded in all stages of convalescence; in spite of the *poilu* fresh from the front on leave, caked still with the mud of Somme, of Champagne, or of Vosges, helmet on head, stick in hand, just as he caught the *permissionnaires*' train, hot-foot from the trenches.

A quiet Paris, a serious, kindly, determined Paris, that takes you in for what you are, not for what it can get out of you — a Paris that has awakened once more to the best of its old traditions, to its duties, to its latent powers — a Paris that one can love as never before.

And then, after getting the necessary papers from the Field Service office at Neuilly and from the *Préfecture*, etc., after a helter-skelter of outfitting, we found ourselves at last on the long, heavy express for Toul. On we rolled, through town and field and wood, along river and valley; smoothly and comfortably as in any pre-Armageddon journey, till at last we began to pass through the region of the miracle, the Battle of the Marne. But even here the hand of war lay lightly, the scars of trench and shell were healing, and another summer's growth would soften them to romantic tones and outlines; villages once torn by gun-fire were already rebuilding, and had in no case suffered the withering blast that had since devastated the North; and the simple wooden crosses, dotted thickly along the line of the final victorious stand of France in arms, were quietly eloquent, not so much of suffering and of death as of the great

accomplishment: "Here stood, here struck, the soul of France."

And rolling on — more slowly now, for troop trains, ammunition trains, hospital and supply trains were thick as we approached the front — we passed out of the older battle area and through the untouched fields and villages around Châlons and Bar-le-Duc — switched back and away from and around the guns of Saint-Mihiel, and some three hours late, and in inky blackness, rumbled into Toul. Here was no one to meet us — the telegram announcing our coming arrived later — and for some time we could find no one who knew anything about *la Section Sanitaire Américaine*; but going ever higher in our canvass of authorities, we reached the *Commissaire* — the military officer in charge of the entire railway situation at Toul, who not only knew, but considerately supplied an orderly to show us the way to our quarters. And splashing through the mile or more of mud, to the tune now of the sullen pounding of the guns to the north, we reached the Caserne Fabrier, the big artillery barracks of Toul.

We had a chance to see them next morning — half a dozen great four-story dormitories of brick and concrete; simple, but not unattractive in architecture — long, bare, concrete-floored, plaster-walled rooms, with one wash-room for each entry on the lower floor — the water running only at stated times during the day. Behind, and across the yard in front, the stable and gun-sheds of the now long-absent batteries, with battery-kitchens and refectories located more or less conveniently to the dormitories; on the far side, beside the gates, the pump-house and tank, and the ever-popular canteen; and in front, the great yard dotted with horse-chestnut trees — very gorgeous later on when in full bloom, and filled from end to end with serried ranks of army wagons, converted Paris busses, great *camions* or auto trucks, and the long line of our own little ambulances, trig and rakish amid their bigger and clumsier fellows.

Later, in the long evenings, we learned of the doings of the Section since its formation on the 20th of November preceding: of the famous dinner prior to its departure from Paris; of its leisurely progress through the winter-swept country, always expecting orders to the front — always disappointed; of the long stay at Vaucouleurs doing evacuation work among the hospitals of the adjoining towns, and incidentally learning much about the swimming powers of their cars — their “Fording abilities” — over the deeply flooded roads along the Meuse; of the short stay at Lay Saint-Rémy, where some slept in leaky, draught-swept barns, while others elected to live in half-sunk canal-boats, frozen in the ice close by; and of their ultimate and recent arrival at Toul and the beginning of front-line work.

And, of course, being new arrivals, we were regaled with harrowing and hair-raising tales of adventure and hair-breadth escapes — what is the use of being an old hand — or, as our “elders” in the Section called it, an “old bird” — otherwise?

The first few days we were sent out as orderlies to learn the ropes, and then the *Chef de Section* assigned us our cars and our work began.

RICHARD C. WARE

1916

S.S.U. 4

VII

BARRACKS LIFE

FIVE-THIRTY in the dormitory, of an April morning, and ho! for a fine young dawn: the sky, blue behind the occasional flying clouds, shows through the window at my left; the wind, fresh and cold after its all-night sweep across slumbering France, whistles softly through the opened transoms and rustles the cardboard substitutes for broken panes below.

Five-thirty and another day: Rantoul, on the bed next

mine, opens his eyes and gazes reflectively at the ceiling; but failing to find there the inspiration sought, he reaches for a cigarette; a leisurely match-stroke, a contented puffing, and the blue clouds drift over me. Why is cigarette smoke — even that of good cigarettes — so particularly nasty to the other fellow when administered early in the morning to one not fully awake? I know not; but, hugely disgusted, I turn over and address myself to yet more slumber.

Six-thirty. Silent as a wraith, Toms slips from his bed and begins his toilet — still no sound save for the faint, musical note of the busy razor.

Silently still, Rantoul finishes his *n*th cigarette and rises portentously to a new day's duty.

Six forty-five. And as Toms turns on the Pathéphone, the quick-step strains of the "*Sambre et Meuse*" march, favorite of the army, flood the bare-walled room.

"Cut it out!" A sleepy moan from Allen at the other end. "As a matter of fact," observes Perry philosophically, as he dutifully crawls from his coverings — "as a matter of fact, there is a lack of the true artistic effect. We should waken to soft and dulcet strains — '*Träumerei*,' for instance."

"Why waken at all, at such an ungodly hour?" comes in Mac's heavy drawl; "breakfast is n't till seven-thirty."

"Or," suggests Dayton, "why not hitch an alarm movement to Davis?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry" — mildly from Davis — "was I snoring again?"

This is too much for Schoonmaker. "Perish and die! Were you? Perish and die! — Take a look around your bed at the things we heaved at you!"

"Don't ask me," murmurs Dayton apologetically. "The last thing I remember was Forbes saying, 'Who'll have a noggin of rum?'"

"See here, feller!" — an explosive from Rockwell. "Don't ask us to believe that that was the last thing! — Who *got* the noggin?"

McCall takes up the tale. "Well, you see, it's like this," he begins in his leisurely murmur.

"Well, I don't know about that," interrupts Cogswell argumentatively — "you were asleep yourself, so I don't see —" His shirt, just now passing over his head, drowns the rest of the remark.

Rantoul comes to the rescue. "Well, that passed off pleasantly!" — and he slips the "*Chant du Départ*" into the machine.

"She sure functions beautifully," sighs Doty regretfully. "It's enough to raise the dead" — and he disentangles himself from a variegated mass of blankets.

"Not enough to raise this corpse," returns Adamson. "Get up, Stanton!"

"*Mais oui! Mais oui! Mais oui!*"

"Hell!" from White, who is trying to slumber on peaceably between the two.

Rantoul, in front of the quite inadequate mirror, looks at his glistening chin. "Clean as mice!" he murmurs busily as he puts away his shaving-tools.

By now most of the sleepers have been routed out, and the dormitory empties slowly. Prickett suddenly comes to life. "Barge along out of the way!" he calls, making a sudden dive for his bathtub, and a busy splashing proclaims that breakfast-time is indeed come.

So begins our day, with much of cheer and pleasantry, brought to a focus, naturally, at meal-time. Here, in the cement-floored *réfectoire*, whose plaster walls are adorned with masterpieces by members of batteries quartered here in peace-time — a picture of the big Toul Butte, Mont Saint-Michel, and a spirited rendering of France urging her batteries to action — here those not on detached duty meet at meal-time, together with Lieutenant de Turckheim, Delaunoy (the Maréchal des Logis) and Delasserre, the Lieutenant's secretary. And here are circulated the latest news from our front, the most recent *canards* — usually sufficiently astounding — and here are recounted the latest escapes and esca-

pades of our own fellows. But of the last-named there is little, for it is with a serious purpose of service that the *ambulanciers* have come to France, and we long since agreed that nothing should be tolerated that would in any way interfere with the efficiency of that service. Close shaves and accidents were to be expected in the line of duty, but it would not look well if at some time a wounded soldier could not be brought in because the *ambulancier* himself had been killed or wounded while strolling where he had no business to be. And so we "played the game" pretty straight, and as a result were trusted and treated as a recognized part of the Army.

From breakfast we went to the cars, cleaning, adjusting, greasing, and replenishing in readiness for work. The squad on call "pulled out" on its day's rounds, the relief squads left for the front *postes*, and the rest, as their duties allowed, returned to the dormitory to read, write, or chat; or, getting special permits, went shopping in Toul, winding up usually, for chocolate and "goodies," at one of the many *pâtisseries* of the town. And oh! the luxury of a hot bath after the four days' duty at the front-line *postes*! And on Sundays there were movies—the latest New York serial thrillers, and Charlie Chaplin, known here as "Charlot," and very popular—but too crowded for comfort and we did n't haunt them much.

Rather, we preferred, as occasion served, to go for long companionable walks over the Toul hills, along the inviting broad canals, across country, stopping for a glass of beer at convenient little inns and canal cafés.

And in the evening we gathered, sometimes in the *bureau*, more often in the dormitory, reading, writing, playing cards or chess, some around the central lamp, others on their beds, each with his small *pigeon*, or gasoline lamp, throwing its feeble, uncertain flicker on his work. It was not till well into April that the dormitory became comfortable; all brick, cement, and plaster, it did not keep out the cold, and our only source of heat was a small cylindrical wood stove in one end of the long

room. And a limited supply of wood, intensely green and almost impossible to light, did not go far to make the quarters pleasant.

But we made up in vivacity, perhaps, what we lacked in the good things of civilization; long chats and arguments, stories, songs — Stanton had a guitar, Toms a flute, and I a mandolin, not to mention the ever-present Pathéphone — helped to make the time pass pleasantly; and finally there came that ever-to-be-remembered night, the six-months “anniversary” of the formation of the Section, when “an unexpected guest — a lady” was announced to the festal and startled gathering. And to the unsuspecting throng entered a radiant being, in dark, neatly fitting jacket, and fine-checked skirt — dainty and complete from the *chic* little toque and creamy veil to the glistening, well-shaped little shoes — “Jiggleoh” — Lieutenant Harry Adamson, of the Massachusetts Militia, in the best bib and tucker of Madame Roux, our good bath-lady. There was nearly a scandal the next morning, when, dressing him again for his photograph, we took him into the canteen. A Captain, gorgeous in blue and stripes, started over to investigate, but fortunately — or unfortunately — “smelt a rat” in time, and directed his course other whither.

Such was our life in Toul — much of it pretty real and serious, much of it routine — with interludes of pleasant doings, and always with good comradeship on all sides. Now there was a trainload of Verdun *blessés* to be evacuated, and for several hours the entire Section would work at full pressure; then would come a period of comparative inactivity, brightened in one case by the memorable visit of Sarah Bernhardt to Toul, where she gave to the Army those truly wonderful renderings, “The Cathedral” and “A Prayer for Our Enemies” — a literal and tremendous giving of herself to France. We shall always feel privileged to have heard her there.

But always the great battle raged before Verdun, and when the wind was right we could hear the diabolical,

incessant rumbling and muttering of the bombardment — like the noise of a great, distant mill, grinding — grinding — grinding —

And so it was with a feeling of relief that we at last heard that we were to go *en repos*; to be sure, we regretted in some measure the pleasant life of Toul, but had not Dame Rumor whispered that, after a short respite, we were to play our part in the world's greatest battle — what was probably to be the turning-point of the war — Verdun?

RICHARD C. WARE

1916

S.S.U. 4

VIII

KELLEY'S DEATH IN SECTION FOUR

ON the night of September 23, 1916, I took Edward E. Kelley, of Philadelphia, to show him the road to the village of Marre. We had dinner at about six o'clock, and it was just getting dusk as we left the village of Ippécourt, which was then our base. Kelley asked me what he should put on, and I told him his gas-mask and steel helmet. In his hand he had a bottle of jam which we were to share with the *brancardiers* when we arrived in the village of Marre. Arriving at Fromeréville, we talked with the officers there until it was dark enough for us to go to the front. Coming out, I decided to go slowly so as to give Kelley a good idea of the road. As we neared the village of Marre, two shells landed about 150 or 200 yards away from us, and I turned to Kelley and said, "As these are the first shells you have seen, they sound pretty good, don't they?" and he answered, "Yes, if they don't come too close." Not more than twenty minutes later, when we were in the village, a shell landed directly in front of the car — not more than three feet away. My first thought was, as I regained consciousness, to ask myself if Kelley was alive. I put my arm around him and tried to speak,



LA MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE FRANÇAISE



but was unable to make any sound. Perceiving that Kelley was still unconscious, and knowing that if I should make any noise the Germans would play the machine gun on us, I stepped over Kelley, got out of my car — both my eyes were closed — and started to crawl.

In Marre the old territorials had built barriers, so that no one could go through the village quickly. Some of these barriers were composed of large granite blocks, about six feet high and three feet wide, and others of barbed-wire entanglements, and farming implements such as the tedder. In crawling I hit the first barrier with my head and had to lie still for two or three minutes in order to regain strength with which to go on. Knowing the exact placement of these barriers I tried to avoid the second one, after hitting the first one. But, through some miscalculation, I crawled too far away, and in another fifty yards I came into the barbed-wire entanglement. As my strength was rapidly failing, I saw I must get help, and so thought it best to call, if I could, which I finally did. But as a result, a minute or two later the Germans played the machine gun on me. Hearing that, I lay down on the ground, hoping that some one would come to my aid, which, in fact, happened. My cries had been heard, and in a few minutes two Frenchmen came out and took me into the *poste de secours*, where my wounds were dressed. I was then put into an ambulance, taken back to the base hospital, and the next morning operated upon. On inquiry, I was told that Kelley was still alive and I did not know of his death until I arrived at the American military hospital at Neuilly, where I was much surprised and deeply affected to learn that he had died the night of the accident.

ROSWELL S. SANDERS ¹

¹ Of Newburyport, Massachusetts; joined the Field Service in January, 1916; was severely wounded while serving with Section Four in September, 1916. He received the Medaille Militaire, was invalided home, and rejoined the Service in 1917; subsequently he entered the British Royal Air Force.

IX

PERMISSIONS AND TRANSITIONS

WE had gone on our first *permission* — Forbes, Dayton, and myself — when the Section finally left Toul for its few days' *repos*. A very wise provision, that of the French army which allows the soldiers six days at home (according to conditions of troop supply and the exigencies of combat), after not less than three months at the front. True, it is not universally possible, and it is not by any means every man who profits; and occasionally, as in the early days of the great attack on Verdun, all leave is suppressed — by division, by corps, or by entire army as the case may be; but, by and large, *permissions* are the rule and not the exception.

We were allowed eight days, and, as may be guessed, struck Paris in the mood to enjoy to the full the good things afforded by even its chastened war life. No one who has not campaigned can truly appreciate the luxury of a real bathroom, of gleaming table-linen and glistening glass and silver, of juicy steak, delicate *liqueur*, and good tobacco! Paris, quiet and darkened, was a very whirlwind of gayety after the long days and nights at the front, and it was before that aspect had gone that we separated, Forbes and Dayton for the warmer climate of Nice, while I headed for Normandy and Mont Saint-Michel.

France in spring was very lovely, but nothing to compare with the more mature, richer beauty of France in autumn, as I saw it on my second leave in September when I visited Brittany. On each occasion the train rolled easily and smoothly — despite the heavy drain on railway labor and the increasingly thick war-supplies traffic — through smiling fields and shady woodlands, along waterways teeming with life — war life — dodged around hills and ducked into tunnels — and sped through village and town with the calm disregard of the usual peace-time express.

But there was a difference, noticeable in May, striking in September, and ever more marked as we neared the coast; closer to Paris, the passage of a train was but an incident — in the far places, an event — and ever there was a wide-eyed gathering to watch the train pull in. Would husband, son, or brother come, after all? Or — never — ?

It is with a tightening about the throat that we watch the glad group around the blue-clad figures — and those others, standing off by themselves, silent, drooping a little, perhaps, growing smaller and dimmer as the train pulls us away.

And wherever we went, in city and town and village, women and boys and old men were carrying on the affairs of the community — simply, uncomplainingly, adequately. This was particularly marked in the sardine-fishing fleet of Concarneau with which I spent one full and happy day — boys and old men — old, old men, some of them (to quote from my diary) “grizzled and seasoned and weather-beaten, honest and generous and hearty; well on the shady side, but no signs of discouragement at growing weakness or the fact that they were doing work which ordinarily would be done by younger and stronger men, while they enjoyed a fully-earned easing-off! — Having bid my *convives* ‘*Au ’voir,*’ I could n’t help feeling the fresher and better for having known them.”

It has been a great privilege to work and live with the real Frenchman — not him of the Parisian boulevards, but the quiet, steady-going fellow who is the backbone of the nation — honest and sympathetic, generous and self-sacrificing.

We rejoined the Section at Roville-devant-Bayon, whither it had come, some days earlier, direct from Toul. The journey had apparently been made without incident, save the passing of a long convoy of T.P. (*Transport Personnel*) *camions*, the said passage, under a misapprehension, developing into a wild race, with crowds

of blue-clad, dust-covered *poilus* cheering from every rocking, thundering car as the little Fords crept up and past.

Roville, apparently, was a charming place — when it did n't rain; but of course it did, most of the time. Still, there were a couple of days of pleasant walks, swims in the "sparkling Moselle," and pretty runs for the casual sick-cases of the Division. Quarters were in a shed attached to a little inn, the cars parked alongside. Here they were overhauled and painted in readiness for the hard work we knew was to come; and on June 4 we started on the first leg of the journey which we all hoped would bring us to the "big doings," for the struggle around Verdun was even more intense than ever.

It was a clear, cool day, a joy to be alive, and every minute of that all-day pilgrimage was golden. Through fields of green, jewelled with the white stars of daisies and the scarlet of poppies, through cosy little towns, beaming warmly in the sun — white wall and red-tile roof — under woods that arched tenderly over us, up hill and down, we spun merrily, halting finally for lunch on the tree-lined bank of the canal outside Bar-le-Duc. And then on again, but soberly and sedately now, for we were once more in the area of heavy troop and *ravitaillement* traffic, arriving finally at our billet, Charmontois-le-Roi. And here, alas, our good fortune deserted us, and for five days we lived in a world of rain and mud — sleeping in our cars, but the rest of the time much bedraggled. But on the 10th we bade the town, pleasant enough under ordinary circumstances, a glad farewell, and rolled to Triaucourt, where we spent one more night in the cars, drawn up along the street.

The 11th was typical of the days for weeks to come — blowing a gale from the southwest — the torn clouds racing overhead like lost souls; now a driving rain, then a sudden cessation, followed by an equally sudden and violent storm of hail — then bright blue sky, in ten minutes hardly a cloud in sight — and after another ten

not a patch of blue sky left. Through such a day we chugged a slow and laborious passage, past battalions, regiments, supply trains, guns, what-not — mile upon mile the roads were literally covered with troops of all branches, orderly and earnest; far up ahead, and at last we knew our work. At Ippécourt, so long to be our headquarters, we turned into a narrow little street, and parking our cars against the house fronts, gathered eagerly to hear our instructions.

RICHARD C. WARE

1916

S.S.U. 4

X

THE FIRST NIGHT DRIVE

"M'sieur! M'sieur! Grave blessé pour Toul!"

My eyes open with a snap. *"Oui; oui; je comprends; grave blessé pour Toul. Je pars tout de suite!"* I pull myself out of the warm blankets and put on boots and puttees.

"Quelle heure est-il?" "Deux heures douze, M'sieur." *"Merci."* Putting on my muffler, coats, and *casque*, I step from the dugout into the chilly night air.

I can't see my hand before my face. No moon, no stars, no light, except over there toward the north, where the clouds reflect the flashes of the crashing cannon. The perpetual battle still rages.

It's quiet here, just at present. Now step out until a foot touches the edge of the ditch, then follow that to the left until you strike the shelter for the cars. Could n't be darker, and twelve kilometres to drive without lights. . . . Here it is. . . . Glad I turned the engine over and left those blankets covering the hood before I turned in. She is warm and cranks easily. . . . She's starting. Swing to the right. Straighten out. Stop! that's the door of the *poste de secours*. Get out and see that your *blessé* is put carefully into the ambulance. . . .

He is under ether and restless. That means the *brancardier* must ride inside, too. Sorry! He is a fine fellow, and I would gladly have him on the front seat. Four eyes are better than two on a night like this. Move that stretcher a bit, put more blankets over him. . . . Close the door of the ambulance and drop in the pin. . . . Put your whistle in your mouth, both hands on the wheel, middle fingers dropped on gas and spark levers, left foot on the clutch, right foot touching the brake. Now, low speed, and give her the gas! A jounce — that means we have crossed the railroad track and must turn to the left. I can see a little road ahead. . . . A Boche searchlight. . . . Ah! I thought so, their *mitrailleuses*. . . . They are firing too high.

Darker than ever. That means we are over the brow of the hill, and no harm done so far. They will have a hard time to find us with shells now if they try. Hope they will waste a few thousands of dollars. . . .

Those trees planted along the edge of the road, just silhouetted against the sky-line, are a great help. Bless the person who thought to plant them. There's the first shell now! . . . It looks as if it hit the road, about two hundred yards ahead. Slow down and see where the next one drops . . . that one hit to the left. . . . Better still! That other is farther to the left. They are getting wild, as usual. . . .

Sentry! Give him the password? "*Grave blessé pour Toul! Où est la route!*" "*À droite.*" "*Merci bien, bonsoir!*" . . ."

Rather disconcerting, having gone down that hill without knowing it. Could n't make out if that gray streak was the road. . . . This town is even darker than the open country and what I can see of it does n't look natural. Yet we have gone up and down two hills, which is correct. The ruined church tower; I'm surely on the right road. . . . Am I on the road or in a field?

What's that dark thing ahead? It's stationary. Pass it on the left. . . . A broken-down wagon with furni-

ture on it. Two children between the shafts. Poor kids! The family must be moving back from some place under bombardment to a safer home. The father has ridden off on the horse for assistance.

Cart ahead trailing a horse. Why did the idiot hitch him to the right side of the cart? Get away over to the left. Damn! He has swung round and we have bumped him. . . . Now he is back again . . . hope he has learned not to run into a "Flivver."

Brakes! . . . What's that dark mass coming at us? Whistle! . . . "*À droite! À droite!* You damn fool, why don't you drive on your own side of the road?" Jolly little he understands of that. . . .

That artificial hedge, put up to screen the *ravitaillement* from the Boche, shows the curve of the road, and when we get to the end of it, I can turn on my lights. . . . What's that noise? . . . Slow down. . . . Team coming out, going too fast. . . . The devil! It's a run-away, and I can't see any driver. . . . Hope it hits the *soixante-quinze*. That will stop the horses and hurt no one. That must be the driver running by. He ought to "get it," if it is his fault . . . but it probably is n't . . . anything might happen to anybody on this road to-night.

Thank God! the end of the screen. . . . On with the lights! Give her the gas! *Vite! Vite!* Twenty kilometres more to go. Keep your eye glued to that road.

I'm beginning to feel cold. . . . How I hate the Prussians. Keep to the right of that log. . . . I'm beginning to feel warm again.

Good! those hills towering over us on the right mean we have not much farther to go. . . . Slow down, there is a sharp turn to the right soon. . . . Good! there it is, and the lights of Toul. You will soon be at the hospital. Listen to the town clock — one, two, three — forty-eight minutes from the front. . . .

Sound your Klaxon for the hospital gate-keeper. . . . "*Bonsoir, M'sieur! Grave blessé de la Carrière.*" "*Premier escalier à droite.*" "*Merci.*" . . .

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

Open the back of the ambulance! "*Ça va ?*" *Bon*, he is still under ether. . . . "*Bonsoir, M'sieur le Major, un grand blessé couché de la Carrière de Fleury.*" And the hospital swallows up your charge.

C. CLAFLIN DAVIS¹

1916

S.S.U. 4

XI

THE GREAT ROAD

I CAN shut my eyes now and see that long, long Road — Bar-le-Duc to Verdun, Verdun to Bar-le-Duc. Fifty miles of it and more. Rising and falling, climbing and crawling, sweeping up superbly, magnificently swinging down. Up and down over moorlands — bleak, barren, treeless, dreary, desolate, wind-swept, storm-swept. Sometimes there was a little sun — like a sick child's face at a window — in a wide tremendous reach of bluish sky. Oftener the sky was thick-gray straddling over a prison-yard (it seemed to us a prison-yard, a prison-yard in a riot). Rain, ill-natured rain, ready to turn at any moment into a slant of vicious sleet. Mud, endless sleek, slimy rivers of it oozing up on one to the very hair, like a pestilent disease. Or, in a sluttish vagary, after a day of wind, turning to sheets of gritty, yellowish dust that bit boisterously into the quick of one's flesh.

That was the Road. But it was more than that, much more. You see this was the Road they'd chosen to save Verdun, maybe to save France, maybe the world — or the part of the world which loves gallantry of heart, fair play, honor, and decency. So it was a tremendously important Road. You felt that, if you but ventured on it ever so ignorantly. It had a high head, an arrogant, insolent manner, a flinty, unbreakable will. Little by little we recognized it for our Master. Even the strongest

¹ Of Boston, Massachusetts; Harvard, '01; served in Section Four of the Field Service from February to November, 1916.

of us gave in. There was fear of it in us, though we did n't often admit it. Fear and hatred.

It had a voice — a horrible, raucous, grinding, grating voice — and once the sound of it got in your ears — and your soul — you never were rid of it again. It became an obsession. It dogged your very dreams. You'd start up at night from sleep all in a tremble, the echoes of it in your head. "Come on, come on! Give me more — more — More! More men — more guns! No pity — no mercy! I'm saving Verdun! Come on, damn you, come on! It's the living I want! Devil take your dying! Come on!"

Well, they came on. *Bon Dieu de France*, how they came on! This was the Great Road to Verdun; and over it in those first days of battle there passed on that highway to hell more than thirty thousand motor-trucks daily. No wagons — no horses — no marching troops; nothing save that roaring river of motors. They looked like prairie schooners, those *camions* — horseless. Coveys and coveys of them, their canvas tops drawn round and white. Inside, the soldiers. You'd see them as the trucks rolled relentlessly by. Some slept. Some quarrelled. Some sang. Some were very silent. Their eyes were sometimes stern and terrible, sometimes childlike and bewildered. All on their way to Verdun. Reckless and ribald and splendid and sad and fearful and gallant and glorious. Many sorts, many creeds, many races. They looked so fit, so friendly, so young, the most of them. It seemed a pity that — Oh, it was a pity! Only one dared not think of it. They were there to keep the Germans from breaking through — *Ils ne passeront pas!* — from breaking through into France. Into the world. Into all one loves best.

We were ambulance drivers, a handful of Americans. There was need of many such in those first days. We looked on appalled, bewildered, at the back door of battle. The Road had, I believe, a deep contempt for us. It was the living the Road wanted — the wounded could make what shift they might. He did n't want to bother with them. But he had to bear it. Sluggish streams of am-

bulances — all day, all night. And the live soldiers, going up to the *boucherie*, as they called it, would put their heads out of the back of their *camions* and shout gaily — “You won’t get us to-day, *l’américain!*” “No, but we’ll get you to-morrow!” we’d yell back. It was a ghastly joke. But anything for a laugh in those days. You were right at the breaking point.

I remember the day I went up there first — to join my section of drivers. They had gone on ahead. I followed, coming from Paris. It was twelve at night when I crawled from the train at Bar-le-Duc (it does n’t connote jam and cheese any more, that name). The night was very cold. It was snowing. The station swarmed with war-worn soldiers — ants in an anthill. And *refugés*, old women, old men, children. Vague-eyed, huddled, hopeless. They coagulated into stiff groups. Sat or knelt or lay down in corners of the bleak station. Their possessions were in meal sacks. Sometimes a child had a wretched little dog under his arm — sometimes a cat. All of them were mute and meek — even the animals. It was horrible to see them. You’ve no notion how horrible.

I found a little space on the floor of the station and slept there, under a table, till dawn. Then I went to a huge roaring *Parc* for all the automobiles in that sector. I told an officer there my plight. He put me in a corner with the other *permissionnaires*, Frenchmen. “Stay there,” he said, “till I tell you to go.” I stayed.

At three o’clock I was told to climb into a motor-bus, to climb in by a window. The door in the rear was blocked by tins of gasoline and bags of food. There were six of us inside, territorials — stretcher-bearers and drivers. On the way to Verdun to rejoin sanitary units. The old machine got under way. It rocked and pitched and heaved and grunted. The Road seized us — seized us with a grin. We plunged along in the stream. Darkness fell. It snowed too. There was no light inside. One saw headlights in groups, far off; then in long straight lines near by — in convoys. There was a sense of something ghastly



CAMION CARAVAN!



SKETCHES

in the air. Confusion. Destruction. Desperation. At last, sometime, God knows when, we turned into a side road.

Those side roads! It was like finding yourself in Dante — in the *Inferno*! Pitch-darkness — marching, swearing, blaspheming regiments of men — trails of great and little guns — endless convoys of munitions, and food, and medical supplies. All twisted and interlocked, struggling, stamping, sweating in a bedlam of hell-night.

Our old omnibus careened into the mess. Sometimes we wobbled forward a bit. Oftener we stuck. We'd no food. It was cold and late. Suddenly there was a flash and scream of shrapnel out there in the dark. The Germans had the range of our road. They were firing from Les Éparges. My Frenchmen pulled up their coat-collars, shrunk into their seats. "*Ça y est*," they said, "*la boucherie*." It looked it. I thought of our cargo of gasoline. "Great Hell!" I reflected. No escape. Door blocked. The shrapnel sang a vile tune — nearer and nearer. Then at last three *coups*! Right over our heads. We're done for! No, by the Lord of Battle, we're not! Two drivers, two horses, the wagon behind us blown to ribbons. And our old bus plunges along in the reek of it untouched.

At midnight I found my pals. In a barn. Half-dead with fatigue and hunger. As I lay down to sleep on a wisp of wet straw I heard those accursed shells scream joyfully over the barn-roof. All night long they kept it up.

That was my first meeting with the Great Road. I hated it then. I hated it later. We all did. Hated it and loved it. Ours was not the glorious share — just the hauling of the wounded. Bringing them out of the *postes de secours* where they lay, their faces all blood and sweat and their chests still heaving in the ebb of their supreme exertions. Bringing them out and on and on — till sometime, somewhere, they could lie down and rest and live again — or die.

And when I left the Great Road, when I saluted it — the Savior of France — and said adieu, I thought I could go in peace — quit of it. I could not. It is running still

in my head. It has worn a way into my heart. Nights I lie awake and stare into the dark and see the Great Road — see the horror and the splendor — the Great Life and the Great Death. See the long caravans of the wounded — mud-stained, blood-stained, faded-blue uniforms; wistful, agonized faces, dumb, twisted lips. I see and wonder again, as I saw and wondered then. There's a God waiting out there. Waiting for you and me to come and find Him. We can't find Him here. Let's go back to the Great Road. Find Life. And Death. And God!

EMERY POTTLE ¹

XII

VERDUN — 1916

LOOKING at any of the maps of the Verdun battle-front you will observe a dot near the left bank of the Meuse directly south of the city. It is the village of Dugny, on a direct line perhaps five kilometres from Verdun. The village consists of one long, rambling street, in dry weather fetlock-deep in dust, which the rain converts to a clinging, pasty mud. At the farther end of the street, where it bends northward toward Belleray, stands a square-towered stone church. The village lies in a hollow, a hill, formerly crowned with a fort, rising steeply between it and Verdun. To the south the country spreads out flat for some kilometres — the valley of the Meuse — to a range of hills. It was to these hills the Germans expected to force the French retirement once the city was taken. Between Dugny and the hill directly to the north ran a narrow-gauge railroad, and daily during our occupancy the enemy searched this road with "130's." These bombardments usually took place around two in the afternoon, and at that hour it was

¹ Of Naples, New York; Amherst; joined the Field Service in September, 1915; served with Section Two until June, 1916; subsequently a First Lieutenant in U.S. Aviation.

considered unsalubrious to adventure up the Verdun road which skirted the hill at this point. The hill, itself, was cratered with enormous holes where "380's" had landed. Some idea of the tremendous force of modern high-explosive shells could be had by viewing these holes, each capacious enough to hold half a dozen of our cars, and with blocks of clay as large as single cars tossed about like so many pebbles.

Our principal *poste* was Cabaret. It is a festive name, and certainly there was always under way a "continuous performance." Cabaret was nothing more than a large stone barn. It was situated some two kilometres up the Étain road beyond Verdun, and hence on the east side of the Meuse. Here the wounded were brought in on stretchers from the shell-craters which formed the line. Their dressings were adjusted, and from here we carried them to the dressing-station in the stone church at Dugny.

All around the building were stationed batteries. In the field back of it they stood almost wheel to wheel. To the right and to the left and across from it they were placed. All along the Étain road they ranged. Within a few kilometres of the front at the time there were said to be concentrated more than five thousand pieces of artillery. These guns were continuously in action. They were continuously searched for by the enemy's guns. The resulting cataclysm is beyond description. Once in northern Ontario I encountered an old Scotchman whom I quizzed regarding some rapids I contemplated shooting. "Mon," he replied, "they're pr-rodugious, extraordinaire." Such was the gun-fire of Verdun "pr-rodugious extraordinaire."

Besides the *poste* at Cabaret, we nightly despatched one car to Fort de Tavannes and one car to the Moulainville-Étain cross-roads, the latter a particularly ghastly place strongly recalling Bairnsfather's cartoon, "Dirty work at the cross-roads." Our directions for finding the place were "to go to the fifth smell beyond Verdun"—

directions inspired by the group of rotting horse carcasses which were scattered along the way. These comprised our regular runs. In addition we were subject to special calls to Fort Fillat, to Belleray, and to Fort Belrupt. At first our schedules called for one car every ninety minutes to leave Dugny for Cabaret. This was found to be insufficient, and soon the intervals were shortened to sixty, then to forty-five, and finally to thirty minutes. At times the wounded came in so fast that all pretence of a schedule was abandoned, a car returning at once to the *poste* after having evacuated to Dugny. To facilitate matters the Squad was divided into two sections of ten cars each and each of these sections was again divided. It was hoped by the arrangement that a man would be able to get one full night's rest out of three, and sufficient day *repos* to keep him fit.

We had, as I have said, reached Dugny late in the afternoon of the 28th. There was not much time wasted in turning over the sector to us, for at seven o'clock the following morning we went into action. The order of rollings posted in the *bureau* showed I was scheduled to leave for Cabaret at ten-thirty. There were two routes leading to the *poste*, one by the way of the village of Belleray, thence over a hill, skirting the city, through a wood and out upon the Étain road. This route circumnavigated the city. The alternative route led directly north from Dugny, passing into Verdun by the Neuf Porte, thence on through the city following the river and across a bridge near the Porte Chaussée, through which egress was had to the Faubourg Pavé around "dead man's corner" to the Étain road. The first of the two routes was considered the quieter. I had misgivings that this was but a comparative term, but being by nature of a reposeful disposition I determined that my first run, at least, should be by the Belleray route.

The entrance to Belleray village is had over a narrow

SKETCHES

wooden bridge spanning marshy ground. The ground on both sides was pocked with shell-holes, some not six feet from the bridge and none farther than fifty yards. Considering that the guns which fired these shells were at least six kilometres away on the other side of a range of hills, this might be considered reasonably accurate shooting. Just beyond the bridge the road turns sharply to the left, making a steep ascent and coming out to the east of the city, passing by several barracks or *casernes*. It was at this point that the whole fury of the bombardment broke on one. Even when we had learned to expect it and steeled our nerves accordingly, it came as a shock — a roaring wave of noise from the inferno below. Down past the *casernes* the road dipped to the left and entered the woods. The trees were shattered and stripped of limbs as though by countless bolts of lightning, and the ground beneath was ploughed by shell-fire and sown with shrapnel. Emerging from the woods onto the Étain road, the course for some distance was bordered with houses, the outskirts of Verdun. There was not a house but showed the effect of bombardment, and some had been reduced to heaps of *débris*. From here on the buildings became less frequent, and, on both sides of the road, to the east in the open field, on the west, under the protection of a small rise of ground, the batteries stood and belched forth their hate. The ground shook with the reverberation, and overhead the air whined and screeched. Down this corridor of hell the road made its way to Cabaret. When I reached Cabaret on that first trip, the sweat was standing out on my face as though I had been through a great agony and my hands were aching with the grip on the wheel. "If this be the quieter route," I thought, "what in the name of Mars must the other be?"

It was on the following day I received a call to Fort Fillat, one of the outlying defences of Verdun. My knowledge of its location or of what a fort should look like was of the vaguest.

Fort Fillat was, or rather had been, located on the crest of a hill. The entire region roundabout Verdun had a seared, desolate look, but this hill was, I think, the most despairing spot I have ever seen. The lawn slope had been clothed with trees. Now, none but a few shattered stumps remained. The way up was strewn with wrecked *camions*, tumbrils, shell-cases, and scattered equipment, and the air was fetid with the stench of rotting carcasses. Below in the valley the guns thundered and roared, and, directly opposite, Fleury was in the throes of a terrible bombardment. Having passed beyond the Fort without realizing it, I found my way — I cannot call it a road — impassable because of shell-craters. I noticed with considerable interest that while some of these craters were old, being half-filled with water, others apparently were of very recent make. I descended from my car in an endeavor to find a way through, and the enemy chose this opportune time to shell the hill. It was then I performed a feat which for years I had essayed in the gymnasium without success — the feat of falling on the face without extending the arms to break the fall. Whether it was the concussion of the shell which blew me over, or whether I really did accomplish the stunt unaided, I am unable to say. At all events, I found myself flat on the ground, my head swimming from the explosion, and a cloud of dust above me. My first impression — that this was a particularly unhealthy spot — here found confirmation. I managed to get my car turned and made my way back to where I had noticed a crumbling wall. A head appeared from beneath the stones and a *brancardier* crawled out of a subterranean passage. It was Fort Fillat.

It was two-fifteen in the morning when my next call for Cabaret came. There were two cars of us, and I followed the other, for the first time passing through Verdun. It was intensely dark, too dark to see anything save when the gun-flashes gave a flickering glimpse of a

SKETCHES

shattered wall. Along the Étain road the firing was furious. So many guns were in action that, at times, there was an almost unbroken line of flame. In the daytime the run was bad enough, but nothing to be compared with this.

It was on my return from the second trip that night that I got my first view of Verdun. The firing had slackened. Day had come, and the sun, rising a golden ball, swept the smoke-masked valley and touched the shattered towns and walls. Though it was a landscape of desolation, of demolished homes and wrecked fortunes, it was not a picture of despair; rather it was a picture of great travail nobly endured, a symbol of France assailed but unbeaten.

It is impossible for me to give any consecutive narrative or account of those days we served in the Vortex. The *communiqués* show there were attacks and counter-attacks; that the French took ground, lost it, and retook it; that gas-wave after gas-wave came over; that "the fighting in the Verdun sector continued heavy." All this meant we worked without thought of schedule, with little sleep, and without regard to time. Now and then we ate, more from habit than because we were hungry; but when we were not rolling we did not rest; we could not, the agitation of unrest so permeated the very air. "How does it go?" we would ask our *blessés*. "*Ah, monsieur, nous nous retirons,*" one would answer. Would the city fall? But soon we would be reassured, for the next man, his fighting eye gleaming from beneath a bloody bandage, would affirm: "*Ils ne passeront pas; on les aura.*" And so I say, I can give no very clear account of those days. My journal does not help much. It is disconnected, jerky, and without proportion. Certain incidents and pictures there are, however, which stand out in my memory as sharply pricked as the flash of a machine gun on a pitchy night. I remember one morning very early, as I rounded "dead man's corner" *en route* to the *poste*, encountering Mac returning, and that

he leaned out and shouted, "Be careful, they are shelling the road ahead," and that I proceeded on my way, half dead for want of sleep, wondering dully how a chap was to "be careful."

I remember a night when, the road blocked, I was forced to make a *détour* through the woods, and ran into a tangle of horses and caissons thrown into confusion by a shell; and I recall that I flashed my torch for an instant and it fell full on the face of a dead man who lay square in the centre of the road, a gaping hole in his head. I remember that first dawn in Verdun, and yet another dawn when I went down the Étain road as the French were drawing a *tir de barrage*, and passed just inside our batteries and just outside the enemy's curtain fire on the hill above. Clearer than all, I remember one scene at Cabaret. It was close to midnight after a hot, muggy day. There was a change of divisions, and within the stone barn there must have been about a hundred and fifty men. The outgoing surgeons were consulting with those just arrived. The departing *brancardiers* were awaiting the order to move, while those of the incoming division were moving about, storing their packs preparatory to leaving for the line. Around the walls lay the wounded. A single calcium light threw a white glow on everything, sharply marking the shadows. The door was draped with a blanket, as were the shell-holes in the walls, and the air was close and foul with the war smell, that compound of anæsthetics, blood, and unwashed bodies. Outside, for the moment, the batteries were silent, and within, the hum of voices was distinctly audible. And then, suddenly, as though every man were stricken dumb, the silence fell, silence save for the whirring screech of a shell. It seemed hours in coming. Something told us it would strike very close, perhaps within. As though mowed down, we had dropped on our faces. Then it burst—just beyond the wall. *Éclats* tore gaps in the door drapings, and whined spitefully across the room, raining

SKETCHES

against the wall, one hitting my *casque*. "*La lumière, la lumière!*" shouted a voice, and the light was dashed out. There we lay—a mixed mass of arms and legs—lay and waited for other shells. But no more came, and presently we were up and the place roused into activity.

At eight o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, July 12, we came off duty in the Verdun sector, completing fourteen days of service—at that time, I believe, a record, as ambulance sections were not supposed to serve more than ten days consecutively in this sector. We were relieved by a French section. This relieving section had, before we left Dugny, in its one day of service lost two men, one gassed, the other killed by a shell. Though we had had six cars hit, one almost demolished, we had not lost a man nor had one injured. American luck!

The remainder of the 12th we loaded our cars and got everything ready for departure. We were glad enough at the prospect of getting away from Dugny.

We were up at five next morning, and by eight the convoy was formed. In a drizzling rain we pulled out through Dugny's one street and, proceeding by a circuitous route amid the traffic of the *Voie Sacrée*, we finally reached "Bar." We did not stop here, but pushed on some eight kilometres beyond and drew up at a village. As we climbed down from the cars, the voices of the guns came to us only as a faint rumble, for the Vortex was some fifty kilometres away.

ROBERT WHITNEY IMBRIE

S.S.U. 1.

XIII

THE MUSIC OF THE "SAMBRE-ET-MEUSE"

September 30, 1917

I AM very glad that you got hold of the "*Sambre-et-Meuse*." It is about the most inspiring thing in the

world, and I meant to send it to you, long, long ago. I must tell you about the first time I ever heard it. It was a year ago in June, when we were just beginning to find out a little about the real French spirit and what a wonderful country France was after all. Our ambulance unit had come to a temporary halt, and we were sitting around on our cars, lined up in the public square of the little town in which we were stopping.

Suddenly, just around the corner, came a terrific blast of bugles, and we knew that it was a regiment of our Division, passing through the town on the way up to Verdun — from which only half of them were to come back, ten days later. Another blast from about forty bugles, and then came the strains of the "*Sambre-et-Meuse*."

I never heard it before, but with the very first notes cold chills ran up and down my back, and I could hardly keep from crying. The streets were instantly lined with people, every one as affected as I. The music became louder and louder, and almost immediately the leaders came into sight; bugles shining in the sun, and all elevated at exactly the same angle, and right behind them the endless line of blue uniforms.

You know from the music that while the tune goes steadily along, periodically the bugles come in on the new theme, not during the minor parts, but when the original martial theme comes back. Well, just before the bugles come in, all forty of them go up in the air and perform a few flourishes, all in perfect time, and then they all come horizontally to the lips just at the exact fraction of a second when it is their turn to play, everything precise and in perfect rhythm, brass, drums, and the steady beat of thousands of feet; after the brass, the regimental colors, which every one salutes as they pass; the highest officers leading on horseback, and then wave after wave of blue.

Your spirits go up and down with every variation of the music. The eyes fill up with tears during the



SOLDIERS MARCHING BY AMERICAN AMBULANCES IN A FLEMISH TOWN



SKETCHES

quieter parts, and then, when the original martial strain comes back, and the bugles come in with a roar, and the drums roll louder and louder, you instantly have a change of heart and become wildly elated.

The music itself is wonderful. But when you have three or four crack French regiments marching behind, it is still more so. When in addition you have Verdun to think of, and you know what a call and rallying cry it is to every one of the French soldiers passing before you, you can well imagine that the *ensemble* is overwhelming and plays havoc with your nervous system.

COLEMAN TILESTON CLARK ¹

XIV

THE BRANCARDIERS

THERE are separate hospitals for *couchés*, *assis*, and *malades*, which fact sometimes makes complications, as in the case of one driver who was given what appeared to be a serious case to take to the *couché* hospital. While on the way, however, this serious case revived sufficiently to find his canteen. After a few swallows he felt a pleasant warmth within, for French canteens are not filled with water, and he sat up better to observe his surroundings and to make uncomplimentary remarks to the driver. Arrived at the hospital, the *brancardiers* lifted the curtains at the rear of the car, and seeing the patient sitting up, smoking a cigarette, and apparently in good health, refused to take him, and sent the car on to the *assis* hospital. Overcome by his undue exertion, the wounded man lay down again, and by the time the ambulance had reached the other hospital, he was peacefully dozing on the floor. The *brancardiers* shook

¹ Of Westfield, New Jersey; Yale, '18; joined the Field Service in May, 1916; served with Section Three in France and in the Orient; later an *aspirant* in French Artillery; mortally wounded in action at Juvigny, May 28, 1918, and died May 29, 1918. This is an extract from a home letter.

their heads, and sent the car back to the *couché* hospital. Somewhat annoyed by this time, the *ambulancier* did not drive with the same care; and the jolts aroused the incensed *poilu*, who sat up and began to be personal. The driver, not wishing to continue, for the duration of the war, his trips between the two hospitals, stopped the car outside the *couché* hospital, and, seeing his patient sitting up, put him definitely to sleep with a tire tool and sent him in by the uncomplaining *brancardiers*.

As one man remarked, "Our life out here is just one damned *brancardier* after another," which calls for a few lines on the French army stretcher-bearers.

These *brancardiers* include musicians—for the band does not play at the front—exchanged prisoners who are pledged to do no combatant work, and others who volunteer for or are assigned to this branch. These men are in the front-line trenches, where they bandage wounded men who are hit, and carry them to the front *abris*, where the *médecin majors*, or army doctors, give them more careful attention.

At the front *abris* are other *brancardiers*, who then take charge of these men and load them into our cars; and when we arrive at the hospital, it is *brancardiers* who unload the ambulances and carry in the wounded. Inside the hospital other *brancardiers* nurse the wounded, as no women nurses are allowed in the *triage* hospitals.

These *brancardiers* may seem callous and somewhat lacking in sentiment, yet do a noble and heroic work. Who could perform their task without becoming callous or insane? Often we curse them when they put a man in the car head downwards, or when they let a stretcher slip. But we forget that when the infantry goes *en repos*, the *brancardiers* stay at their *postes*, going out every hour to bring in a fellow countryman or an enemy; that for the past two nights, with their *abri* filled with chlorine gas, these same men have toiled faithfully in suffocating gas-masks bringing in the wounded, caring for them, and loading them into our

cars; and that it is months since they last saw a dry foot of ground or felt for a moment that they were free of the ever-present expectation of sudden death. The wonder is rather how they do these things at all than why they seem at times a little careless or a bit tired. The *brancardier* does n't tell you all this. When he sees you he asks after your comrades. He takes you in, gives you a cigarette, and some *pinard* in a battered cup, and tries to find you a place to rest, all the time reeling off cheerful stories and amusing incidents.

The Staff is the brains of the army; Aviation, the eyes; the Artillery, the voice; the Infantry and Cavalry, the arms; the Engineers, the hands; the Transportation, the legs; the People behind the lines, the body; but the *Brancardier* is the soul. In fact, his position, and the ambulance driver's at the front, is much the same as that of the grouse in open season — every one has a chance to take a shot at them and they have no opportunity for retaliation. In a word, by virtue of the nature of his work, the ambulance driver must always be in the warmest places; and has a really unusual opportunity to observe, by moving from sector to sector and battle to battle, what few other branches of the service can see.

The old Volunteer Ambulance Service is dead, but the days we have lived with it are golden, and nothing can ever take them away from us or bring them back again.

PHILIP DANA ORCUTT ¹

S.S.U. 31

XV

LES TIRAILLEURS D'AFRIQUE

THE first light had hardly grayed our loft before the blare of bugles and the "slog, slog," of hobbled shoes

¹ Of Boston, Massachusetts; Harvard; joined the Field Service in June, 1917; served with Section Thirty-One; subsequently attended the Harvard Officers' Training Camp. The above are extracts from his book, *The White Road of Mystery*. (See Bibliography.)

told us of the passing of a column. *Petit déjeuner* over, our blankets rolled and stowed, we drew our cars up by the side of the road to await the passing of that column. Eighteen months in the Army have shown me no finer spectacle than we saw that morning. For here passing before us were the *tirailleurs d'Afrique*, men recruited from the Tell and Morocco, the most picturesque soldiery in the world. Rank after rank they passed with a swinging, steady cadence, platoon after platoon, company after company, regiment after regiment. Twelve thousand strong they marched. At the head of each company, flung to the breeze, was the yellow flag, bearing the hand and crescent of the Prophet, for these men are Mohammedans. At the head of each regiment marched a band, half a hundred strong, bands which surely played the weirdest strains that ever stirred men's souls or quickened laggard feet. Bugles, drums, and the plaintive hautboy blared, thumped, and wailed in tingling rhythm. Complete in every detail they passed, with all the *apparatus belli*, machine-gun platoons, goulash batteries, pack-trains, munition transports, every button and buckle in place, every rope taut, an *ensemble* of picturesque fighting efficiency. And the faces!—the dark, swarthy faces of the Arab, the Moor, and the Moroccan, faces seamed with the lines implanted by the African sun and the gazing over desert wastes. There was no type. Each man was individual. But one thing they had in common. In all the world there is but one lure that could unite and hold such men—for they are all volunteers—that lure, the primal love of strife. That love was stamped upon their very souls, showed itself in their carriage, their stride, and in their hawklike gaze. We looked, and felt that verily these were men. And they had fought, fought in the lands of strange names. On many a breast flashed forth the medals of hard-fought campaigns, the *Étoile d'Afrique*, the *Médaille Militaire*, the *Croix de Guerre*, the Moroccan, the Indo-China Medal;

SKETCHES

all were there, and sometimes one single tunic bore them all.

In all that long column, one man there was we shall not forget. A captain, he strode at the head of his company. At least six feet four he must have been. Clad in the earthy brown of the African troops, his harness and trappings were of finest pigskin. Around his middle was wound a flaming crimson sash. From beneath his *képi*, worn at a jaunty angle, peeped out a mane of tawny yellow hair, conspicuous against his sun-tanned skin. He fairly scintillated like a burnished blade held aloft by a brave hand. And when, in answer to our salute, he stiffened into "regulation" like a page out of the Tactics Manual, we felt it would be a privilege to follow such a man in hopeless charge.

It was ten-thirty when the last transport had passed, the last gun clinked by. The column had been four and one half hours in passing.

R. W. IMBRIE

S.S.U. I

XVI

INTO ALBANIA

ON December 30, 1916, I was told that the Commander wanted to see me in his quarters. He greeted me with his usual winning courtesy, and without wasting time on preliminaries, informed me that there was a call for two cars to serve the division now occupying Southern Albania; that I had been selected to take one of these cars through — the one going to the most advanced *poste* — and would have a reserve driver "in case anything happened." My orders were to leave the same afternoon, taking sufficient oil and gas for three hundred kilometres, and to report to the commanding officer at Florina for further instructions.

I at once set about preparing for the trip. It was

uncomfortable working on the car, as the afternoon shelling was at its height, but by four o'clock all was ready, and, after taking on some wounded at the mosque, I scuttled out of town, headed for Florina.

It was nearly nine o'clock the next morning, the last day of the old year, before we finally got away and drove down the long, winding main street of Florina headed toward the mountains. Just beyond the town, the road turns toward the west and begins to rise.

The main road from Southern Serbia into Albania runs from Monastir almost due west, skirting Lake Presba. Across this road, however, stretched the enemy's line. To hold Southern Albania and flank the Austro-Bulgarian army, the French had thrown a division of troops across the mountains, advancing from Florina by the little-used trail over which we were now making our way. A number of attempts had been made to get motors across the divide—our own cars had twice essayed the task, but without avail. The grade was terrific. The trail clung to the mountain-sides and wound its way almost perpendicularly upward. Rains, snows, and the supply trains of an army had kneaded the soil into a quagmire. Motors bucked this, stalled, bucked again, mired, and finally had to be dug out, to abandon the attempt.

But those other cars had neglected to bring with them the one thing that could get them across; they had neglected to provide themselves with a real live General. With commendable foresight we had stocked up with "one General"—the Commander of the Albanian Division seeking to join his command. With such a tool in our locker there could be no doubt of the success of our attempt. The first time we mired, he displayed his usefulness. Hastily commandeering the services of all the soldiers in sight, he ordered them to leave their various tasks of road-building, mule-driving, etc., and to get their shoulders against the cars. Then with a tremendous "*allez-heup*," a grinding, and a heaving, we

pulled out and struggled on and upward for several metres. It was slow work. Time and again we were mired and had to be dug out. Sometimes we even dropped back to get a start and then charged the mud with every bit of gas the throttle gave. But always at the end of an hour we were a little farther on. By two o'clock, when we stopped to eat some sardines and bread, we had ascended to a height of fifty-four hundred feet above sea level, and were on top of the divide. The surface here was more solid, for the snow froze as it fell, and with chains the wheels gripped.

During the afternoon we worked our way down on a trail from which a sheer wall rose on one side, and on the other dropped away into nothingness. Often, passing traffic forced us to hang literally with two wheels clinging to the edge, where, had the brakes slipped, we should have been classed among "the missing." The sun had long made its westing, and a half gloom filled the valleys when we came to a pocket in the mountains. On the opposite side of a gorge, through which rushed a stream, were clustered a number of stone houses, clinging to the mountain-side. It was the forlorn village of Zelova. We parked the cars in a small open space by the roadside, and crossing the stream, clambered up among the houses. There were one or two pitiful little stores, but they were without stocks. There was even a one-roomed café, but although this was New Year's Eve, there seemed no demand for tables, perhaps because there were no drinks of any sort to put on those tables. The few villagers we saw were a depressed-looking lot, as indeed they well might be. The murky huts offered very little cheer, so I spread my blankets in the ambulance. Outside the snow was coming down and drifting against the side of the car. Nineteen-Sixteen was dying, but I was too weary to await the obsequies, and was soon asleep.

Shortly after daybreak we were routed out. The snow was still swishing through the paths, blotting out all but

the nearest objects. By eight o'clock we were *en route*, and, following the course of the stream, we reached a narrow valley. The brook had now assumed the proportions of a small river, and, because of the configuration of the ground, we were forced to cross it time and time again. There were no bridges, and each time as we charged through the water we expected to be checked by the flooding of the carburetors.

About ten o'clock the snow ceased to fall, and occasionally the sun looked out on a scene grandly beautiful. For the first time we entered a region partly forested. Stunted oaks grew on the mountain-side, and along the river were poplars. We were entering a more populous country. We saw numbers of queerly costumed people. Mostly, they were clad in white homespun wool, embroidered with vivid reds and greens. Farther on, we passed into a region more barren and desolate than any we had yet encountered, a region of towering cliffs and stone-strewn ground, devoid of all verdure. Shortly afterward we passed another stone village, Smesdis. Five or six kilometres beyond, the road, which all this time had been terrible, suddenly became better. Though no boulevard, it seemed so by contrast, and, since we no longer had to push the car, we regarded our troubles as over.

We had now emerged from the mountains and were in a considerable valley. At noon we entered a good-sized village, Biklista. We were now in Albania, having crossed the frontier somewhere between Biklista and Smesdis. To our surprise, there was a sort of restaurant near where we had stopped our cars, and here we were able to obtain a stew of mysterious and obscure composition, together with some very good corn bread.

At Biklista the other car remained. My orders were to continue on to Koritza, and accordingly, at one o'clock, I again set out, "Viv" accompanying me as a reserve driver. The snow had once more begun to fall, but the way had so much improved that we were able to proceed

SKETCHES

at a fair speed. The road led through a broad valley, which in summer must be very beautiful. On either side, mountains stretched away in serried ranks. Here the *Comitajés* had their lairs, from which they issued to raid and terrorize the country roundabout. The whole of Albania is infested with these mountain bandits. They were constantly making sallies against isolated detachments of the transport, swooping on the men before they could defend themselves, plundering the supplies, and then making off into the mountains where no man could follow. In Albania, every man went armed, and a soldier found without his gun was subject to arrest. On leaving the general at Biklista, he had directed that I be armed with a carbine, besides the army revolver which I already carried, and the gun thereafter always hung beside the driving-seat.

As we drove along, we left consternation in our wake. Mountain ponies, forsaking habits of years, climbed imaginary trees and kicked their loads loose with a care-free abandon born of a great desire to be elsewhere. Terror-stricken peasants gave us one look and took to the fields. Bullock wagons went into "high" and attained a speed hitherto deemed impossible. We created a Sensation with a capital S. And well we might, for we were the first motor to pass this way.

Toward four in the afternoon we were challenged by the outpost and, presenting our papers, were permitted to pass. A half-mile beyond, we again answered the "*Qui vive?*" and then entered Koritza. An elephant pulling a baby-carriage up Fifth Avenue would excite no greater wonder in New York than did our car rolling through the streets of Koritza. When we drew up in front of the *État Major*, it became necessary to throw a cordon of troops about the machine to hold back the wondering, clamoring populace. Reporting to the officer in command, we were assigned quarters and the car was placed within the courtyard.

Koritza in many ways is a unique city. It is situated

about midway between the Adriatic and the Macedonian border, about one hundred and eighty kilometres from deep water and one hundred and fifty from a railroad. Normally it is reached by three caravan routes: the one from Florina over which we had just come, the trail from Monastir, and the road up from the Adriatic. These two latter were now closed, the Monastir trail by the Bulgar line, the other by the *Comitajés*. The houses, for the most part, are solid structures of gray stone, and some sections remind one strongly of a Scotch town. The streets are well surfaced, and there are sidewalks made of stone slabs. The most prominent edifice in the city is a two-buttressed Greek church. The Turk, though long nominally exercising suzerainty over Albania, never succeeded in really conquering the country or in impressing his religion upon the people. There are but two mosques in the place, and the atmosphere and aspect are much more Occidental than Oriental. From a *place*, formed by the junction of two broad avenues, radiate smaller streets, and on these are found the bazaars. Here are workers in silver and leather and copper; also iron-workers, who seem constantly engaged in producing hand-wrought nails, and several artisans whose sole product is the long-bladed Albanian dirk. Besides the bazaars, there are a number of modern stores — hardware, grocery, and two pharmacies, all well stocked. Everywhere is exposed for sale maize bread in cakes, slabs, squares, and hunks.

Through the streets wandered an extraordinary, diverse crowd, displaying a strange admixture of costumes. There were a few veiled women, a few robed Turks, a few men clad in the European fashion of a decade ago; but the great majority of the people were in the native Albanian dress, the women in long, blue homespun coats, with red braid trimming, and multi-colored aprons, their heads bound in blue cloths which were tied under the chin. Upon their legs they wore homespun stockings, dyed red or blue. The men, frequently bearded, wore red or white fezes without tassels, and white short-

SKETCHES

waisted skirt coats, from the shoulders of which hung two embroidered winglike appendages. Their baggy pantaloons were thrust into high white stockings. Upon their feet they wore, as did the women, curious red shoes which turned sharply up at the toes and were adorned with large black pompons. About their middles were broad leather girdles into which were thrust poniards. Some of these knives are really finely made with elaborate silver handles. Their owners set great store by them, and it is with difficulty that they can be induced to part with them. For an outer garment the Albanian wears a rough woollen cape with hood attachment which hangs from his shoulders to mid-leg. For ornaments, the more wealthy wear silver chains draped across the chest. The girls wear long loose bloomers, drawn in at the ankle. Both sexes of all ages smoke cigarettes. Big, lean, wolf-like dogs follow their masters around and fight each other with great fervency. Also there are burros—millions of them.

We were much surprised that many of the people—more especially the storekeepers—had been to America and spoke English. When they learned we were Americans, they were delighted. The news quickly spread, and as we walked through the streets, the people crowded around us, shaking hands and inviting us to take tea. One storekeeper had been the proprietor of a dairy lunch in Washington at which I remembered I had eaten. Another had a brother who was a waiter in Washington's largest hotel. The barber had for five years worked in New Haven, and had, perhaps, cut my hair when I was at Yale. It seemed queer enough to find these people in this remote mountain town.

After a few days "Viv" and I decided to move our quarters from the hospital to the inn which stood at a point formed by the junction of the two principal streets. Here we secured a commodious room, furnished with a charcoal brazier, a couple of chairs, and two almost-beds. Upon the latter we spread our flea-bags, a case of *otium cum dignitate*. The inn was kept—or perhaps in the

interest of accuracy I should say had existence — under the proprietorship of "Spiro." Spiro was his first name, his family name partaking of a complexity too intricate to dwell in the memory of one not imbued from birth with Albanian tribal genealogy. He was a man of sorrows, a victim of what economists call "the ratio of exchange." In the café which occupied the ground floor of the inn, Spiro dispensed weird drinks to those whom war had rendered fearless of death. And the price of these drinks was such that five sous bought one. Now the exchange on French paper in Albania at this time was twelve sous on a five-franc bill. But those that did patronize the tavern paid for the refreshment in notes of the denomination of five francs, demanding in return therefrom sous to the amount of ninety-five in change. Howbeit, it came to pass that Spiro did lose seven sous on every drink he did sell, besides the value of the drink. This situation, he confided to me, "makes me craz."

Though we had changed our quarters, we still messed with the *sous-officiers* at the *ambulance*. With characteristic French courtesy, they insisted on giving us the best of everything, welcomed us each as one of themselves. We shortly grew to know their individual characteristics and to feel entirely at home with them. We ate in a stone room which had evidently been the kitchen of a considerable establishment. The table was waited on by the cook, who, in the democratic way of the French army, took part in whatever discussion happened to be going forward. He was as comical a chap as ever I have seen; short in stature, with sparkling black eyes and a voice like the rumble of an artillery wheel. His nose was so large the burden of carrying it around seemed to have bowed his legs, which were quaintly curved. His *béret* he wore at an astonishing angle, curved down from a hump in the middle so that the headgear more nearly resembled a poultice. From somewhere he had secured a bright red waistcoat, and the better to display it, he always appeared *sans* tunic.

SKETCHES

Petit déjeuner we ate down in the town. Our breakfast consisted of boiled eggs, corn bread, and Turkish coffee, and the amount of labor necessary to assemble this repast was about the same as required in getting up a thousand-plate banquet in New York. The mere buying of the eggs was in itself no small task, since the vendors refused to accept paper money, having, I suppose, seen too many paper governments rise and fall; and silver was very scarce, since it was hoarded and retired from circulation. The eggs once obtained, there remained the matter of their cooking. The science of boiling eggs seems never to have been understood, or else is one of the lost arts in Albania, and we were forced to expound anew each morning this mystery to the pirate who presided over what the Koritzians ingenuously regard as a restaurant. Each morning we appeared with our hard-won eggs, Exhibit A, and made known that it would be pleasing to us could we have said eggs boiled and chaperoned by two cups of Turkish coffee, into which we proposed to stir some condensed milk, Exhibit B. The board of governors having considered this proposition, after some minutes usually reached the conclusion that this thing might be done. *A la carte* orders, banquets, and such extraordinary culinary rites as egg-boiling were conducted in the cellar of the place, and thither our eggs would be conducted, it being necessary, owing to the absence of inside communication, for the proprietor to go outdoors, trudge around the corner, and descend by an outside stairway. Through a crack in the floor, we could presently see our eggs in the process of cooking. At three minutes, having called time, they would be taken off, carried out into the street, around the corner, through a wondering throng at the door, and presently, if our luck held, we were actually confronted with a half-dozen boiled eggs, a rare sight in Albania, judging from the interest their eating invoked. Such is breakfast in the Balkans.

Powers has described Albania as "a burlesque product of embarrassed diplomacy." The country was in the

process of one of its burlesques. But a fortnight before, under the benevolent toleration of the French, it had proclaimed itself a republic, and we found it in the travail of birth. Already a flag had been adopted, a paper currency established, self-appointed officials had assumed office, and an army which would have gladdened the eye of General Coxey was in formation. The whole affair was extraordinarily reminiscent of an *opéra bouffe*; and, looking at these people — in many respects the most splendid in the Balkans — one could not but hope that the comedy might continue a comedy and not degenerate into bloody tragedy.

In the centre of the town rose an ancient, square-walled tower, erected by the Turks. Now, the French maintained an outlook from this vantage-point. The sector of Albania presented a unique situation, unparalleled at this time on any front. There were no trenches; in fact, no sharply defined line between the opposing forces. The fighting consisted largely of cavalry skirmishes between the *chasseurs d'Afrique* upon our side, and mounted *Comitajés* on the other. These bandits were not regular troops, but outlaws accoutred and supported by the Austrians. The difficult nature of the country and the absence of roads had prevented both sides from bringing up artillery, though rapid-firers were from time to time brought into action, so that the fighting was of the open kind unknown on other fronts since the first days of the war. This held true of the front to the north and west of Koritza. Farther eastward in the border mountains, the Monastir line found its beginning, and here the zouaves were entrenched.

It was from this region our calls came. The main road from Serbia, now cut off by the line, rose some eight kilometres to the southeast of Koritza, and, by a series of loops, zigzagged up from the valley below to a height of five thousand feet, at which altitude it entered into a pass. Midway along this pass a view, exceeded in beauty by nothing in Switzerland, opened out below, where the

SKETCHES

vividly blue waters of Lake Presba stretched away from a barren shore to a dazzling snow-clad mountain range. It was as wild and lonesome a scene as nature presents. Undoubtedly ours was the first motor ever to enter this pass, and there, amidst the immensity of a scene which showed no traces of man's dominion, it looked strangely out of place.

There were not many calls, but when one did come in, it meant biting work. One afternoon, I remember, we left Koritza in response to a call from a little village nestling up in the foothills to the eastward. Dusk was coming on, and a nasty, chill wind, forerunner of the night's cold, was blowing steadily through the pass when we reached the narrow cut which formed the only approach to our objective. Here we shut off the motor and prospected our way. It led along the base of a hill, and the mud was such as I have never seen on road or trail. At times, as we plodded, it gripped us so that our lumbermen's boots became embedded, and in an effort to extract them we would topple, and then, in kangaroo posture, kick ourselves loose. It was apparent no car could be forced through this morass, and that the wounded would have to be brought out by hand. We found them on some rotting straw in a roofless stone court, halfway up the mountain-side and fully two kilometres from the nearest point to which the car could approach. There were three of them, all Annamites (Indo-Chinese), and all badly hit. They were the first wounded Annamites I had ever seen, for the yellow men are deemed unreliable and are rarely sent into the line. These men, we were told, had been shot by their own officers when attempting a break after being sent into a charge.

Night had now shut down. It was deemed unsafe to show a light lest it draw the fire of the enemy's patrols. Thus a pitchy darkness added to our task. There were several *brancardiers* in attendance, and we all now set to work to get our men to the car. None of that little group, neither the wounded nor those who bore them, will, I

fancy, ever forget that night. For six hours we wallowed through that slough of despond, steaming and struggling till the cold sweat bathed our bodies, and every muscle and tendon cried out in weariness. Not a star helped out a blackness so deep that at one end of a stretcher I could not see my fellow bearer before me. How we made it we shall never know, but somehow we came through and stowed the last *blessé* within the car. A wet, clinging snow had begun to fall and to beat down into our faces as we drove. Once the car mired, and we groaned with apprehension lest we be held till morning, but we "rocked" it through. Once the lights — for we had now switched them on — showed us figures ahead in the road. We loosened our fire-arms, and stripped off our gloves the better to handle them, but passed the group without incident.

Some time after two in the morning we glimpsed the red light which showed the field hospital. We knocked the place up and commenced the unloading of our wounded. They were still alive, as the groans showed. The *médecins* urged us to stay the night, but the snow was coming down harder than ever, and afraid that morning might find us snowbound, we determined to push on at once. Koritza was something like thirty kilometres away down the valley, but we had no load now, and in spite of the roughness of the way, it was less than ninety minutes later when we passed the sentry, drove the car into the compound, and climbed stiffly down.

But all nights were not like this. On the second floor of a building midway down a crooked street in the town was a cosy café, and here, when there were no calls, we spent the evening sipping Turkish coffee and smoking interminable cigarettes. The walls were draped with exotic hangings. On the floor were crudely woven rugs. A small, raised platform occupied one end of the room. Cross-legged upon this sat grave old Turks nodding meditatively over their hookahs. Scattered about were tables where foregathered many men of many tongues.

SKETCHES

All were armed, and sat with their guns across their knees or handily leaning against the walls by their sides.

It was at the café we encountered the zouave. A fascinatingly interesting chap he was. He had been everywhere, seen queer sights, and made strange journeyings. He was a child of adventure. All over the world you meet them, in the dingy cabins of tramp steamers, around balsam camp-fires, in obscure cafés of the polyglot ports, beneath tropical palms, in the tea-houses of the Far East, in compounds and *bomas* from Bangkok to Bahama. And always their setting seems appropriate, as they tone into it. They are usually just coming from, or are just going to, some place beyond. Of some things their knowledge is profound; of others, theirs is the innocence of children. They may be tall or short, old or young, but usually they are lean, and about their eyes are tiny wrinkles which have come from much gazing over water or from the searing glare of the tropics. They are apt to be of little speech, but when they talk odd words from queer dialects slip out. They know the food terms in a half-dozen languages and words in as many more. They have met cannibals and counts. They eat anything without complaint or praise. Nothing shocks them; nothing surprises them; but everything interests them. They are without definite plan in the larger scope of life, but never without immediate purpose. For a good woman they have respect amounting to reverence. Without doctrinal religion, they live a creed which might shame many a churchman. Living and wandering beyond the land of their nativity, they love her with the true love of the expatriate, and should she need them they would come half around the world to serve her. So the zouave talked to us of Persia and Peru, of violent deaths he had seen, of ballistics and sharks and opium dens and oases, and the while a sentry challenged without in the street, "somewhere in Albania."

My orders, when leaving the Squad, had been to proceed to Koritza and remain there until relieved, the C.O.

adding that this would probably be in five days. This time passed and twice five days, yet no word or relief came. The weather had been almost continuously bad with rain and snow, so that there seemed a probability that the pass was blocked and the stream swollen beyond the possibility of a crossing. Even the most unusual surroundings may become commonplace through forced association, and "Viv" and I were beginning to tire of Koritza. We took turns in walking about the town; we worked on the machine till nothing remained to be done; we chatted with the soldiers; we read. Our library contained one book, "Dombey and Son." As I was about halfway through this, we cut the book in two, "Viv" reading the first part at the same time I was pushing through the latter half.

On the 7th of January the Albanians celebrated their Christmas, and on the 14th, following the Greek calendar, New Year's. All the stores and bazaars were closed on these days, giving the streets a particularly desolate appearance. Some astounding costumes appeared, those of European descent being the most extraordinary, the fashion of a decade gone by suffering revival. Bands of urchins roved about, and upon small provocation broke into what I suppose were Yuletide carols, though it would indeed be a "merry gentleman" who could "rest" when under fire of such vocal shrapnel.

At last one gloomy evening, when January was half over, as we crouched over our charcoal brazier, we heard the hoot of a motor horn and knew that our relief had come. We tumbled out to find the Lieutenant with two of the fellows. It had been found impossible to get another ambulance across the mountains, but the C.O. had managed to pass his light touring car through with the relief drivers. My car was to remain in Albania until conditions in the pass improved in the spring, and "Viv" and I were to return with the C.O.

With the passing of the days, these plans materialized, and soon "Viv" and I found ourselves referring in the

SKETCHES

past tense to the time spent in Albania. The return trip from Koritza was in reality the beginning of the end which was attained four months later. Ultimately Monastir, Salonica, the Island of Melos (where we put in to escape a submarine), Taranto, Rome, Paris, and New York were cities along the trail which, in May, led to the magic place that men call "home."

ROBERT WHITNEY IMBRIE

S.S.U. I

XVII

A NIGHT AT A BALKAN AMBULANCE POSTE

Two ambulance sections of the American Field Service are at work on the Balkan front. One of these sections, organized at Stanford University, travelled ten thousand miles to reach its present field of operations. Although attached to the French army, this section recently has been serving Russian troops. The French *Servicé de Santé* is looking after the sanitary work in this region. The mixture of nationalities and languages has produced some difficulties for the American lads. The following purports to describe the work of an average night, the experiences mentioned being representative rather than exceptional.

It is eight o'clock when the ambulance comes to a stop beneath the large tree which represents the *poste*. Only the stretchers leaning against the tree-trunk indicate the location of the *poste*. The trenches are less than seven kilometres distant — faint lines barely visible along the mountain-tops. The *ambulancier* carries his folding iron cot and blankets to a rustic hut on the adjacent hillside. He exchanges a friendly *Bonsoir* with the French *brancardier* who greets him.

"*Deux malades*," says the Frenchman, indicating a shelter near by where two Russian soldiers wait.

"*Couchés ou assis*?" asks the *conducteur*. It makes

considerable difference whether the passengers are able to sit up or must be carried in a reclining position.

"*Couchés*," is the answer. The driver raises the seats inside the car to make room for the stretchers. The sick men are placed aboard by two *brancardiers*, with some assistance, and the car soon goes speeding toward a relay ambulance camp, about four miles away.

Above the gate at the camp is a large canvas sign, "*Ambulance Alpine*," with the number. Beneath, a smaller sign, "*Russe*," indicates that the camp is for the accommodation of Russians. It is a camp for sick men only. Wounded men have more comfortable accommodations in a hospital about one mile away.

In the centre of the yard is a large cross, made by putting red stones in a field of white. It is intended to discourage the dropping of bombs by hostile aviators. Evidently the Red Cross is not taken seriously, for about the grounds are numerous *abris*, or dugouts, to which every one retires for shelter when the bugle gives the signal. In fact, the vicinity of the camp has been bombed fifteen times. The sick men rest in houses made of dirt bricks, beneath tents, and in rudely improvised huts. It is summer, and victims of dysentery and malaria are very numerous. A little chapel has been built of reeds. Above the door is a cross ingeniously constructed from tin cans placed end on end. From day to day there are newly dug graves in the adjacent graveyard. Above each grave is a little wooden cross.

The French Sergeant on duty unties from buttonholes the yellow tags which identify the sick men. I make a note of the fact that I have brought in twenty men since noon.

"*Beaucoup de malades, aujourd'hui*," I remark, not too confident that my newly acquired French will be understood. The remark is accepted with a smile. Every shack about the place is overcrowded, and the least ill are sleeping beneath the stars.

Darkness has come, and I venture to turn on my lights

SKETCHES

over rough places on the road. As a rule, the use of lights is not permitted near the front, but on the mountain roads illumination is absolutely essential. Shortly after nine o'clock the car is back at the *poste*. A Frenchman gives me a cup of tea. An occasional boom is heard.

"*Soixante-quinzes*," is the verdict. The French *poilu* is proud of his ability to recognize the different explosions.

The booming becomes more frequent — grenadiers at work, no doubt — and at the same time there is the swift firing of the *mitrailleuse*. A novice at the war game, I am convinced that a violent attack must be in progress. The Frenchman, remembering Champagne and Verdun, is amused at the thought.

"*Pas de guerre, ici*," he says. He proceeds to identify the explosions, and their probable significance.

A kindly "*Bonne nuit*," and I return to the iron couch. Sleep? Not all at once. One's first night at a *poste* near the front is the occasion of much activity of the mind. In a half doze I find myself thinking that the firing represents an early morning Fourth of July celebration at home. With a start I recall that the explosions involve the killing of men. I wonder how many hours will pass before the next call, and I listen intently to all sounds upon the road. There is the beating of mule hoofs on the stone, and I half rouse myself preparatory to arising. Then the sound passes away, and I know that the pack has been one of munitions rather than human freight. I think of home, I think of Paris, of Salonica, of scattered places here and there, always with a feeling that life now is something different, something that I do not understand. Then I wonder what reaction the sight of new wounds will produce. The half-lost strains of a harmonica in a Russian camp down the road are barely audible. I try to hear, mind rested by the sweetness of the harmony. Sleep comes.

I awaken suddenly. Men are moving about on the road. Through the window I see some one approaching the hut with a lantern.

"*Camarade!*" he shouts.

The *brancardier* acknowledges the hail. I pull on my shoes and go outside. By lantern light an order is read. I am to go to a stone house, on the left side of the road about a mile away — in another country, incidentally — there to pick up a doctor and a sick man, who will be taken to the ambulance camp. Glancing at the watch I see that it is now eleven-thirty. The motor starts after a struggle at the crank. I slip on a pair of jumpers over the uniform as protection against the chill of the night.

The doctor takes the seat beside me, apologizing in French which I can but half understand for having called me out at such an hour. I endeavor to express my pleasure at being of service to him, and his smile indicates an appreciation. He had been called out to attend a very sick man, and his horse was borrowed for some purpose which I do not understand. We attempt to converse, with the usual difficulties that encounter such attempts when one is unfamiliar with a language. I wonder whether he understands my aimless remark that it is a long way to San Francisco. Apparently he does not, so I relapse into a whistle.

A two-wheeled cart, driven by a sleepy Russian, is barely missed. Grinding on the low, spurting on the high, ungodly screeching of the Klaxon — and the camp is at hand. Many thanks, another pleasant "good-night," and I am on my way back to the *poste* once more.

Plenty of booming now. There is more rifle-firing, more bombing, more reason to imagine activity at the front. Far off in the blackness a star-shell illumines a large area of the heavens. It is a weird thing. I almost forget the road as I gaze at it. The Frenchman, *bon camarade* that he is, meets me upon return, and offers another cup of tea. He says now that an attack is in progress. Again I retire. My eyes have not closed when I hear men on the road. I do not wait until called.

"*Blessé*," I hear some one say. I hope that the car will perform well on the steep road between the camp

SKETCHES

and the hospital. Always in the night one is thinking of his car, hoping that no mechanical difficulties will be encountered.

In the middle of the road, at full length on a stretcher, but half covered by a fragment of blanket, lies something that groans in agony, something that moans unmistakable evidence of prodigious suffering.

"*Très mauvais*," says one of the *brancardiers*.

I am relieved when the motor starts easily and without evidence of disorder. There is a tenseness in the situation which is not felt when the passenger is merely sick. There continually recurs the thought that life or death may depend upon the saving of minutes.

The *blessé* must be moved from the field *brancard* to another. My assistance is needed. The blood-stained bandages indicate the location of the wounds. Bandages on the arm, about chest, and around the head. Victim of a hand grenade, I learn. One man lifts the head, another the feet, and I support the trunk. Despite our care, the mangled one is convulsed with pain. As he is lowered, he turns on his side to vomit blood. The marks are still evident on the road next morning. No baggage accompanies the wounded man. His purse, which has fallen to the road, is seen by chance, and placed on the stretcher at his feet. I close the rear door, wondering whether the poor one will be alive to groan at the end of the ride. In the car opposite the *couché* sits another victim of dysentery.

At the ambulance camp the sick man gets out of the car. I continue toward the hospital. The branch road which I must follow is not well marked and I am not familiar with the route. In the darkness I turn on to a road which, after fifty yards, proves to be a wrong one. The engine stalls. I crank it, then run on the reverse back to the main road. I dare not be lost, but I feel no confidence in my ability to find the right road — it had seemed easy enough by daylight.

I hurry back to the camp, two hundred yards away.

No one answers my shout. I look into the dimly lighted houses. Dozens of men, sleeping on piles of grass next to the ground. No one awakes. Then two men walk out of a tent. They are Russians. I approach one of them. With the few French phrases that I understand and a wealth of sign language, I make him understand that I seek the route to G——. He gives me instructions in Russian. As I do not understand, I take him by the arm and insist that he accompany me. He does so, patient though he is, in a spirit of willingness which surprises me. I address him as "*Bon camarade.*"

Another start. A wrong instruction, and another wrong turn. Then the right road at last. The car chugs noisily up the grade to the destination. A sentry awakens the *Médecin-Chef*. He appears in pajamas and, to my relief, quickly issues instructions as to the disposition of the *blessé*, who still groans. The car is emptied; I wait ten minutes until the stretcher is returned, then start once more for the *poste*. With real gratitude I shake hands with the soldier who has shown me the road, and remark once more, "*Bon camarade.*" A moment later I am sorry that I have no cigarette to offer him, and resolve not to be caught empty-handed again. Munition of fellowship, the cigarette. Friendliness in its giving and in its taking. Comfort in its red tip on a chilly night!

It is a quarter to three when I fling myself wearily upon my couch. A leaden slumber for two hours, then I am awakened by hoof-beats outside. I turn out, ready for another trip. But this time it is only a sergeant who has come to attend to the *ravitaillement*, for the Frenchmen in the vicinity.

At six o'clock I am called for *café*. It is served without milk and with little sweetening, in a bowl. Yet it is delicious after the long night. The bread is plentiful, but very hard. It must be at least ten days old — it is so cut up, though, that I cannot recognize the baker's date-stamp which is on the crust.

That finished, I do a little oiling about my car. While

SKETCHES

I am so engaged, I hear the whirr of an aeroplane engine. A Frenchman shouts, "*Avion!*" All who are in the vicinity peer into the air until the craft is sighted, then retire discreetly to shelter. An anti-aircraft gun, two hundred yards away, fires three shots in rapid succession. Far in the sky three small clouds of white smoke disperse themselves leisurely on a slight breeze. The Boche plane continues on its errand, concerning which one may only speculate.

The Frenchman brings two empty gasoline cans from the camp. He asks that I have them filled and returned from the water-barrels at the ambulance station. Only a small part of the water in the Balkans is *eau potable*. He mentions several of my American comrades to whom he wishes to be remembered. Then he writes his name on a souvenir postcard, and asks for my address. We shake hands, and I start for the camp where I am to be relieved. The first night of duty at the *poste* is at an end.

The night described is in no respect exceptional—aside from the difficulty in finding a road, it was uneventful. The trips were less frequent than ordinarily, and there was but a single wounded man to transport. Every night one or more members of the ambulance unit is having similar experiences.

From time to time one will meet a friendly soul with whom there will be a prompt interchange of courtesies and cigarettes and news items. Good-fellowship develops very quickly in the war zone, particularly between the French and Americans. After all, it is one of the chief compensations for the service that one endeavors to render. Of all the phrases that one hears, the sweetest is "*Bon camarade.*"

HARRY W. FRANTZ¹

S.S.U. 10

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XVIII

SKETCHES OF SECTION LIFE

November 20, 1917

AT noon I came in from a night on outpost work. The old adage to the effect that it never rains but it pours held true last evening. With several trips on the schedule I experienced engine trouble. One case in particular was urgent and delays in passage in this instance were to be avoided if possible. At twelve o'clock I had covered half my journey when the *blessé* became worse, and it finally became necessary to climb into the rear of the car to arrange him in an easier position. Having done this, I returned to my driver's seat, when I noticed directly fronting me a steep hill which I soon found my motor absolutely refused to consider; so I hurried on to the next *poste*, fortunately near at hand, and awoke Samuels from his dreams of Vermont. His assistance proved valuable, as we quickly transferred the man into another car and brought in the load. Upon reaching the clearing-house the wounded man thanked us, which, by the way, is the unfailing custom of all *poilus*. We see much of this sort of thing, these expressions of gratefulness; but sometimes cases occur beyond ordinary bounds. This was one. In following up our poor *poilu's* further experiences, which included a hurried trip to another hospital, I am sorry to say he very soon started out on a much longer journey. We shall always remember his feeble "*Bonsoir*" there in the *triage*, as the doctors were attempting to keep the spark going for a little while longer.

A glimpse of the lines at night from the ambulance driver's point of view is a sight never to be forgotten. Impenetrable darkness suddenly leaps into life, as it were, with the near-by bursting of every star-shell, and for a scant thirty seconds one sees a dull white road, flanked by pools of stagnant water in the flatlands which



Sketched by Lieutenant André Foye, S.S.U. 69

ARRIVAL OF THE TWENTIETH CORPS AT VERDUN, FEBRUARY, 1916



shine with an unearthly glow, while a certain undefinable sound reaches the ear, a sort of confused murmur as from a multitude of voices far away. Then, suddenly, there is again nothing but the blank, stifling darkness. One's eyes become dazzled with the quick change, and for an instant queer colors shift in front. In the meanwhile, perhaps a dull booming starts up in the distance, and then you are startled by a sniper's shot, seemingly close at hand, although in reality quite a long way off. Over and over again the lights flare up and always the scene is different. A creak of wheels or a muffled order is heard. Occasionally there is an abrupt or definitive move which aids in keeping one from the delusion that he has become lost in an inferno of sightless and soundless vacuum. The silence at times is so acute as to be actually depressing. The traveller in such a land as this loses all sense of time or direction, of feeling and almost of consciousness, such is his overpowering interest in the situation. In this war, eyes and ears, always acutely strained, reach, close to the front, the stage of a sixth sense, until the soundless approach of an object is really detected at a considerable distance. Scene upon scene shifts and closes with the birth or death of the lights; nothing ever occurs twice and no brain realizes the transitions. The lights, varied in color, seem only connecting links with material things. And then one is confronted with the necessity of a quick adjustment, for before you may lie the concrete evidence of what it is all about — a wounded man. Then comes a quick reaction, and at such times one is almost glad there is something to do.

When the sun comes up in the morning, you look back on the events of the night before and almost wonder if you have not undergone a bad dream. The sun is thrice welcome on the front. There are many things to grip one here — interest, wonder, fear, and a jumble of all emotions — but to me nothing is so overpowering as the field at night followed by the dawn. After sunset there is nothing tangible upon which to hang a normal con-

clusion. Passing faces in the murk speak no word, features flit by as shadowy as the passage of souls, ghostly gray, till the sun comes back. Here, too, is the melting-pot of the nations and here would be the Babel of tongues if silence was not so urgent. As one views these inarticulate beings and weird happenings, between sunset and sunrise, the observer is struck by the fact that the staging is in keeping with the nature of the author of it all, the greatest of all wars. But the sun is up.

THANKSGIVING DAY

WITH the music of the great marching song of France — "*Sambre-et-Meuse*" — ringing in my ears, accompanied by the roaring of many voices in unison, I will write you of the great Thanksgiving celebration which is now ended. Just now an Algerian colonial is twanging a guitar. He is a marvellous musician and plays the songs of many lands. Occasionally he breaks into a French favorite, and then you should see the personnel of his chorus. There are Algerians of the educated type attracted by the music and noise, French of high and low degree, a few blacks, and one "Blue Devil," who, I should hasten to explain, is a *chasseur alpin*; then, of course, there are we Americans. The singing is very fine. André, our cook, and one of the "Blue Devils," have just been singing "*Il Trovatore*," and they act the parts as they sing. The French are very surprising. Until a moment ago we never knew that André could sing.

Can you imagine the picture of a big room filled with men of several nations, and with tobacco smoke and dogs, while just a little distance away the big guns are growling and rolling a deep undertone? A moment ago I stepped to the door and noticed how over the hill the sky lights up when the batteries let go. It is a wild and primitive sight, but if you were here you would soon know the true spirit of it. One of the blacks is chanting, in a musical bass, a Cairo street song of the incoming caravans, and as he pauses, we applaud him in the French fashion — clap,

clap, clap. By the way, this sort of applauding arose in the trenches and is a product of the war. It was first done by the men to warm themselves while swaying from side to side. They never jump up and down, you know. It is too dangerous, for it would bring their heads above the trenches.

It is bright moonlight outside, clearing weather following a cold rain, and a French plane away up in the sky somewhere is trying out its machine gun. The sound is similar to the pounding of a tack-hammer, but thin and metallic in tone as it comes from a long distance; and it mingles oddly with the Thanksgiving music indoors.

We have just stood at attention while the French anthem was being sung. Then "the foreigners" — Americans — gave the "Star-Spangled Banner," while the others saluted. The French are filing out now and the big celebration is over. André is bubbling over with joy because we liked his great dinner, while we are trying to forget that he will soon degenerate to the plodding hash-heaver, for in the morning we shall begin to get again the same old rations that we have been having for weeks past.

The Front, December 10

TIME has no leaden wings over here across the water. So many impressions and experiences are crowded into each short day that one is not conscious of the passing of the hours. Often we dwellers in this strange, perverted land live for weeks without knowing what the date is. And yet there are days which stand out as memory-sentinels from others less sensational, to which we refer from time to time. This is our method of splitting the calendar.

This is one of the long-to-be-remembered days. After weeks of rain and gloom the sun broke through the clouds this morning, a welcome sight to representatives in France of thirty-eight nations. With the sun came out of the east also the German aviators in squads, flying high; as they twisted and turned, flashes of light brightened their wing-tips. One *avion*, more impudent than his

followers, essayed a sheer drop of a thousand feet as if to express his contempt of all things allied or earthly. This indifference was immediately taken as an insult by the anti-aircraft guns, whose crackling volleys were soon making a cotton-field of the sky. Thereupon out from behind a huge, low-banked rain cloud came more *avions*, of a nationality we Americans hailed with joy. Stumbling and falling, often almost colliding with each other, we followed the rapidly shifting battle of the clouds. Above the jarring *crump, crump, crump* of the "105's," we could hear the dry rattling of the air fleet's machine guns. Soon most of the planes had drifted out of sight, and the excitement had begun to wane, when off to the left came two desperately diving Boche planes; cut off from their fleet by a strategic Allied move, and, roaring at high speed, they were attempting to regain their lines. But between them and their objective were three Allied machines, one of which drove straight for the enemy, his companions following in the familiar wedge formation of the football field. Caught in the net, one Boche plane dropped, while the other, climbing straight up, was followed by two Allied planes until the trio became mere specks in the blue and finally disappeared entirely. And finally, falling like a shot, came the last Boche, playing his final card in a manner to gain him praise. Riding on his tail-rudder and pouring out a stream of lead was his French adversary, equally versatile. Checking his plane so close to earth that the aircraft guns feared to shoot, the Boche stood his machine on end in a sudden twist to the left. At this point watchers of the conflict saw that something had gone wrong with the enemy plane, for it began to fall; slowly at first, but with increasing momentum, until it was evident that the end was close at hand. Holding his machine as best he could, the Boche faced about for his lines, now falling in a long earthward slide, a wing-tip buckled from the unaccustomed strain or a well-placed shot had clipped a vital support, for now the Boche was falling faster, his plane a tangled wreck. Somewhere just

behind the German lines the rest of the story was told. The Boche had reached his goal. Then in an instant other duties, which must be attended to, intervened and we forgot all we had just been watching, our interest taken up at another point. This is a life of quick changes. The sublime and the ridiculous become entangled, there being no border-land.

For instance, immediately after this air fight, we were roaring with laughter at "Florida," our latest acquisition from Miami. In a pleasing drawl which had made him the friend of the Section, Florida, one day old in the service, exclaimed, "Man, oh, man, I sure am a goat-getter!" Just before dinner we had a big funeral which also provoked Florida to further outbursts. He is perfectly unconscious of the pleasure he gives us by his talk, a never-ending comedy. He was given the usual night trip to the cemetery and morgue, both of which are extensively patronized. We nearly had convulsions when Florida discovered six new graves, open and waiting, this being found expedient by the management. The old story of the missing driver who one night went out on *poste* and was never seen again was sprung on Florida and five other shuddering fledglings who have joined our Section within the past two days; and around the stove at night you should hear some of them asking if a search had not been made for this missing driver. Other myths were told them, like the hoax of the funeral which was delayed until one of the men was sent to his car for a mislaid leg, which he had neglected to inventory previous to the obsequies. We call the local hospital a "finishing school," a name well applied, these newcomers think. Another great entertainment for old hands is to lead an unsuspecting newcomer near a hidden battery and watch him jump when it goes off. Of course, every one runs away, yelling that a Boche shell has struck.

An officer's funeral occupied part of the afternoon to-day. Stiffly starched French officers strutted, stalked, or merely walked as their various anatomies permitted.

They are wonderful-looking men and dress like the Beau Brummels they are. Later, the convalescents in a near-by hospital were given a concert by a *chasseur alpin* band. These "Blue Devils," the fighters *de luxe* of France, are picked men. They dress in blue with a rakish tam-o'-shanter over one ear, while their officers are in dead black and are very striking in appearance.

Without pause we are swept from one experience to another. I am writing this letter at night and have just returned from a trip to the barracks' door to listen to a *barrage* miles away. Far down on the horizon, you see a dull glow made by the continuous flash of the guns, and yet right near us the world is undisturbed at this same hour; so much so that a screech owl and a magpie are disputing the right of way in a tree over near the horse sheds. And the "new 'uns" are outside listening to the roar and marvelling at it all, while inside we "veterans" of four months are plotting further hair-raising exploits with the fresh boys as the actors.

The Front, December 23

TO-MORROW night will be Christmas Eve, and what a queer festival it will be this year. Despite the effort, Section Twelve will observe the day in a limited way, materially speaking, but in spirit it will be celebrated as if we were in the States. What a great collection of fellows we have here for such an event! Two of them — Jews, of course — do not believe in the day, but nevertheless will hang up their socks the same as the rest of us. Yes, we will hang up our boots or extra socks in the firm belief that Santa Claus will come during the night. It is a trifle amusing, if not really pathetic, to see the boys thus eagerly anticipating Christmas. Here we have every degree of intelligence and ability, and all are one in remembering the day.

The old stove is red-hot to-night, being filled to the bursting point every few minutes by some absent-minded member as he tells some anecdote of interest back

in America. We have a few hot-weather boys from California and Florida, and the recent cold snap has put them on the sick-list. It is these mild-climate men who keep the stove full. We fellows from the North must be of stronger fibre, for all, except Wight, are in great shape. In fact, for the first time in my life I am able to realize what a good layer of fat is. It at least makes a red-hot stove of secondary importance this snappy weather.

CHRISTMAS EVE

DEAR MOTHER:

To-night of all nights I know you are thinking of me and wondering if it fares me well. You are pondering of the days long ago when wild-eyed I ran downstairs to find my stocking crammed to the top with candy and presents. And, though it hardly seems possible, I am more than ever a kid again to-night, a strong believer in Santa Claus and all the good fairies.

Santa will have a hard time in France to-night, for there are so many to whom even ordinary necessities will be luxuries. To us of Section Twelve he will be kind, I am sure. We are watching for to-morrow's mail. Some have been fortunate and our Christmas tree will have a number of remembrances. Yes, we have a Christmas tree which, at the present moment, is being trimmed. We already have the candles in place, besides several sacks of smoking tobacco swinging jauntily from the topmost bough. There is red and blue ribbon, carefully saved from boxes received during the past weeks, for extra decoration, while quite an air of mystery is afoot; and who knows what will happen before morning? The fire is burning low in the grate and the boys are climbing into their bunks a little earlier than usual to give old Santa a clear field. It is growing late and my candle is burning down. On the new-fallen snow the big moon shines as brilliantly as day. There is n't a sound anywhere, maybe because all the soldiers are thinking of home and have forgotten to be watchful. Let us hope

that some day it will always be like that. We, too, are at home to-night. Ever

Your wandering son

TAD

January 8

YESTERDAY was a big day, a red-letter day, and consequently one long to be remembered. It was my biggest day in France, and that you know is no small thing to say in these stirring times. Yesterday was "Christmas," that is, it was for me, for every box came which I know anything about through your letters, and several other boxes besides. And along with the boxes came — how many do you think? — fifteen letters. Well, I was plumb flabbergasted. With the entire Section playing attendance, I proceeded to demonstrate how Carthage, New York, does things when she starts in. Fruitcake, candy, in fact everything eatable, came in two large boxes, and the third box from the cigar store, for Wesley and myself, fairly raised the roof. Never since the days of the earliest *ambulancier* has any one in France received so much tobacco in one package. My audience gazed in astonishment at the outlay. "Florida," with his usual loquacity in moments of stress, exclaimed, "Where in Hell is Carthage, anyway?" The poorest were remembered, for we have some who never are very lucky. And of course there was Jack's package. Out in the gas tent, where prying eyes might not see too much, I gave Jack his package. You should have seen his face as I handed him the square package, labelled, "For Jack." Christmas had come and gone for him for many years, meaning nothing except a date in his life. With the present in his hand, he sat down on an empty gas-tank and opened up on his past. His story was the usual luck of the orphan, enhanced by intermittent wanderings. To a rather brilliant intellect, he has added the finishing touch of experience, and his story, to me, was more than interesting. "This," said he, "is the biggest day for me in years, and one I can never forget. Tell your good people that they

will be repaid some day, somehow, for their charity. It means more to me than they know." A little later on in the afternoon I saw him passing candy around. He casually stated meanwhile that "his folks had been a trifle late, and he guessed the other packages had been sunk." It was remarkable to see them digging into his candy when every man in the Section was wise to the whole business. The affair was carried through very nicely withal.

It is great to feel young and able. To spend one's youth in this great war is a privilege, not a sacrifice, and who would live to old age and miss such a chance? Come what may, I am content, for I have for once been to the heart of things, have watched the world at work and play, seen the inner shrine, as it were. There is nothing more to life than these things if you measure values correctly; so I shall travel on with Fate at the wheel.

The Front, January 21

I AM back from my furlough and surrounded by nineteen letters and four more packages, which piled up during my absence. Never in my life have I seen such an outlay. Some way I did not want all this stuff for myself, but it is a great satisfaction to meet a *poilu* shivering and cold, with three years of war written upon his face, slap him on the back and say, "Buck up, old top," and then reach into your pocket and hand him a U.S. tailor-made cigarette. At your first salutation he will exclaim "*Comment?*" He does n't understand you at all, of course; but his eyes follow your motions and the smile at the proffered smoke is worth much to see. The cold or the wet, the trenches or his particular grievance, vanish and, *voilà*, the smiling Frenchman appears. There is much trouble, what with numb fingers and all, in finding a match; but presently there is a light, and two puffs of smoke curl up. Then the *poilu* shifts his gun to the other arm and remarks, in French, that "it is a hell of a night." All this is delaying things in general, as the *poilu*

soon remembers, and after stowing your second cigarette behind his left ear, he shakes your hand and makes off through the gloom toward a distant light, where his bowl of soup and pint of *pinard* await him. Much is written and more told of the common soldier of every land. Whatever his failings and weaknesses may be, you will find him a king beneath the surface. Through the blackness of the night, the cold, and periods of enforced privation, you will find him uncomplaining if you will but treat him fairly. I heard women before the war speak of these "terrible soldiers." If they only knew them as they really are, these critics would admit their strictures to be groundless. You should see how an occasional woman visitor is treated at the base hospital south of here. I believe that after the war the women will get all the voting privileges they ask. There are American women here doing wonderful work. I know one, the only one ever to come here, who has played the part of a real Santa Claus to many thousand men. She had to go through great trouble, but, by jingo, she got there. It was my great privilege to ride in from Paris with her. She has been here since the beginning, and a character and a royal good sport she is. Dining with generals, or eating a cold lunch with privates, is all the same to her. I had a good talk with her at one of our long waits on our journey north, and we wandered around an ancient village and a thirteenth-century church together. So I know her well and can speak with knowledge of what I say about her and other women out here.

January 27

It's a good thing our dishes are of tin, as the kitchen gang to-night are especially noisy. An erstwhile librarian is busy throwing plates in the general direction of a New York pool-room graduate who is officiating with the wiping towel. The camp dog is somewhere under a bunk trying to escape the clutches of "Wild Bill." Up nearer my bunk a game of fan-tan is in progress, while in the other

part of the barracks I hear the officers lingering over the supper table, while, as usual, a red-hot argument is being waged near the equally warm stove. It does not matter what the argument is, so long as every one gets in on it. Several candles are lighted here and there, marking places where letters are being written home or a paper perused. All this is taking place in a long, narrow, wooden barracks, with its unfinished interior and skeleton-like rafters, only partly illumined by the rays of the candles. Along the walls range the bunks, overhung by clothes and barrack bags, which latter serve as wardrobes. The floor is clean swept, as much as its rough surface will permit. There is no surplus of anything to be seen anywhere, for we are travelling light. Woodsmen never slung a pack more handily than we fellows of old Section Twelve, for we are like the "nigger" soldier who would not join the cavalry because, when the bugle sounded "Retreat," he did not want to be bothered with "no hoss."

To this bunch of boys time now has no meaning. We live on day by day, never noticing the passing moment. We mark the date by incidents occurring in our work. As we reach the end of the day, some one is sure to remark, with a sigh or yawn, "Well, this is the end of another," and he damns the Kaiser. You people of the States picture us as always in the centre of adventure, a notion gained, no doubt, from war articles and lectures. The truth is that time sometimes hangs heavily on us. Our life at moments closely resembles that of a lumber camp in the heart of our unbroken forest. Our entertainments, discussions, and hopes must come from within. It is remarkable what effect isolation has upon various characters. Some say nothing, others talk continually, and sometimes I wonder where all the flow of wit comes from. There is humor unmistakable in the very air. Somebody is always "the goat" to the huge amusement of the entire camp, and it often strikes me that American humor will win the war. It is the humorous streak in the

Americans which the Continental cannot understand, and which appears to be lacking in all but the French. It also seems to me that Americans are essentially sturdier than all others, though that may be a wrong viewpoint.

To-night a full moon is shining. Across the little valley which we call home, the fog has settled heavily, and through an open space in the trees a patch of meadowland shows clearly, bearing a fancied resemblance to the meadow up on the old homestead, which stretches from the orchard up toward the old Coon House and the top of Brown's Falls slope. Our old friend the hoot owl is still with us in the pines back of the barracks. Everything is quite still, and a casual visitor would never dream he was near the front, while away over on a distant hill I can just distinguish the creaking of a heavy wagon. It is very often like that at night, though generally, when it is so bright, a few *avions* are droning high above.

February 20

THE old barracks to-night are a chaos of sight and sound, for to-morrow we depart a short way back *en repos*. Our journey will not be long and our rest period all too short. We shall always be in striking distance should the unforeseen, if not to say the expected, happens. The ceiling is rocking to the rollicking chorus of "Oceania rolls." Amid the ruins of moving-day we are passing our final night in song. Our cars are loaded and our duffle-bags stand in orderly rows awaiting the command of 9 A.M. to-morrow to let her go. A few minutes after the order, we shall be rolling again to pastures new in a procession, the cars being thirty yards apart. Up at the head, the staff car like a flagship will be making way, a green flag flying to the fore, the international convoy signal.

A convoy under way is a fascinating thing to watch. Should you, the wayside traveller, be halted or turned aside by the flying squadron on wheels, you will notice that first into view looms the staff car, its insistent siren warning all to stand aside. Then with a rush the fleet is

SKETCHES

upon you. Exactly ninety feet apart, the cars rip by. Everything to the last peg and water-can is in its place. There is a marvellous cleanliness apparent in the battered machines. The first division speeds by, and you resume your journey thinking the whole convoy has passed, when, lo and behold! division two is in view, just around the near-by bend. The same sight greets your eyes once more; so you decide wisely to let the dust settle before starting again. Lumbering along in the rear come the heavy trucks with all our possessions and equipment, and rattling bravely at the tail, under a full head of steam, appears the kitchen trailer with the two cooks within working on the next meal. The rush and roar are over, the convoy has passed. If you are curious to know where the excitement all originated, you might go to the cantonment just evacuated, where you would find nothing but an empty shed with not a stick or stone anywhere near to mark the spot where a bunch of soldiers had lived for several months.

The *ambulanciers* are the gipsies of the war. Wherever you go you will see the familiar Ford, either still or moving along, its destination figured in advance. The Ford is a welcome sight to the *poilu*, who detects the well-known rattling cough of its motor at long distances when all is still o' nights. It often happens that this little tin car is his home when he knows that it will get him to some haven of rest. If not too badly hit, he immediately falls asleep when he is put into a Ford. His responsibility is over. Never a word of reproach does he utter if the unlucky driver loses his way or an untimely accident delays his passage for several hours. If able, then out he comes to hold a wrench or be of assistance, and to condole with you over the trouble. Meanwhile, he samples your cigarettes or "best smoking." Time and elements mean nothing to him; why should they, considering whence he has come?

A word about another class. A man in this Section upon arriving gave vent to a sigh of relief and said,

"Well, I'm here. Now start the works. I like excitement, and noise I eat." These and other violent sentiments he exuded from every pore. The next day the wood gang went out for stove fuel to a ruined village, a place where the Boches like to throw over now and then a few fire-crackers just to keep things stirring. Suddenly there was a slow, familiar whistle followed by a scurry of feet, while Mr. Newcomer was left standing alone, smiling scornfully. The whistle ended in a crash and a cloud of flying earth, really not near enough to worry about. But you should have seen that boy! He hit only twice getting to an *abri*, and fell downstairs on the rest of us, skinning his knee. Among other things, he lost his breath, hat, and nerve, and he no longer breathes fire and smoke, but is now a seasoned man—only a blur when running for cover.

In the six months I have been here, I have seen only one man who was apparently without fear of any kind. He was a Frenchman. No one could figure him out until it was discovered that he was stone deaf and troubled with sciatic rheumatism. I think the airmen, though, are totally devoid of nerves. The other day I saw for the first time the famous "falling leaf" executed by a German pilot. It is apparently attempted only by the super-skilful. It is a straight, fluttering tumble with the engine shut off. After a ghastly wait by the onlooker, the thing is completed with a swoop with the engine on at full speed. This flying German had the thing down cold. I have seen the tail-spin, nose-dive, straight dive, the loop, and bottom-up antic, not to mention the straight-up climb and banking on one wing, but that falling-leaf stuff was the last word. I may fly sometime if lucky, but it will be when I can't stand up any longer and St. Peter is ready to look over my passport; for if something busts, and you are a flyer, there is n't a thing to hang on to.

CLARENCE J. GRIFFIN¹

S.S.U. 12

¹ Of Carthage, New York; joined the Field Service in August, 1917; served in Section Twelve under the U.S.A. Ambulance Service.



UNDER WAY—WITH SHELLS FOR THE FRONT



XIX

AMERICAN TROOPS IN PARIS

Paris, June 13, 1917

I WAS present to-night at one of the most wonderful demonstrations I ever hope to see. General Pershing and his staff arrived in Paris this evening, and the reception he got was simply wonderful. On all sides of the Place de l'Opéra thousands and thousands of people were massed, extending way up the Boulevard des Capucines to the Madeleine and the Place de la Concorde. Up to the time of arrival of the motors, the gendarmes were able to keep the crowd back, but once the long train of cars appeared, the crowd closed right in so that it was almost impossible for them to move. It was all simply marvellous — such enthusiasm and excitement. You cannot possibly imagine it, and I cannot half convey the impression I should like to. All the women were tossing flowers of various kinds at the cars, and the girl I was with threw a whole bouquet of roses to General Pershing, who caught them and thanked her. If you can imagine some of this tumult, you cannot possibly conceive of the riot when Joffre's car came along. It was just like bucking a stone wall for his chauffeur to make any progress at all. And after him such a glorious sight — the first American soldiers on French soil! They were, in fact, some little distance behind him, and the crowd had begun to break up, thinking the parade was over. One sight of those trucks, and Charley Isbell and I simply bolted across the square and up onto the running-boards. I can hardly remember what I said, for my heart was in my mouth, but I did some shaking of hands. I shall never, never forget it all.

ROGER P. STONE ¹

¹ Of Providence, Rhode Island; Dartmouth, '17; entered the Field Service May 15, 1917; served with Section Twenty-Eight until he was rejected under army regulations for defective eyesight.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1917

LET me tell you about the Fourth of July in Paris. I ran into a French officer who spoke English, and we proceeded to the wall at the upper end of the Tuileries Gardens, on the corner near the rue de Rivoli down which the troops were to pass. We stood facing the square, with the crowd some seven or eight deep in front of us, while the crowd below was a swarm. Soon, away across the square, there was a stir that suggested "Here they are!" and the sound of French trumpets playing a bugle call told me it was so. Then came the Yankee troops, a battalion in olive drab, without overcoats or full equipment, just belts and their business-like Springfield rifles. Of course, their campaign hats were set at the conventional slant. The boys in the lead, right next to the American band, swung along at a rhythmic clip. Toward the middle the colors were carried. The soldiers came into the square from under the trees at the border, swung in serpentine fashion around the tall Egyptian obelisk and passed almost at my feet into the rue de Rivoli, while the band played "Marching Through Georgia." At the first sight of them the crowd shrieked and cheered and yelled, while "*Vive l'Amérique*" fairly forked through the air like lightning. The throng below, on the level of the march, was jammed in, despite the efforts of the policemen who were kept busy pushing and hauling individuals who wanted to march alongside of the American lads. As the boys came by, an unofficial escort of wounded and French soldiers on furlough joined them. They walked along both sides of the Americans forming a horizon-blue fringe to the khaki picture that has burnt itself into my mind. The informality of the escort, this first expression of *camaraderie* between the fighting forces of these two peoples, the spontaneity of it all — it was wonderful. Pride and suppressed emotion tensed the marchers. They were making history and seemed to know it. As for me, I felt as if a little leaden-

footed devil was running up a ladder between my heart and my ear-drums, knocking on the sides of my head and then scampering down the ladder again. Finally, the boys were unable to march in order, and the last of them lowered their guns and went at route step, a streak of olive drab between two thin lines of the light-blue of their French comrades. Not until they had nearly passed did I notice the French airplane in brand-new war paint, its shiny coat glistening in the bright sunlight—it was a California day for brightness and sweetness of air — dipping to the colors. I did not see the first dip, but saw the second and third. The second was over the heads of the last of the Americans. The air machine tore around the square bobbing and sliding and whizzing this way and that, a graceful exemplification of happiness and excitement.

In front of the *Hôtel de Ville* the Americans were given about ten minutes' rest. Beside them were the French troops. In front of each detachment was its band. To the rear was the sleek mounted Paris guard, which kept the mob back. The place was jammed; a semicircle surrounded the troops. The contrast between the two ranks of soldiers was noticeable. Well-shaved, tanned, broad-shouldered, tight-waisted, supple and lithe, the Americans were standing there in olive drab "unies," with cocked campaign hats and canvas leggings. Grizzled, moustached or bearded, and sometimes both, dressed in heavy horizon blue and crowned with the trench steel helmets, the Frenchmen returned the curious glances of their comrades in arms. In uniform a Frenchman looks broad-waisted and narrow-shouldered. This is due to the arrangement of equipment as well as the cut of the clothes. They appeared like the tried and true veterans that they were — ruddy-faced, heavy-browed, stocky, sterling men. The Yankees looked business-like, clean-cut, square-jawed, but light and young, unbearded, and still in possession of the first flush of young, unspent manhood. Our boys, too, had a modest air about them,

and even appeared somewhat embarrassed with it all, and I thought I detected some who would much rather have seen less fuss, though none, of course, seemed bored. The ovation was too genuine and the feeling too intoxicating. In the meanwhile the bands were exchanging tunes, and when the orders came to proceed and the French shouldered arms, their rifles looked for all the world like a stage flower-garden suddenly popped up in the middle of things, for the rifle ends were stuck with flowers, mostly in red, white, and blue bunches. The Americans had the same; in fact all the soldiers had flowers and the officers, too, who wore them in their belts and on the pommels of their saddles. They then went from the *Hôtel de Ville* to the cemetery which holds the dust of Lafayette.

EDWARD D. KNEASS¹

S.S.U. 10

XX

WAR THOUGHTS

YESTERDAY, when the dense, dark, massive clouds drove on, and the storm swept us with a speed exceeded only by the lightning of our massed artillery, I thought to write in defence of the war-life; for man placed in the midst of its immense forces, has enlarged his contracted self, until he has learned to rejoice at hurling himself out there where all his powers are employed and augmented. He learns what resources lay slumbering in his being, until the inspiration and intensity of really great tasks roused them into action. The true warrior knows not how to trifle with work or life. Than this, there is nothing greater to be known.

Such a warrior — four such — I carried one night over

¹ Of San Francisco; Leland Stanford, '18; joined the Field Service in June, 1917; served in Section Ten; subsequently with the American Red Cross mission to Serbia; later an *Aspirant* in the French Artillery.

a perilous road to the field hospital. We reached it after a long and hard trip. The *blessés* were tired and in pain. It was dark as I helped them to descend, but I think I could see the thanks glowing from their faces. I came to the fourth, one of those French heroes advanced in years. His foot was severed and in spite of all his efforts not to be a burden, I had to carry him. Like those spirited war horses who are heart-broken when disabled, so seemed this grand old defender of his country. Yet a hero's spirit bends but does not break, as I knew when through his tears came these words, "*C'est pour la France.*" Tell me, if other than war has brought to earth these heavenly traits living in ten thousands of hearts. Over such heroes' graves might well be inscribed an epitaph in the spirit of that one written by Simonides — words inspired by and made immortal by the deeds of those Greeks who fell at Plataea — "If to die nobly be the chief part of excellence, to us of all men Fortune gave this lot: for hastening to set a crown of freedom on Hellas, we lie possessed of praise that grows not old."

Not only has war its pleasures of work but also of relaxation. These are mostly like what we turned to in our few moments of natural living which even the rush of civilization grudgingly afforded, such as childhood and camping. But here they mean far more. I shall never forget a bit of space down in Champagne, enclosed by rough unpainted boards, and cheese-cloth in the window frames; for there during a few months grew up a life, associations, comradeship, which made those barracks more to us than a palace. What congenial evenings we used to spend after we had washed the supper dishes and cut the wood for the evening fire! We read, talked, played games, sang until the retiring signal which meant ten minutes more of candlelight. Then we sought our hand-made beds, and dreamily watched the firelight flickering on the rude walls, heard the crackling in the stove, enjoyed the wind or rain or guns, until all blended joined by memory's varied scenes to form the

texture of dreams. What better atmosphere for the growing up of true friendships — simple natural life, and a common danger.

1918

R. B.

S.S.U. 12

XXI

FRAGMENTS FROM FOUR SECTORS

A Night in the Somme

THE sky grows overcast, and rain begins to fall. The roads become a mass of oozy mud. The night is pitch black. You stand by your car at the roadside and watch the columns of worn little men plodding back toward the line — horses and men silhouetted against the lurid background of the sky. Here and there a light flickers where a *poilu* relights his pipe. The columns of troops seem endless, but you continue to watch, held by an irresistible fascination. You can never forget the sight of a battery sweeping, at a trot, down the hill in front of you. The soldiers' faces are lit up by the glare of your lights. Stiffly astride their sweating, mud-caked horses, they are fine-looking types, their greatcoats buttoned tightly up over their chins, their helmets glistening with the rain, their equipment bouncing over their shoulders. A brief rush and clatter, then in an instant they have disappeared into the darkness.

A Glimpse of the Verdun Region

The weather was icy. The first week of December brought snowstorms and cold, bitter winds. The scenery was mournful. The black, charred tree-stumps, where once had been forests, shell-holes filled with greenish, stagnant water, the tattered camouflage, torn away except for ragged, dragged strips which flapped weirdly in the wind, the dead horses, wrecked wagons, and overturned caissons along the way — all contributed to make

SKETCHES

the hills and roads desolate. At night the whole sky was a living mass of crimson flashes.

The Peace of Wartime in the Argonne

It was a marvellously sunny day in the Argonne, one of those spring days that make you want to bask in the warm sun. We spent the afternoon dozing and day-dreaming on the warm grass, or else gazed at the German aviators, who flew over the village of Clermont for the greater part of the afternoon. They looked like tiny white specks against the clear blue sky. Circling high in glittering security, beyond reach of the anti-aircraft shells, they spun their wary course. Toward dusk — as if tired from their day's tedious task — they turned back toward their own lines, drooping down the sky out of sight in the haze of early evening, leaving a pale star or two gleaming in their place.

While Soissons is Retaken

Every road and by-path is choked with traffic. Toward Soissons marches an endless stream of dusty blue-clad infantry. Big guns are hauled along by bigger tractors. Tanks clank, bump, and grumble over the shell-gutted roads. Battery after battery of light guns files past. *Ravitaillement* wagons lumber close behind. A patrol of cavalry dashes by. Ambulances in convoy are trying to work their way around the slow, munition-laden *camions*. Everything points in one direction. Soissons is being retaken by the French. A long growling sound fills the air. It is the snarl of the French *barrage*. Down in the next village big guns are blazing away, and the acrid smell of powder fills your nostrils. You catch a glimpse of artillerymen, stripped to the waist, serving the guns. At regular intervals a German shell screeches into the village and explodes with a dull, crumbling thud.

HENRY G. CROSBY ¹

¹ Of Boston; Harvard, '20; served with Section Seventy-One and later in the U.S.A. Ambulance Service.

XXII

SERVING WITH THE FRENCH

IMMEDIATELY after America declared war on Germany there was a great deal of talk, the purport of which was that we should study the actions of the Allies, that we should avoid their errors; in short, that we should profit by their experiences. Never was wiser advice given.

We who have been so closely allied with the French have time and time again been saved from disaster by this connection with them. It must be admitted that often it was not our following their advice, but their interposing, that saved us from embarrassing situations. Concrete examples will best show in what respect this is true.

There have often been incidents like the following: A convoy of American-driven trucks approached a long stretch of road behind the front, and started down its length. Out ran a short, hairy-faced *poilu*. "*N'allez pas là-bas. Très dangereux. Obus. Z-z-z-z, pouf! Pas bon.*" The road looked so peaceful; trees stood at frequent intervals; it surely was out of sight of the lines. And what a smooth, hard road it was. Why, we simply could n't miss such easy — *Woomp, Whee-e-e, Whang!* A shell landed fifty yards down the road. The convoy was ordered to turn, while the little, serious-faced Frenchman pointed to a speck on the horizon, which was immediately recognized as an ever-watchful German observation balloon, which had already spied the convoy. "*Je n'aime pas voir les américains tués. Avez-vous cigarette américaine? Merci. Au revoir.*"

So it has been. They have warned us against shells, mud, precipitation. They have shown us the reason for convoy rules. An American is impetuous. At the front he wants to "up and at him." On a truck he wants to pass everything in sight. But the Frenchman has taught that, in passing a long convoy, a truck may get

stuck, and in the twinkling of an eye the road is blocked, there is a blockade of traffic in both directions, and the tangle makes a wonderful target for hostile artillery.

The solicitude of the French has not been for military reasons alone. There is a real feeling between the soldiers of the two nations. The Frenchman believes in the American. He relies on his good faith, and omits to stop him at every turn, as he does his compatriots, to ask for a pass. If he can share his *pinard*, he will. If he can be of any service whatever to him, he will insist upon doing what he can. In administrative work it is the same. Our business methods, our organization schemes, differ from those of the French, particularly in that they are formed for our faster life, the quickened pace of our business world. It naturally is hard for the French to understand the why's and wherefore's of the things we introduce, and often what we do appears foolhardy to them. Yet few occasions have arisen when they have not trusted to our knowledge and have granted changes, conceded points, and given us free rein in subjects which they regard as sacred custom.

We can truthfully say that we have never quarrelled: a rare condition even among allies. We are a race little known and little understood by the French; a race that has been alone with itself, and has thus broken away from what in Europe are regarded as rock-bound rules. We have developed new lines of thought and action, freer and bigger, broader and more liberal, than many of those of our French friends. We have burst in upon the French with our big ideas, our vehemence, our assurance, our newness, and, though somewhat bewildered, they have submitted cheerfully, have received us with open arms, have corrected our errors instead of shrugging their shoulders as they might well have done.

The men of the *Réserve Mallet* have observed this more than any other American unit. Living and working with them day and night, sharing perils and hardships, toiling through the terrors of the retreat, and pushing

joyfully forward in the great offensives, they have learned to understand each other as only comrades can. No American army organization has been closer to the French than the *Réserve*, and no unit can have felt the *camaraderie*, the inter-feeling, more. Ever since the first contingent of American Field Service men came into the Automobile Service, the mutual good impression has been growing. We have been as one, for both sides have adapted themselves to the ways of the other — and it is well so, when two beings are fighting for the same cause.

The gameness and spirit of the *poilus*, the pluck and good courage of their women, the cleverness and prettiness of the little boys and girls, have won the American heart — even as our “pep” and initiative have aroused French admiration.

Now we see the truth of the statement that has often been made: “Every man has two countries: his own, and France.”

FREDERICK W. KURTH¹

Réserve Mallet

XXIII

“CE N’EST PAS NOUS — C’EST LES POILUS!”²

IMAGINE our bewilderment when in our first flush of enthusiasm we encountered that stoic bundle of war-weariness — the *poilu*. The blue overcoats were our chief object of curiosity and we were eager to get acquainted. This was not a difficult matter, for he was just as interested in us, and everywhere we met — in the

¹ Of Roxbury, Massachusetts; Harvard, '18; joined the *camion* branch of the Field Service in July, 1917; later a Sergeant in the U.S. Motor Transport Corps.

² EDITOR'S FOOTNOTE: — In reading this sketch one should bear in mind that it was written toward the end of the War, and that it depicts for the most part the old *reservists*, who had been called out to take the places of the younger French soldiers, over a million of whom were already “under the soil,” and more than another million of whom had been withdrawn from the active army on account of wounds.



"C'EST LES POILUS"



SKETCHES

cafés, at the front, or in the villages — there was mutual cordiality.

Heaven only knows what we had expected of him. We thought he would be excitable, impulsive, and a trifle effeminate — a combination of what we had seen in French cooks and in the foreign nobility of the stage. And he was none of these things. We had looked for a lot of heroics and war avidity that we did n't find.

He is a little man with drooping, uneven moustaches, and wears his overcoat even in the heat of summer. He regards us at first a bit warily.

"*Anglais ou américain?*"

"American," we state with pride.

There is an obvious brightening.

"Ah," he exclaims, "*vous êtes américain?* Since how much of time are you in France?"

The answer depends altogether on the imagination of the interviewed, but the usual exaggeration is something like three or four months on the truth. It later increases until the American (who has become sure of his ground) has been a volunteer since — well, practically the beginning. But in any case the following lament is sure to succeed in one form or another. It has with its variations become a classic.

"Oh, four months — for you; but for us four years of war! That's long, *mon ami*. Huh, four years, that's hard, *n'est-ce pas?* *Moi*, I was at the Marne, on the Somme, at Verdun, *vous comprenez*; wounded three times, and never even sick enough to be evacuated — *jamais, jamais, jamais!* France is very tired, *très fatiguée*, and it is always us, *toujours la France*. *Ah, la guerre est terrible!* For how much longer do you think it will last?"

It is accompanied by intonations and gestures that are impossible to reproduce in the telling. French is not merely spoken anyhow — it is inflected and gesticulated as well, and conveys a delicacy of meaning not known to English.

There is not much to answer. You tell him you think

it will be over very soon now, because the Americans are coming to finish it up, *tout de suite*. Yes, you have that much crust.

"How many of *américains* are there in France now?" he asks.

"I don't know — a great many; and there will be three millions by spring," you lie.

With that he will appear much encouraged and will pass to other subjects. He'll ask if you have *permissions* in America; how much you are paid; how long it takes to get a letter from New York (which he naturally supposes to be your home); and will inquire after some relative of his in San Francisco or Montreal. He will show you a picture of himself *en civil* or his *fiancée*, or perhaps a snapshot of his father and eight brothers — the kind of photographs we've seen in family albums — all stiff and slick with a pillar or a waterfall in the background. Upon request, or without invitation if you are in a *buvette*, he will sing you the thirty-seven verses of a regimental song, and if by this time you have n't offered him a cigarette, he will ask for one and maybe offer you a swig of *pinard* in return. After this he tells you that it is *première ligne* for him to-morrow, and shaking hands he is off rather dejectedly.

The next *poilu* you meet has come to sell you a *briquet* or a *souvenir*, or perhaps to beg some gasoline; in which latter case he will have a tiny flask in evidence and after you have brought out the *essence*, he will produce a bottle from behind his back that requires filling also. To all demurring on official grounds, he has the brisk reply that "*Ça ne fait rien*," and it is irrefutable. Directly he has his will he starts interrogating.

"Since how much of time are you in France?" he says, and follows it up with a recitation on the drawbacks of a lengthy war, and asks you how long you think it will last and so forth to the end of the rigmarole.

It is the same with the next *poilu* and with the next, until you answer the whole *questionnaire* automatically

and with the same precision as the chess-player who sees three moves ahead. From that moment on you will never stop making public predictions on the end of the war, nor will you forget for an instant the exact space of time you have been in France — no matter how luridly you lie about it.

Exception must be made, however, for the shock troops. Speak to a stalwart, jaunty *chasseur* or to a zouave in khaki with his red fez, and you will find that he does not care how long you've been in France and that he would be openly sceptical if you told him America was going to win the war. He'd tell you that it was not America but the zouaves; for his faith is with his pride — in his regiment.

"It is we," he says, "the zouaves, who will attack. We always do. We do not hold the line — we make it. The Boches are all afraid of us, it is always '*Kamerad, Kamerad,*' and they get out their watches and souvenirs so that we won't kill them. We shall fight, we shall advance, and after that — *allez — heup! — le grand repos!* Our losses will be heavy, but we shall not care. *Paris, n'est-ce pas?*" he concludes with a sly twinkle.

"Yes," you reply, "we have heard you are very good fighters, but the *chasseurs*, they are good, too, are n't they?"

"Yes," he will admit grudgingly, "the *chasseurs* are good — but they are not so good as the zouaves. *C'est nous, les zouaves*, who are the best," he states complacently, "and it is we the Fourth (the First, the Sixth, as the case may be) who are the best zouaves."

He is quite in earnest and there are few who would undertake to dissuade him — unless it might be a *chasseur*. To see a zouave and a *chasseur* disputing supremacy would hardly be a pretty sight, but there are cases when it has been done.

In our wanderings about the rear we meet the men of many nations — Serbians, Belgians, and Portuguese; Russians and Annamites, and Chinese road laborers; and

sometimes Arab horsemen with their beautiful spirited stallions. But they are all foreign to our confines; they are the curiosities, and we never get to know them as we do our *poilu*, with whom they have little in common.

But in order to get a proper conception of the *poilu* we must first inquire into two points that are inseparably associated in our minds with him — *pinard* and *briquets*.

Pinard is probably the most important item in the *poilu's* existence. Without it he can do nothing. And there is a saying in the French Army, "*Pas de pinard — pas de soldat*" — which is literally true. It is his substitute for drinking-water, and he uses it as such — with meals and between them, when he rises or goes to bed, and before initiating any consequential action he prepares the way with a "*coup de pinard*." It is his solace, his comfort, and his necessity — all in the same bottle. And its purchasing power in the way of a bribe is incredible. If the United States had desired to lend an immediate and telling aid at the outstart, she could not have done better than to furnish the price of a double ration of *pinard* for the *poilus*. It would have shortened the war several months.

There are favored beings in the Army who deal exclusively in *pinard*. It is brought up by train to the centres of *ravitaillement*, and here these fortunates have charge of distributing it to the various services. It is done in the following manner. The cask is turned on its side and a hose inserted at the bung. Then some happy volunteer applies his mouth to the nozzle and creates violent suction resulting in a syphon. And often the miscreant neglects to withdraw his lips in time to avoid the purple onrush, much to the discontent of a throng of envious *attachés* who are ever in attendance — either to see there is fair play or in the hopes of sharing in the residue.

Thus the *pinard* is doled out in proper proportion and it is taken by wagon or truck to the close proximity of the front, whence, transferred to *bidon* carriers, it finds its way into dugout and shelter — the very life-blood of the

trenches, restoring, reviving, and building up new hope and energy for the conflict. In this way is the battle-line nourished and kept vigorous and vital. *Pinard* has been responsible for most of the great victories of the war, and when the end shall come and freedom is established transcendent in the world, it will be to *pinard*, as it were, that it owes its security. On such homely institutions do the destinies of mankind hang!

But if *pinard* is the *poilu's* sustenance, *briquets* are his employment and support. His salary of five sous per day is not sufficiently princely to keep him in the luxury to which he becomes hardened. As a consequence he resorts to the manufacture of *briquets* in the many hours of idleness that fall to the lot of every *poilu*.

The *briquet* is not as formidable an article as it sounds in French. It is merely an ingeniously devised gasoline cigar-lighter, generally made from empty cartridges, and decorated with buttons or bellicose stamped designs or ladies in the nude. It consists of a container for *essence* filled with cotton, a flint and steel in pinwheel arrangement, and a wick to catch the spark. Its principal virtues are that it is easily lost, that it gets out of order quickly, and that it is almost indispensable to life at the front. The *poilu* spends a world of labor in the construction of *briquets* and a power of time in peddling them. When he is not thus occupied, he is out getting in a supply of *essence* from the automobilists that he meets. The price of a *briquet* varies according to the *poilu's* estimate of the buyer's generosity, and this with Americans is generally exorbitant. For there is a widespread impression throughout the whole of shop-keeping and peddling France that Americans are *très riches* — an impression gathered from the behavior of pre-war tourists, which the improvident squandering of the American soldiers has done nothing to dispel.

Just lately there have been many factory-made *briquets* put on the market, justly regarded by the *poilus* as inferior imitations — more unreliable, if anything,

than the original. They mostly take the form of the fuse *briquet*, whose most dependable function is to ignite the pocket, when not properly extinguished after using. So when you observe a comrade unsuspectingly walking along with smouldering nether garments, you are sure of seeing him suddenly come to life and start frantically clawing a yard or so of orange cord from his pocket.

But any sort of *briquet* is more or less of a frost unless you employ a couple of mechanics to keep it in operation. The main thing is that it affords the *poilus* a technically legal livelihood. To be sure, they deal to some extent in hand-carved walking-sticks, in decorated brass vases made from shell-cases, and in other knickknacks. And after an attack they grow dizzily affluent upon the proceeds from Boche helmets, iron crosses, automatics, field-glasses, and such-like loot that they collect. But all the while the *briquet*, undisturbed, maintains its superiority as a medium of trading and will retain it to the end.

The *poilu* expends his hard-earned wealth at the *coopérative*, a canteen which trails each division at a respectful distance. It is usually out of candles, tobacco, matches, cigarettes, eggs, wine, jam, and chocolate. It is run by morbid *poilus* who make no profits on their wares and are therefore not interested in making sales. They take wicked delight in telling you they're out of anything. In fact the motto of the *coopérative* is, "*Il n'y en a plus — demain — peut-être.*" On the other hand, there are some very complete *coopératives* where you can always buy good wines and champagne. Prices are always reasonable, and they sell impartially, alike to officers and men, and even to Americans.

But to get back to the *poilu* himself. Because you have heard him talk, don't think that you know him. It will take you months of careful observation, and even then you will probably never fathom his endless capabilities.

He is a most disappointing, nay, even fraudulent pessimist. Though he likes to preserve his attitude of discouragement, he is easily thrown into the highest pitch

of *esprit* and will fling himself into an attack with an *élan* that is not known to other troops — either in language or performance. Despite what the soldiers of other nations may (and constantly do) tell you of their own excellence, and despite what the *poilu* will tell you in his own disfavor, there is n't any question—he's the finest soldier in the war. Actually he knows it, no matter how convincingly he may dwell upon his own deficiencies.

The fact is that he knows not self-consciousness nor affectation. This is a quality of the race. Though he loves to descant on his hardships and experiences, it is not for his personal glory that he tells them. He does n't care what you think of him — you take him as he is, for he does n't "put on." Notwithstanding his whole-souled delight in medals and decorations, and, at appropriate times, in spectacular military formalities; still, at bottom, he estimates all these things at their actual value — which is to say, practically nothing.

His secret is just this: he takes nothing too seriously, least of all himself. This is a characteristic of the French that seems wholly absent in Americans, who must needs be in dead earnest even about such a ridiculous business as making moving-picture comedies, or intensely absorbed in so shallow a pastime as baseball. We do not object to being foolish, but why be so infernally earnest about it? But the French are not so shallow as to be solemnly illusioned.

In truth, a well-seasoned *poilu* is about the wisest and least credulous being the world has yet produced. Put a man under imminent peril of death for an indefinite period, subject him to a life of restraint and petty distresses, and in addition kill his two brothers, wound him a couple of times, and call out his father into service; then have his family turned out of their home, and, as the least of his troubles, have his wife prove faithless in his absence; let him endure all this, add a number of minor chagrins, and you will not expect to greet an idealist when he comes to talk with you. This accounts

for the great number of realists among *poilus*. For the *poilu* is faced by an array of rather uncompromising facts, and the broader, more pastoral aspects of the war, such as we might examine, say, from the notebooks of an historian, are apt to escape his notice. He sees more tangible issues than the advent of universal peace or the welfare of democracy. And phraseology, no matter how oratorically admirable, is likely to make little impression upon him.

Then all the more marvellous are his tenacity and fortitude. Taken in groups the *poilus* are always good-natured and overflowing with pleasantries. And never do we pass a column of footsore *poilus* going into line that some one of them, recognizing us as Americans, does not call out, "Yes!" "Oh, very good!" or, on the blackest of nights, "Good-day." This is enjoyed by all, for to the *poilu* English is the most humorous of tongues.

The *poilu* possesses refinements of character that seem impossible to one of his class, and which, indeed, are wanting in the corresponding classes of another country. He is almost invariably polite, not in a superficial or obsequious manner, but with genuine disinterest, because it is a part of his nature. There is no extent to which he will not go to minister to your comfort. He will deprive himself to assist you. And in speaking to you or to other *poilus*, he is pleasant and considerate, and there are a hundred niceties of deportment that are natural with him that put our American thoughtlessness to shame.

"Pardon," "Thank you," "If you please," and, "Do not trouble yourself," instinctively rise to his lips at the proper moment, and again, I repeat, he is neither effeminate nor affected in his conduct. Whether you are entering a room or he is offering you a drink of something, it is you that precede, although in the latter case he pours just a drop in his own cup first that he may get the bits of cork if there be any.

He would not think of starting either business or con-

versation without first *bonjour*-ing and shaking hands, nor of taking leave without *au-revoir*-ing and doing the same. His hand-shake, be it admitted, is not the hearty grip we're used to, since, owing to the frequency of the operation, it has become a lifeless manipulation, in order, no doubt, to preserve the cuticle of the palm. It is estimated that in the course of a normal day a given *poilu* will have shaken hands something over two thousand times; that is, when he is not in the trenches, where I'm told he is obliged to cut down the average to discharge his duties assigned. Here, according to regulation, if you care to believe it, he must confine his manual intercourse to the members of his own company, but should any one else happen along, it is certain that the *poilu* could not be prevented from performing the fitting formality.

The *poilu's* most captivating as well as his most admirable quality is his independence, his initiative, his individualism. It is at once the cause of his virtues and his failings, the latter, without saying, a feeble minority.

The *poilu*, unlike the ordinary flock of mortals, demands to know why. He refuses to be herded, nor will he be put off with ambiguous phrases. If he does n't understand, or if he does n't agree, no power is strong enough to enforce his coöperation. He will get around it somehow. On the contrary, once he has received satisfactory enlightenment, he can be trusted to carry on to the last ditch. But he will do it in his own way.

The *poilu*, exact antithesis of the Boche, does not fit into a machine. He will not be bound by petty restrictions, and will not perform the unnecessary for the mere sake of obedience. It is often a source of wonder that, in spite of an obvious lack of system, the *poilu* gets things done so well and thoroughly — as he always does. The reason is this: he knows what must be done and he puts his soul into it. Whether he uses the best or even the easiest method is of no importance — he gets it done. What matters is that he has done it the way he wanted to.

Every *poilu* has his own ideas (he does not parrot what's been told him) and is fond of defending them. He is always a partisan in the smallest matters, and is quick to take sides. Thus, you never hear a dogmatic statement made among *poilus* that somebody does not respond, "*Mais non, mon vieux*," and proceed to set the speaker aright. All *poilus* present immediately become actively interested in the dispute, and the environment resounds with a competitive chorus of "*Mais non's*" and "*Mais si's*" until the question is finally settled — by every one retaining his original views. It is not a combative or antagonistic spirit that prompts such debates so much as a pure love of argument. For the *poilu* is blest with that rarest of qualities — toleration. He is as ready to recognize the merits of others as he is to perceive their shortcomings; and even toward the Boche he preserves an attitude of indulgent amusement rather than of violent hatred. Every one has been misinformed of the French excitability, and every one should be disabused of the idea. In matters of moment there is no one more calm and unconcerned than the *poilu*. He goes into battle munching a piece of bread or humming a tune. There is nothing ostentatious in his bravery either, for he fights with his intellect and with an intuition that none but he possesses. He does n't take chances unless he has to, and he knows when he has to and takes them superbly. No, it is the insignificant that excites him.

It is owing to his weakness for argument that French lack of organization is so exaggerated. When nothing very important is at stake, at least three times the number of *poilus* required are always found occupied with any particular job, be it the skinning of a dead horse or the righting of an overturned *pinard* wagon. There will be perhaps four active participants and a dozen or so onlookers. Of these the spectators, who are omnipresent at even the most trivial operations near the front, are by no means the least disconcerting. Their comments are always pungent and to the point; but they

are always eager, too, with their irrelevant suggestions and their assistance. No task is ever completed by the method with which it is begun. The most roundabout is adopted and gives way to less complicated processes, until, after a dozen or more amateur directors have tried out their theories, they hit upon the most simple, and lo, it is performed.

Take the case of the overturned *pinard* wagon. The four *poilus* assigned to the job stand for some moments in rueful contemplation of the catastrophe. They remark on the untoward event each in his own style, with many "*Bon Dieu's*" and probably a few witticisms on the subject of a possible diminution of the daily *pinard* ration. Next they take up and discuss the cause of the accident, and when this has been settled to their liking, they will likely argue the advisability of tapping the barrel for a bit of refreshment. But by this time too large an audience has gathered to admit of such irregularity and they wisely defer it to a more opportune moment.

In the meantime each has formulated a scheme of procedure. The first sets out to procure blocks and levers from the woods; the second bethinks himself of a rope; the third of a horse; while the fourth sets about repairing an imaginary leak in the neighborhood of the bung, with no particular purpose, except the hope, who knows? that he may start a real one.

During the interim the spectators indulge in a lively discussion. One faction claims, under the leadership of a small, wizened territorial, that the barrel is so firmly lodged in the ditch that nothing short of a steam derrick can remove it; but an unusually burly *poilu*, with an accent of the *Midi*, maintains that he himself with the aid of two others could set the vehicle upright, and repeats, as a conclusive proof of his ability, that there are no steam derricks to be had. The talk then degenerates into personal remarks as to the length and angle of moustaches, and by way of retaliation the recounting of similar incidents in which the boastful one had failed.

"*Peut-être c'est gelé,*" suggests another; but this only incites an argument as to whether or not it is cold enough to freeze *pinard* in November. Examination shows that this *pinard* is not frozen, and the unfortunate who is responsible for the theory is laughed to scorn, even though he protests that it would have been frozen in Savoy. "In Savoy, *oui*, but not *ici*," is the verdict and the subject is dropped.

Besides, the original *entrepreneurs* have now returned, and have begun, each irrespective of the others, the prosecution of the separate plans. One secures his rope to the wheel and the other endeavors to block up the barrel with logs that he has brought for the purpose. The third is devoting his entire energies to the horse, who is balking. He flies at the animal with an outburst of rapid-fire profanity, accompanied by vigorous jerks of the bridle. The horse, quite habituated to this treatment, merely sets himself more firmly, and waggles his head in defiance. The *poilu* then resorts to other tactics, and with a fresh set of expletives to aid him, he starts punching the beast in the ribs, and after a period of blinking and rolling of the eyes the quadruped realizes his disadvantage, and signifies his willingness to proceed by submissive snortings.

By this time all eyes are again on the wagon. The rope gives way under the strain; the blocks prove ineffective; and the horse is even more superfluous. After a consultation, it devolves upon the fourth *poilu*, who has been practically a noncombatant, up to this point. He propounds the idea of lifting it out by hand, and with the help of the burly *poilu* from the *Midi* and another volunteer, the wagon is easily rolled from the ditch.

Just at this moment the driver of the vehicle appears as claimant to the horse, which had been taken without his knowledge while he was looking for help in a neighboring *buvette*. General good-nature succeeds. And the upshot of it is that the barrel is tapped and a portion of *pinard* is served out all around.

SKETCHES

This closes the incident, but the extraordinary part of it is that had the case been an urgent one, any one of these *poilus* would have accomplished it in half the time.

Yes, the *poilu*, irresponsible, kindly, human individualist that he is, comes pretty near to being the only ideal that this war of misdirected energy has brought to our knowledge. We who have associated with him, and witnessed with equal wonder his endurance in adversity and his *esprit* in success, have come to look upon him with a certain reverence. And we have come to love him. But call him a "Frog" or sneer at his supremacy, and you are our enemies thenceforth.

Poilu, à la votre — may the *pinard* crop never diminish!

LANSING WARREN ¹

1918

S.S.U. 70

¹ Of Los Angeles, California; Leland Stanford, '17; joined the Field Service in June, 1917; served with Section Seventy, and subsequently in the U.S. Army Ambulance Service; author with R. A. Donaldson of *En Repos and Elsewhere*.





Poems

UN BLESSÉ À MONTAUVILLE

"*Un blessé à Montauville — urgent!*"

Calls the sallow-faced *téléphoniste*.

The night is as black as hell's black pit,

There's snow on the wind in the east.

There's snow on the wind, there's rain on the wind,

The cold's like a rat at your bones;

You crank your car till your soul caves in,

But the engine only moans.

The night is as black as hell's black pit;

You feel your crawling way

Along the shell-gutted, gun-gashed road —

How — only God can say.

The "Hundred-twenties" and "Seventy-fives"

Are bellowing on the hill;

They're playing at bowls with big trench-mines

Down at the Devil's mill.

Christ! Do you hear that shrapnel tune

Twang through the frightened air?

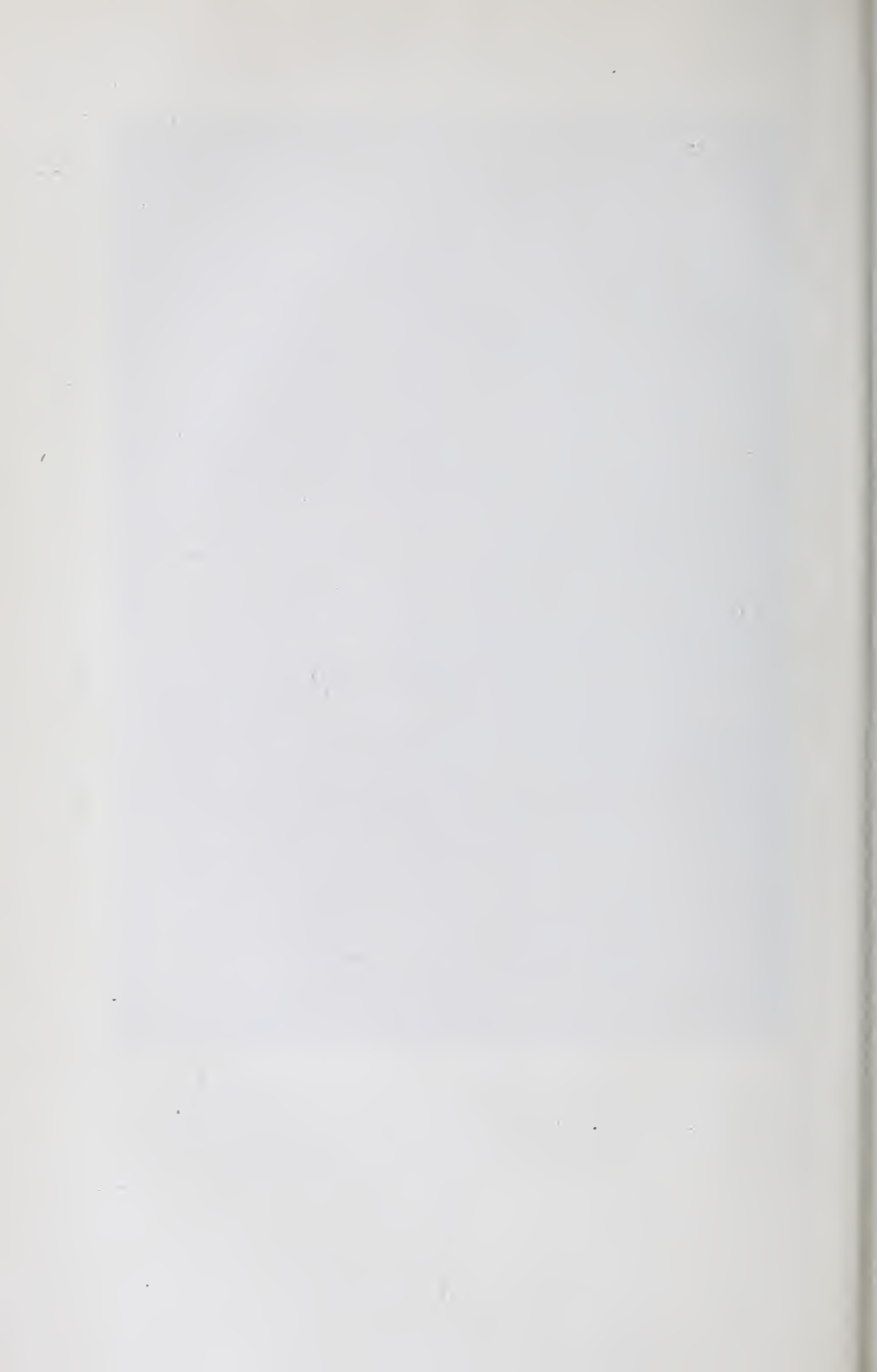
The *Boches* are shelling on Montauville —

They're waiting for you up there!



Painted by Charles Hoffbauer

ENDLESS CONVOYS PLODDING THROUGH THE NIGHT



"*Un blessé — urgent?* Hold your lantern up
While I turn the damned machine!
Easy, just lift him easy now!
Why, the fellow's face is green!"

"*Oui, ça ne dure pas longtemps, tu sais.*"
"Here, cover him up — he's cold!
Shove the stretcher — it's stuck! That's it — he's in!"
Poor chap, not twenty years old.

"*Bonsoir, messieurs — à tout à l'heure!*"
And you feel for the hell-struck road.
It's ten miles off to the surgery,
With Death and a boy for your load.

Praise God for that rocket in the trench,
Green on the ghastly sky —
That *camion* was dead ahead!
Let the *ravitaillement* by!

"*Courage, mon brave!* We're almost there!"
God, how the fellow groans —
And you'd give your heart to ease the jolt
Of the ambulance over the stones.

Go on, go on, through the dreadful night —
How — only God He knows!
But now he's still! Aye, it's terribly still
On the way a dead man goes.

"Wake up, you swine asleep! Come out!
Un blessé — urgent — damned bad!"
A lamp streams in on the blood-stained white
And the mud-stained blue of the lad.

"*Il est mort, m'sieu!*" "So the poor chap's dead?"
Just there, then, on the road
You were driving a hearse the hell-black night,
With Death and a boy for your load.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

O dump him down in that yawning shed,
A man at his head and feet;
Take off his ticket, his clothes, his kit,
And give him his winding sheet.

It's just another *poilu* that's dead;
You've hauled them every day
Till your soul has ceased to wonder and weep
At war's wild wanton play.

He died in the winter dark, alone,
In a stinking ambulance,
With God knows what upon his lips —
But in his heart was France!

EMERY POTTLE, S.S.U. 2

Pont-à-Mousson
December, 1915

THE DEATH FIRES

LIKE sheet-lightning on the horizon
Glow the death fires;
Flashing, flickering, leaping from cloud to cloud,
Now dying.

Faster, faster, higher, higher
Dance the death fires.
Flames of hate, flames of destruction,
Sudden death.

Like a far-off thunderstorm
Comes, borne on the evening breeze,
The gun's chant.
Dully rumbling, sullenly muttering;

Now faint, now loudly menacing,
A diapason of death.

S. C. DOOLITTLE, S.S.U. 68

THE BOYS WHO NEVER GREW UP

To the Foreign Legion

If the bowl be of gold and the liquor of flame,
What if poison lie in the cup?
If the maiden be fair — our soul's in the game,
If her kisses be death — we'll kiss just the same
Sang the Legion of Boys Who Never Grew Up.

Blind with the blindness of Youth, but, with all of it,
Clearer of vision than seers! The refrain
"France is beset" smote their ears, and the call of it
Woke the boy dreamers from Nippon to Spain,
Boers from the Veldt, and Hidalgos from Aragon,
Cowmen from Argentine, Yankees from Maine,
Race of the Cæsars from Venice to Taragon
Rallied to France, to play soldier again.

Under the Tri-color, long khaki files of them,
Through the Étoile, down the Champs-Élysées
Marched, while grisettes blew their kisses to miles of
them,
And only the old brushed the tear-stains away,
Out where the crows spread their ominous pinions
Shadowing France from Nancy to Fay,
Singing, they marched 'gainst the Kaiser's gray
minions —
Singing the song of Boyhood at play.

If the bowl be of gold and the liquor of flame,
What if poison lie in the cup?
If the maiden be fair — our soul's in the game,
If her kisses be death — we'll kiss just the same,
Sang the Legion of Boys Who Will Never Grow
Up!

CHARLES LAW WATKINS, S.S.U. 8

SINGS THE SHELL OF A SEVENTY-FIVE

I SING of Freedom and I strike for Right!
And, guided by my Mentors, mark the way
For France, though Nature's forces fain would stay
My death-ensuing, vict'ry winning flight.
One fear impelling voyage, existence o'er
One blow for France — from comrades many more.

'T is early morn, perhaps, or bright noontide,
Perhaps the Sun has travelled to the night.
Command is giv'n, a chance to "Strike for Right."
Unleashed, assured, I sail th' ethereal tide.
My port? A *ravitaillement* camp; a trench;
An *avion*; a battery's fire to quench.

'T is Dark! The Lady Moon, concealing tears
Behind a cloudy kerchief, will not see
The Folly that has made our hosts to be.
She knows a moment's silence — and appears.
We chant in chorus — men and earth are flung!
She sees — and goes — again our chant is sung.

I sing of Freedom and I strike for Right!
A son, a blow for loyal France who dares.
And, strong of heart, Her mighty arm She bares
Nor rests, nor falters, bound to win the fight.
France! Loving all — and victimized by Might!
France sings of Freedom and France strikes for Right!

EWEN MACINTYRE, S.S.U. 2

A SERMON FOR YOUNG SOLDIERS

YOUNG men of ours, whom go ye forth to seek?
— *The self-styled Cæsar who enslaves the weak.*
How may ye summon him? — *Our guns shall speak.*

Behind his hosts he cowers out of reach.
— *But we have pledged our lives, each unto each,
In that strong living wall to make a breach.*

Last sacrifice of all is life, yet least
Unless ye losing it, so quell the Beast;
Else make ye but more fodder for his feast.

— *Fear not. Are we not all things, being brave?
More precious gifts than life we go to save,
And know no choice but victory or the grave.*

God give you victory, brave gentlemen.
The Hun ye fear not, and 'tis well; but then
Ye shall not face that foeman one in ten,

But must in humbler service learn — how hard! —
To work unknown, unhonored, and unscarred,
To watch, inactive yet on constant guard,

To wait — the hardest task of all! — to wait
The call that may come never, or too late,
To wait in vain, in vain importunate.

To wait, to watch, to work far from the front
Where beckons fame — that is the bitter brunt
Of war: true steel the soul it shall not blunt.

That is the common burden, and thence sprung
The common enemy, whose serpent tongue
Betrays the soul war-weary and unstrung.

After the tense trench-vigil, in the gray
Monotony of camps where day by day
Life drifts in weary emptiness away,

Or in the still sad hours of nature's peace,
At eventide, when tasks mechanic cease
To drug the mind, and it, now given release,

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

Wings from a world where only might is strong,
Where right is martyred by triumphant wrong,
Where men shame wolves—O God, how long, how long?—

Unto a dearer land, where dear ones wait
For Peace to ope again her rusted gate,
Peace — for how many a home, alas, too late! —

In hours like these — and late or soon to all
They come, and oft — a shadow like a pall
Is laid upon the spirit; past recall

Vanish the valiant ardor, the high hope
Of victory, the stern resolve to cope
With any odds. As through a telescope

Reversed, the mind sees great things small: the War
A lunatic muddle of mere greed and gore,
Of millions martyred for a pride-blown score;

Sees loyalty, devotion, sacrifice
Shrink to illusions, fostered to entice
The victim on to pay the victor's price.

So, its true balance lost, the o'erwrought mind
Reels to foul disaffection, or in blind
Apathy idles, honor left behind.

And doubt, the vapor which sick souls exhale,
May, like the genii in the Arab tale,
Cover at last the heavens with a veil,

Darkening the day for all, and stifling all.
Remember, brave young men, brave Russia's fall;
For she was brave that is the German's thrall.

The constancy that conquers self she lacked.
Pray God that ye may lack it not, but act
In all things faithful to your sacred pact.

In weariness and worry and mischance
Remember the long fortitude of France,
And write in deeds your country's true romance.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER, S.S.U. 14

LEGIONS OF LIGHT

I

THIS is America's day; not the Day Germany boasted.
Proud in your many inventions, little did you divine,
Little you thought, you Prussians, when you clinked
your glasses and toasted,
That it was blood you were drinking, blood, red blood,
not wine.
Well, you have had your daytime; now you have come
to twilight.
America's sun is rising; Liberty's flag is unfurled
While the hope of the Hohenzollerns fades into deep,
dark night.
From the other edge of the ocean comes the light, the
hope of the world
(Bright with the glow of God's altar fires comes the one
last hope of the world).

II

We do not glory in warfare, we come to avenge, not
destroy,
But the red rape of Belgium, the ruin of France, are
things we have seen, and know.
Time was, in the days of knights and squires, that War
was a daughter of joy
Clad in velvet and cloth of gold, leading men on to woe.
But now we can see the rouge on her cheeks, and her
eyes are hard and hollow.
She has ruined men since the start of time and now, like
Time, is old.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

We others are disillusioned, but the Huns, they blindly
follow
For she says that she has sisters three — Fame, and
Might, and Gold.
(Land of Schiller and Luther, for these is your birthright
sold!)

III

God knows that we, if the choice were ours, and the task
we are at were ended,
Would hie ourselves madly, gladly, home and begin to
fulfil the rapturous dream
Which comes to us now and then at night, with a bloody
horror blended,
(Ah God, were it not for such visions, 't would be hard to
follow the gleam)
What dream, say you? You've had it, or will . . . A
cosy chair by a fireplace
After a good, hard day. Your dog, with his head on his
paws,
Lying there snoozing beside you, his faithful face raised
to your face . . .
And a little love and laughter, and *that* for you others'
applause!
(A face you love, the touch of a hand, and *that* for you
others' applause!)

IV

Such is the dream, and after all, it is just for that we are
fighting,
Just for that we are spending the flaming years of our
youth —
Spending, but never wasting, for where there's a wrong
that needs righting
Who cares what the price may be, so long as it's paid for
truth?
. . . At home, thank God, there is laughter — a little,
not much, but enough;

POEMS

Laughter, with tears hid behind it, not common unfeeling mirth.

Laughter and love, with such things as these, can any road be rough?

Though it lead to death in a lone drear place, afar from the land of our birth.

(Loving laughter and laughing love, of these, at least, there's no dearth!)

V

Then hasten, America's armies, come, come swift o'er the ocean lanes,

Braving the spying submarine, and the cowardly floating mine;

Come from our purple mountains, come from our green-ing plains,

Come from our grain-fat meadows, from our forests of spruce and pine,

Come, and coming, sing, the song of freer and freed,
Marching in myriad columns, on-coming millions of might,

Proud of our independence, come now to prove our creed!

What can withstand, what oppose us, the radiant ranks of right?

Purged in the glow of God's altar fires, immortal legions of light!

PAUL M. FULCHER, S.S.U. 13

LA BELLE FRANCE

THOU shalt be born anew, O France!

When thoughts of man's diviner self advance,

When free from carnage, war, and pain

Thy nation's spirit shall arise again.

A band of poets, statesmen, seers,

Shall honor thee, O France! through coming years.

RUSSELL DAVEY GREENE, S.S.U. 68

TO FRANCE

Across the fields and valleys gay
Far bugle calls ring out to-day.
Hark! They are calling!
For to the dim horizon's end
The battle lines of France extend
In strife appalling.

France, your sons have heard the call.
Now, your lines by town and wall
Fast are gaining;
See your ranks — horizon blue —
Winning Victory for you,
Death disdaining.

Hear the bursting of the shells,
Where the smoke and tumult tells
Its grim story
Of the charge — on hill and plain,
Where your valiant armies gain
Lasting glory.

With your allies — on you go,
Driving back the stubborn foe,
While your firing
Crushes their opposing ranks,
Now their centre and their flanks
Are retiring.

France, your courage is to all
An inspiration, and a call
Brave and glorious;
And beside you we shall fight
Till the bugle calls of Right
Ring victorious.

WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR., S.S.U. 9

TRENCHES

O MAY I laugh! O may I weep!
 O may I live again!
 Here crouched, knee-deep, I fall asleep,
 Drenched by the midnight rain.

I roamed knee-deep in flower-bloom,
 A child, in Richmond square —
 Before my doom stretched from this tomb
 And caught me unaware.

O sing me a song of dreams —
 Cries of a man in pain!
 The moon's last beams are gone, it seems;
 Dark falls the midnight rain.

O sing me a song of sunny lands,
 Of waters Heaven-kissed,
 Of Heavenly lands beyond these bands,
 Of blood, and mire, and mist!

And, as the winds go moaning by,
 O grasses, sing again!
 O sing to me God's lullaby —
 "Hush!" sobs the midnight rain.

And, like a wave into this grave,
 Death pours its ancient night;
 Here, like a grave within a grave,
 I wait eternal light.

God! Must I always lie this way
 Beneath the falling rain?

At break of day he died, they say —
 Lo! dawn is come again.

HARDWICKE NEVIN

OSTEL, 1917

By day
The town basks in the sun like some Aztec ruin.
There is quiet in the trenches near by; quiet and strained
 watching.
The crumbling walls of the village are without habitant.

Everything changes with nightfall.
Hooded *camions* rumble up the street in convoy.
Out of holes in the ground come tired old men to unload
 them.
Artillery caissons strain towards the batteries
And trains of pack-mules.
Down from the trenches stumble figures shrouded in mud.
Continually there are star-shells,
And the nervous hammer of machine guns,
And ambulances.

Men work and talk; eat and dig graves;
The slow dawn comes and everything disappears —
Machines and men and animals —
Like old-fashioned ghosts
At midnight.

By day
There are only the dead
And like vultures
The aeroplanes circling above them.

MALCOLM COWLEY, T.M.U. 526

SONG

ROSE-WHITE the dreamy days of spring burst forth,
 But still there sometimes blows
A dreary, chilling wind from out the North
 That blights the rose.

At night the young delighted crescent moon
 Sings, starlit, through the sky —
 Yet often clouds reach out and still too soon
 Its melody.

But wind and cloud, you cannot touch the spirit
 Of rose-white youth, who fling
 Their blossoming lives away, for they inherit
 Eternal spring.

P. M. F., S.S.U. 13

A SUMMER CONVOI

THE last *brancard* is shoved into its place
 As salmon turns to yellow in the sky.
 The rosy tints of early summer dawn
 Give way before the sun as it climbs high.

A hasty cup of *jus*, a piece of bread,
 A hand-clasp to the girl in yonder house,
 (For she's been mighty nice while we've been here,
 Sewing on buttons, mending my torn blouse,

Trying to teach me French, a hard job that!
 Gave me her picture, too, and said she'd write);
 And now we're off, a whistle blows, we crank,
 Then down the road we wind, soon out of sight.

But just before we turned the corner there,
 Where shells come whistling in 'most every night,
 I looked, and she was standing by the door
 A-waving to me. She's been nice, all right.

The country here is rolling, and the road
 Lies white and winding, almost like a snake.
 No rain has fallen for two weeks or more,
 And, Lordy, what a dust those *camions* make!

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

And was n't I a fool to choose the rear?

My eyes, my nose, my ears, my clothes are filled
With fine white powder. Far ahead of me
Stretches a line of cars. On each side tilled

And verdant fields, and now a shaded road
'Mid tall and stately trees in serried ranks,
A breath o' cool, and far below a town
Nestled along a twisting river's banks.

A military band blares as we turn
The corner, twenty strong, and come to rest.
Drivers descend, and wipe their dusty eyes;
They seem like white-clad ghosts. Who would
have guessed

That once those cars were blue? Well, now we're
through.

A cold meal (it's too late to start the fire),
A wash, down in the brook, and then to bed;
A well-earned sleep; what more could one desire?

ARTHUR U. CROSBY, S.S.U. 13

CONVOY

THERE's a lure in the summer landscape
When we've done our work at the line,
When we've finished with gas and shelling
And the *obus'* drawn-out whine.
It's then that the Highways start calling,
And the greening fields of France,
And the yearning is strong to go rolling along
In a convoy of ambulance.

*So crank the voitures up, my boys! .
Make the old line twenty long;
Let the Flivver staff car lead it
And the camion tail the throng.*

*Then as gray car follows gray car
We will roll off free and gay,
In convoy, in convoy,
Down along the Grand Highway!*

When we're up at the front on duty
We work as the wounded come in,
And it's not a life the most pleasant
To see wrecks where humans have been;
We like our *repos* — when we get it,
And to go on *permission* six strong,
But there's nothing so fine as to be in the line
Of a convoy that's rolling along!

*Crank the old voitures up, my boys,
Throw in your kit and trunk,
And to Henry's well-known rattle
We'll tour off with all our junk;
Let each gray car follow gray car
To some distant town in France
In a convoy, in a convoy,
Of the care-free Ambulance!*

ROBERT A. DONALDSON, S.S.U. 70

A MILITARY GRAVEYARD

LONG, straight rows of mounds, white with chalky earth,
Heading each a slender cross of wood,
On it a name, a regiment, a benediction,
“*Mort pour la France.*”
A few, apart, yet separated only by the hands of men,
A lonely row of Moslem graves,
With finger-like board shafts. On each
Strange-charactered, a name, a crescent, and a benediction,
“*Mort pour la France.*”
You will not see, until you walk along and watch,

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

That here and there are mounds, cross-marked,
"I Soldat Allemand."
All of them lie together now, *poilu* and *Boche*.
On some graves,
Sod-crosses, or perhaps a gaudy, beaded wreath,
"A notre Camarade" or "A notre Fils."

In each gaunt mound
An empty bottle, upside down,
Holding a sodden paper, or a picture,
Taken in some laughing day.
One row is not yet finished,
The seed not yet all sown.
The holes yawn brown against the rounded white
that edges them,
They wait for men to die.
Yet this is no place of tarnished glory
Or mouldered honor.
This is the France that dies, yet cannot die.

SHERMAN L. CONKLIN, S.S.U. 17

Written at "Village Gascon," in Champagne.

TEDIUM

Is beauty dead? Are ashes in the heart?
Are hate and burning pain the *rules* of life?
Has war extinguished all the sparks of fire,
And left us just the tedium of strife?

Now hollow footsteps echo in the street
And companies of weary soldiers pass . . .
Yet hark! some sweet bird sings; and endlessly
The stream makes music through the yellowing grass!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

Villers-Cotterets
July 1, 1918

POILUS

I

REGIMENTS at times pass through our village
 And, filthy with the caked mud of the front,
 They lie along the roadside, or else hunt
 Their billets in damp cellars, or in stables;
 And there, forgetting their abandoned tillage,
 Their mining, or their clerking, or their law,
 They sleep like beasts together on the straw.

II

Sometimes at dusk they crowd round cluttered tables,
 And tipple sour Gascon wine and such;
 Remember girls they left behind in Paris;
 The pucker of their lips; the things they said;
 Talk of them eagerly, and laugh too much.

Jolly, indeed, but if one look as far as
 Their eyes, the sparkle in them is quite dead.

M. C., T.M.U. 526

WE HAD GREAT ARGUMENT

AFTER a tardy sun had set
 We four untried lieutenants chose
 The back room of the town *buvette*;
 And there, until the next sun rose,
 We each discussed, in meaty prose,
 The meaning of the firmament
 And all such things that no one knows.
 That night we had great argument.

It was no trouble to forget
 Dress and society and pose;
 The girls we knew: Marthe and Odette,
 Marie and Madelon and Rose;

We did not give a thought to those;
Or other things; War, or the Rent;
Our lives; the price of furbelows.
That night we had great argument.

A crimson sun came like a threat;
We drained our glasses and arose;
Roused the good folk and paid our debt;
And rode off northward toward our foes.
Our reckless youth was at a close
And hell grew nearer as we went;
Yet life seemed good to us — because
That night we had great argument.

A German trench on the Aillette
Next day cost half our regiment,
And all my jolly friends — and yet
That night we had great argument.

M. C., T.M.U. 526

THE HEROES

THESE were the things they dreamed upon,
Chemin des Dames and Malmaison,
Victory and peace anon —
These things, their dreams!

But they are gone who strove the best —
Gone like the sunset from the west,
Sunk to the silences of rest,
Silent as dreams.

Theirs is the peace, the cold caress
Of death, and memories that bless
The valiant soul with loveliness, —
And years for dreams!

PHILIP WOOD, T.M.U. 526



ARRÊT DU CONVOI



MALMAISON

October 23, 1917

LOVELY and fair you were in days of old,
A sentinel of peace to greet the dawn;
Basking under skies of blue and gold
Till twilight brought its dusky legions on.
But night with silver moon and stars agleam
Is where I glimpse you clearest in my dream.

Not long ago I climbed your shell-torn hill
And saw your ruins steeped in mud and rain,
Soaked in the blood of men white hot to kill,
A crumpled mass still quivering with pain;
While just beyond — the Boches with baleful breath
Sent screaming forth their messengers of death.

Ah, Malmaison, unhappy child of Fate!
From out your walls there comes a stifled moan;
Though you were long a slave to German hate —
Take heart — you are once more among your own;
As one of old who dreamed the world was free
You, too, have conquered in your Calvary.

FORREST B. WING, T.M.U. 526

WAR RUINS

FROM a full moon new mounted in the east
The golden light slants o'er the ruined town;
Slants o'er the empty shops with windows wide,
The fallen church, the houses battered down.

Here in this courtyard where was once a fount,
And overhanging trees, and walls vineclad,
Now rests a mass of stones and splintered boughs —
A vestige of the past, so strange, so sad.

Down through the lonesomeness the road runs white,
And follows past the village and the mill;
Now jagged is the silhouetted crest
Of yonder woodland which once crowned the hill.

Gone all the handiwork of years of toil,
Gone the quaint beauty of this rural life,
Ruined these rolling fields, this fertile soil —
All, all a sacrifice to human strife.

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

Chemin des Dames
September, 1917

SONG OF THE CASUALTY LIST

If you think that the war is all cheering and song,
If you think it's a folly that should n't be missed,
It won't be so long
Till you find you are wrong
By the long string of names on the casualty list.

The casualty list, the casualty list,
The dead and the wounded, the missing and missed;
The fellows who laughed
On the day of the draft —
Their names will go down on the casualty list!

The private who dreamed of immortal fame
In a charge when he got a slight wound on the wrist,
He turned up his toes
While blowing his nose,
And down went his name on the casualty list!

The casualty list, the casualty list,
The dead and the wounded, the missing and missed,
The cross that he won
Was a small wooden one
Inscribed with the name that went down on the list.

POEMS

There's no one too lowly, and no one too proud,
To be classed with the dead and the wounded and missed,
 It's neither exclusive
 Nor yet too obtrusive, —
All names are alike on the casualty list.

The casualty list, the casualty list,
It follows wherever the bullet has hissed,
 And there's always a place
 For your name or your face
In the infinite ranks of the casualty list.

LANSING WARREN, S.S.U. 70

FOG AT DAWN

DAWN;
Gray, heavy fog;
Dripping branches;
Swirling glimpses of a crumbling wall;
Down in the sea of mist
The thud of guns.

Vague objects:
A looming bank of earth beside the road;
A crooked railway track;
A shell-hole by the way.
Down in the valley
The faint smell of gas;
A jangling noise ahead:
“*A droite!*”
A lumbering cannon caisson
Plunges from the fog, and rattles by.

A hill;
A bumpy road;
Shielding walls of burlap
Wavering in the fog.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

A horn;
A ghost-like ambulance rolls by,
A waving hand — "Good luck!"

A long blank hill
And curves;
Down in the sea of mist
The thud of guns!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

Chemin des Dames

October, 1917

THE GHOSTS OF VERDUN

I WONDER, could the slain ghosts walk some night
Upon the cratered hills about Verdun,
If they would mingle there, the French, the Hun,
Glare, fleshless face to face, in lurid light
Of *obus*, spreading death in hustling flight? —
Red screams of hate, mouthed out by hidden gun —
Take up again the battle left half-won;
Incarnate now, complete the carnal fight?
Or rather, rising out of bloody sleep,
The scattered skeletons together blown,
Would not they, German, French, together sweep
Across the Rhine, say grimly: "Thou hast sown
The ruthless wind; therefore the whirlwind reap!"
And day's next dawning find an empty throne?

S.S.U. 13

August, 1917

THE SONG OF THE AMBULANCE

OH, you who sprang to your country's call,
And have done your bit in France,
Must know full well before I tell,
The song of the ambulance,

Sung as it seeks its treacherous way
Back from the trench at night,
Sung as it dances along the road
Charged with its sacred human load,
Full in the enemy's sight.

Go on, go on, delay means death!
Speed is your only chance!
Heed not the shells nor the stifling gas,
Where there's a will, there's a way to pass!
Stick to your wheel and "give her gas"!
Way for the ambulance!

"Have you heard the orders to-night, my boy?"
(I stood at the Colonel's back.)
"It seems the Hun is planning fun
In the form of an attack
The *barrage* is expected at half-past ten,
They are shelling the *postes* in advance,
It's death for the man who shows a light,
And nothing can roll on the roads to-night
Except the ambulance."

Go on, go on, delay means death!
Speed is your only chance!
Heed not the shells nor the stifling gas,
Where there's a will, there's a way to pass!
Stick to your wheel and "give her gas"!
Way for the ambulance!

If life is a game of give and take,
And war is its chief concern,
Then we who drive the ambulance,
Have something yet to learn,
For we take our share of gas and shell,
But nothing do we give,
We take our chance
That the sons of France
Though wounded, yet may live.

*Go on, go on, delay means death!
Speed is your only chance!
Heed not the shells nor the stifling gas,
Where there's a will, there's a way to pass!
Stick to your wheel and "give her gas"!
Way for the ambulance!*

G. HINMAN BARRETT, S.S.U. 32

POSTE DE SECOURS

NIGHT, black night;
A steep and rocky road
With splintered trees and shell-holes
By the side;
Chaotic ruins of a farm ahead:
A tower half shot away,
A fragment of a wall.

Near by a crumbling caved-in house
The ambulance is left.
A snake-like trench
Opens to the road on either side.
No light, save here and there, at intervals,
The flash of gun-fire from the wooded hill
Across the draw;
Then darkness blacker than before.
A crash!
An *obus* whines and whistles on its way.
A path up through a ruined yard;
A loose thrown bank;
A sudden trench.
Then up a beaten trail,
With splintered boughs and shell-holes
All about;
A turn;
A sharp climb up the hill;
A black-mouthed open cave.

A sleepy guard, with helmet on,
 Wakens, and turns a light
 Into your face . . .
 "*L'ambulance — bien — descendez-vous.*"
 His voice is dull;
 He turns his pocket flare
 Upon the dark receding steps.
 You pass down in the gaping maw,
 Crouched over to avoid the roof of rocks.

At last the bottom comes;
 The guard above snaps off his light
 And all is black.
 The air is hot and foul.
 A sleepy *poilu* by the fan
 Awakes and gives the crank
 A desultory turn;
 The suffocating air
 Puffs upward a few moments,
 Then dies down.
 A turn;
 Ahead, and in a cornered room,
 A calcium light flares white upon
 The walls of rock.

Below the light,
 Upon a stretcher-table,
 Is a *poilu*, face unshaved,
 His muddy uniform blood-stained,
 His head thrown back,
 His face contorted by the pain.
 The *médecin* works swiftly,
 And the *blessé* gurgles when he breathes.
 The *médecin* looks up;
 "*Attends,*" he says, "*partez — tout à l'heure.*"
 Two other *blessés* — *assis* both —
 With faces drawn, sit
 Without sound.

At one side a *couché* on a stretcher
Lies, eyes closed,
And groans with every breath . . .

You turn back to the darkness of the car
To miss the sight of pain.
Here in all the labyrinth
Of cavernous rooms —
Feeble flickering lights in corners
Yellow in the stifling air —
On dirty, framework bunks,
On stretchers all about,
Or on the ground
On damp and matted straw,
Lie sleeping men,
Their muddy clothes still on,
Their draggled kits about them;
Men in from all night digging
In a trench.
A *poilu*, overcoat drawn over him,
Stirs restlessly,
And groans in sleep.
From some dark corner of the place
There comes a troubled gasping,
And a snore.
They lie here, packed,
No space between;
Back from the trenches,
Tired, nerve-racked,
Sleeping like the dead . . .

A *brancardier*, tired-faced,
Comes stilly up:
“*Attends,*” he says,
“*Maintenant — partez — deux couchés*
Et deux assis — vite.”

Back by the steps some *brancardiers*
 Strain upward, an inert form
 Upon the stretcher.
 Behind, another stretcher comes,
 The *blessé* on it stifling back a groan
 At every move.
 Two *assis* follow,
 Walking dizzily,
 One wounded in the arm,
 The other in the head.
 He carries still his *casque*,
 Its smooth steel side
 Pierced in and torn.
 On their backs
 Their cross-slung guns
 And loose strapped kits
 Weigh heavily.

The entrance guard turns on
 His flash again.
 The group emerges from the cavern's
 Yawning mouth.
 The stretchers are set down;
 The bearers rest.
 Then of a sudden
 From the outer darkness of a trench
 Come sounds;
 Forms appear;
 A stretcher, strangely still;
Brancardiers.
 They set it down.
 A question asked; the answer —
 "*Oui, mort; tué — une grenade.*"
 Then, as an afterthought —
 "*Pour la Patrie.*"
 A light flashed on reveals a form,
 A bloody cloth tied up around
 The arms and face.

The bearers set the stretcher down
And puff, and wipe their foreheads
With their sleeves.
The steel name-disc
Is taken from the wrist;
The papers from the pockets
Are folded up and tied.
The knick-knacks gathered up —
A knife and buttons from a Boche;
A hand-made *briquet*;
The picture of a woman and a child . . .
“*Tué*,” a *brancardier* repeats again,
And then they take their covered burden
And pass up the well-worn path,
On to the hill;
On to the plot, with crosses all alike,
And waiting open graves . . .

Down the rough hill
The *blessés* go;
A star-shell bright, intensely bright,
Bursts in the sky above
And shows the shell-torn hills
As brilliant as in day;
Mounts;
Slowly burns;
Drifts down, and dies.

The ruined house again;
The ambulance;
The stretchers rattle when rolled in;
The *blessés* moan.
The *assis* take the seat
Along the other side,
Their dirty traps and guns,
Piled in behind.
Then out of thin air, suddenly,
There comes a spent approaching hiss —

An *arrivée*!

All drop flat on the ground,
Down on the road ahead, a flash —
Red firebrands hurtling through the air —
A deafening crash;
Hot fragments rip the road about;
The earth rocks under foot . . .
After, all jump quickly up.
The ambulance doors are slammed and locked;
The motor hums;
The *brancardiers* stand aside,
Relieved now of their charge:
" *Au 'voir, bonne chance, monsieur.*"
" *Au 'voir,*" you call,
And brakes released,
The car slips off.
A ditch;
A bank;
A new-made shell-hole in the road . . .
Then down the rocky hill . . .

Of a sudden:
Crash!
Crash! Crash! Crash!
The shells shriek through the air;
The guns!
The never-tiring guns again . . .

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

Chemin des Dames
September 15, 1917

HIS LONG REPOS

PIERRE LEGUET threw hand grenades.
A quiet soul who kept apart,
In strange un-Gallic way his griefs
Endured, and opened not his heart.

The mud, the hunger, biting rains
He bore, nor shirked allotted task,
But buoyed full oft a faltering step
With quiet hand when none did ask.

Body and soul protested deep,
He loathed the war and all its ills,
(But most the tortured eyes of men)
And longed to leave the Verdun hills.

For when the evening sun swung low,
Bursting the mists and sodden skies,
And long light soothed the battered slopes,
A film would veil his straining eyes:

In southern France a quiet town
Aglow in fading light, with sheep
Slow drifting home, and muffled calls,
And play-worn children lulled asleep.

His spirit leapt the dark war zone,
Its endless vigil, toil, and woe,
He walked again the tranquil streets,
And woke and prayed for long *repos*.

Thus endless days dragged, endless nights,
Gloom-sharpened by the rockets' glare,
With ghastly faces peering forth,
Mud-smeared and drawn with grim despair.

But lo! a sudden change was felt;
Men joked a little, some must weep,
Through all a happy lightness ran:
Divisions changed! and rest and sleep.

A greater calm alone revealed
Leguet, for danger lurked in change,
And men were careless in their joy —
The foe, alert, knew shift and change.

POEMS

And while he dreamed of care's surcease
Alone on post, grenades at hand,
The dim gray forms came gliding forth
Across the mire of "No Man's Land,"

And onward rushed with gathering speed
While guttural shoutings filled the night.
The muttered curse, the quick alarm,
And sharp and bitter was the fight.

They vanished leaving in their train
The battered forms of friend and foe;
Yet few the friends; for one watched well —
But Pierre had gone on long *repos*.

S.S.U. 13

DAWN

ACROSS the calm, clear sky of God
A great white glory gleams.
The young men find the altar-stairs
Of world-rapt hopes and dreams.
The Beast shall crumble into dust,
The blood-stained crown will fall
Before the shining armies
Of the Lord, the God of All.

Bow down, oh, ye of high estate,
Bow down, oh, ancient might.
Out of the dim, gray, faithless years
The world moves into light.
The thunder guns that reel the world
Shall sound the mighty call
Before the shining armies
Of the Lord, the God of All.

SHERMAN L. CONKLIN, S.S.U. 17¹

¹ Killed by shell, June 12, 1918 before Montgobert.

THE POILUS

THEY are n't so much to look at in their clothes of
faded blue,
And with all their kits and traps they would n't pass a
stiff review;
They look at rules and regulations with only half an
eye,
And the *gendarmes* set to watch them turn their backs
and let them by;
They're a slender, moustached bunch of men, and little
every one,
But for all of their appearance they're a match for any
Hun!

*Oh the Poilus, the Poilus, with their guns upon their back,
Every time they've met the Hun they've given him the
sack;
When hell is popping on the front, no matter how or where,
You will find that it's the Poilus who are "sticking it,"
out there.*

When Joffre said, "We'll hold the Marne," they gave
the Germans hell,
Then they knocked the spots from Fritz down along
the Somme as well;
Along the Aisne they set to rout the Kaiser's Prussian
Guard,
And they broke up his return attacks and whipped him
yard by yard;
When Pétain said, "They shall not pass," before that
hell, Verdun,
They "stuck it" and they proved to be a match for any
Hun!

*Oh the Poilus, the Poilus, with their guns upon their back,
They've done the job up thoroughly, defending or attack;*

POEMS

*It makes no difference what the work, it makes no matter
where,
You will find that it's the Poilus who are "sticking it,"
out there.*

In Belgium or in Alsace, or down along the Aisne,
At Verdun, or at Craonne, or down in the Champagne,
Take them in artillery, or take them in the tanks,
Or take them in the aeroplanes, or take them in the
ranks,
Anywhere along the line, they're scrappers every one,
And they've fought it out and proved it, for they've
cleaned up on the Hun!

*Oh the Poilus, the Poilus, with their guns upon their back,
They are n't so very showy, but they've got the soldier's knack;
In summer heat or winter snow, or in the star-shell's flare,
It will always be the Poilus who will "stick it out," out there!*

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

THEIR MEED

LAMENT not, mother-land, over thy lost Youth.
Tears fall too often for mere petty things.
And raise no hymns to them that died for truth;
Not even music balms the grief that clings.
No elegy nor epic let there be
For those who gladly poured the warm, the red,
The joyous life-flood from their hearts for thee;
No verse can add a lustre to thy dead.
Hope not with canvas to immortalize,
Earth holds no colors brighter than their fame.
Nor marble e'er can catch the soul that flies,
Nor bronze e'er fix the glory of their name.
Silent and proud, one tribute can'st thou give:
end to thy living Cause thy Youth who live.

S.S.U. 13

SONNET OF A WAR-SICK MAN

O LARK, had I but powerful wings to fly
Where'er I would, up, through the boundless space!
Until, as thine, my body in the sky
Were like a shapeless speck of dust to trace.
Below, the rivers, — each a silver wire;
Each rippling lake a shimmering sapphire;
The waving fields but tongues of verdant fire.
I would not leave the earth for very long —
Without my friends my heart would grow too cold.
I would not try to twirl thy soothing song;
Such enterprise were impudence untold.
But from the battle's roar I would away;
From swirl of war, from Chaos seeking prey: —
O Lark, lend me thy wings but for a day!

FREDERICK W. KURTH, T.M.U. 537

Réserve Mallet

ROAD TO THE HOSPITAL

NIGHT;
Shimmering moonlight;
A shell-marked road;
Curious misshapen shadows;
Trees with fallen branches;
Fields of trampled wheat —
A calm sea of yellow
In the moonlight;
Tense waiting silence;
Suddenly amid the wheat
A spit of fire,
The crash of guns . . .

A high plateau;
A crossroads and a ruined farm;
A battered village;
Beneath the winding hill
The heavy guns belch forth.

A narrow valley road;
 A traffic jam,
 Guns, *camions*,
 A *ravitaillement* train,
 Machine gun carts;
 Vague figures moving in and out;
 A wait;
 The line moves slowly on;
 An opening —
 The ambulance slips through
 And threads its way between the lines;
 The *camions* fuss and jerk;
 A turn,
 A narrow road;
 A *camion* pushed into the ditch.

A hill,
 And then a long straight road;
 Shadowy forms —
 An endless line of marching troops.
 Overhead a low uneven hum;
 White signal rockets spurt into the sky
 Tracing the bomber's course.
 The thud of anti-aircraft guns,
 Then high in air
 The quick white pits of flame,
 Like sudden stars that flash and die.
 A hiss;
 A flame bursts from the town ahead,
 A deafening crash — a bomb.
 Full speed,
 Long winding streets;
 The town is passed.

A hill, a valley,
 Then a long plateau;
 Distant now the sound of guns;
 A castle's ancient towers,

A darkened town;
The portals of an old château —
The *hôpital*.
The car is stopped.
Out of the darkened hall
The *brancardiers* come
And lift the laden stretchers
From the rear;
New stretchers;
Then again the town's deserted streets,
The *gendarme's* sleepy stare;
Out through the crooked turning ways —
The open road again;
Silence,
Moonlight;
Gone for a moment is the sound of war;
Then far away,
Against the vast night sky
A solitary star-shell mounts,
And floats,
And disappears.

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

"*Sud de l'Aisne*"
July, 1918

THE LAST POEMS

(The following contributions were sent to the *Bulletin* by Sherman L. Conklin, S.S.U. 17, on the day he was killed. They were probably the last things that he wrote. Readers of the *Bulletin* will recall Conklin's poems entitled "A Military Graveyard" and "Dawn" which appeared in the May 18 number, together with a playful article upon "The Essence Gatherer," which he also wrote for this paper. — *American Field Service Bulletin*, July, 1918.)

THEN

WHEN age has dimmed the swift, clear glow
Of sacrificial youth,
And we look back, chagrined to know
How much we've spent for truth

(For age may dim the swift, clear glow
Of sacrificial youth),
When we are tired and gray and old,
Laggard of mind and will,
And all young dreams shall find us cold
While all our lives are still,
(For we are tired and gray and old,
Laggard of mind and will),
Swift may the Messenger be sped
To chill our bodies, for we're dead.

ABNER McADAMS

ABNER McADAMS, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one morning from dreaming of Cérise,
And saw a sergeant standing with a book,
Conning the names therein with righteous look.
Exceeding sleep had made McAdams bold,
So, as in bed luxuriously he rolled,
He spoke, "Oh Sarge, what means this look of woe?
It's hard you have to spoil your beauty so."
The sergeant spake, "Ab, I regret to say
That you should rise to greet the joyous day.
This little book contains, as you shall ken,
The names of those who serve their fellow men.
It's K.P. service detail. Look and see
The gentle news I'm sent to break to thee."
Abner arose, and cursed the world, and dressed,
For lo, McAdams' name led all the rest!

THE SONG OF DEAD AMBULANCE MEN

WE'RE sick of your harps and your halos, of your well-
kept heavenly things,
Of your roads without even a shell-hole (we'll be damned
if we'll use your wings).
We're sick and tired of smoking, when cigarettes flow so
free
That we throw the butts half-burnt beside your Pearly
Sea.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

We know that we died like heroes for the lives of the men
who fell,
But that's no smitten reason why we have to grow fat as
hell!
Say, give us the ghost of an ambulance and let us drive
away
Somewhere, where there's an angel-fight, and there, by
the Lord, we'll stay.

SHERMAN L. CONKLIN, S.S.U. 17

TO S. L. C.

Killed in action June 12, 1918

IN that dim land to which you turned so soon —
Too soon! — it may be that you now can see
The destiny that shapes our little days
And fills them with the present misery;
And with your larger vision know at last
Why youth must give up youth itself, and give
Even its life — that the ideals of youth
May thus be cherished and forever live.

J. B. CALVO, S.S.U. 17

June, 1918

IN MEMORIAM¹

MANY shall sing the victory, but you,
Who wrought so well to make the victory ours,
Shall sing no more of anything of earth.
And we may only dream of those clear songs
That you had sung among us, had the gods
Not snatched you, as of old they snatched away
The Roman Lucan and that glorious knight,
Sidney, who fell like you for freedom's sake
In that same Flanders which hath been again

¹ This was written in remembrance of Sherman L. Conklin, S.S.U. 17, who was killed at his woodland *poste* on June 12, 1918.

An Armageddon, leaving unto men
 So small a part of all that melody
 That dwelt within you, and the memory
 Of a fair presence and most gracious deeds.
 But of all poets those who die in youth,
 In the red front of battle are most loved:
 And their half-finished garlands of sweet song
 Are deemed more priceless than the stately wreaths
 Twined by the hands of masters who grew old
 'Mid heaped-up honors and the world's applause.
 So in life's incompleteness there is found
 The last perfection — for we reach in dreams
 A fairer land than any land may be.

Ah! You have had your wish, a shining death,
 No sinking into numbness and gray years.
 And you went glad with pæans in your heart
 For having known "steep hillsides and the moon"
 And all the myriad joys of being young.
 And you shall live with us as Kilmer lives,
 And Brooke, and Seeger, and all proud high hearts
 Who made fair songs and loved the roar of guns.

M. S. GOLDMAN

CHAVIGNY

I ONCE stood on a green-clad little hill,
 Watching the valley bathed in mist.
 The earth was silent; e'en the leaves were still:
 Day had not started on its grist.

Then from the East bold, blood-red beams rushed forth:
 All trusty heralds of the Sun.
 Sweet Nature stirred, and breezes from the North
 Swept forth to greet the potent One.

The misty curtain rose with mystic might.
 A house appeared, full-bathed in red.

The guardian cocks acclaimed the morning light,
And peacocks strutted, fans outspread.

Thus all the farm began to glow with life.
God's creatures found it good to be, —
To live in peace far, far from human strife,
With Nature in close harmony.

.

Months passed. Again I stood upon that hill,
Watching the valley hid in fog.
The earth shook 'neath my feet, and voices shrill
Came to my ears from out the bog;

For bog it was, seen in the Sun's fierce rays,
Which sought in vain for former peace.
But no friend stirred, and breezes from the ways
Whined restlessly and without cease.

Oh what a sight the swirling mist revealed!
A pile of stones, a hole, a form,
Earth's torn and bloody heart in pain, unsealed.
Nought else survived War's wasting storm.

Where cocks had crowed, there stood a belching gun,
'Mid desolation, — filthy, dire.
And where the peacocks stood to greet the Sun,
Was naught but death and reeking mire!

F. W. K., T.M.U. 537

Réserve Mallet

FOR FRANCE TO-DAY

WHY do we fight, we from a distant shore,
Removed, contained, scarce touched by all the strife,
Far from the thunders of a foreign war,
Who might in peace have followed all our life?



The Château in 1917



The remains of the Château after the German drive of May, 1918

THE CHÂTEAU AT CHAVIGNY FARM USED AS HEADQUARTERS IN 1917

Our debt to France? — incurred in times of old,
 Graced by the workings of a despot king? —
 For Rochambeau, and Lafayette, we're told;
 Our bell of freedom which they helped to ring —
 No, none of these; forget the ancient score;
 A greater thing: — For France to-day, we fight,
 Our living debt to France is even more,
 Her struggling battle is our cause of right.
 For fine-souled France, a star too bright to go,
 We come to battle back the tyrant foe!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

OVERCOATS OF BLUE

You may tack on fuss and feathers
 And plumes and golden braid,
 Or choose a gorgeous uniform,
 As striking as is made —
 Dress your soldiers as you like,
 But still it will be true —
 You'll have to take your hat off
 To the Overcoats of Blue!

*Oh, the Overcoats of Blue! The Overcoats of Blue!
 They're soldiers of the finest, are the Overcoats of Blue!*

You may take your men in khaki,
 Your men in brown and gray,
 They are first-class fighting soldiers —
 They'll prove it any day!
 We'll honor every one of them
 For all that they've been through,
 But you'll have to give the laurels
 To the Overcoats of Blue!

*Oh, the Overcoats of Blue! The Overcoats of Blue!
 They're the finest fighting soldiers, are the Overcoats of Blue!*

When this war is done and finished
We'll have a grand parade,
And to all the Allied soldiers
Will honor due be paid;
But you'll see, in all their glory,
At the head of the *révue*,
Just the ordinary *poilus* —
The "Overcoats of Blue!"

The Overcoats of Blue! The Overcoats of Blue!
They will march before the finest, will the Overcoats of
Blue!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

THE ROADS

LONG lanes of trees,
Slim fingers beckoning
To the delight of roads —
To wondrous roads of France;
Golden and straight and far,
And shadow splotched by sun,
Or, in the night, by mystery of moon,
Blessed and warm in summer's peace
They lie.

Along the roads,
Shivering skeletons
And gaunt the trees are now;
Bitter with wind and rain,
The days blink by — so short —
That lead to endless nights
Of searing ice upon the roads;
Cruel in winter's war —
The Roads of France.

J. W. D. SEYMOUR, S.S.U. 17

TRIBUTE

WHAT shall we say of them, the dead who died
 Upon the fields of France to crush the foe?
 How shall we show our pity, and our pride?
 How shall we crown their glory and their woe?
 Not by the means of futile words of praise —
 The nameless dead do never ask this gift —
 Not by the splendid monuments we raise,
 Not by the half-mast flags we sadly lift:
 But let this be their glory, be their due;
 Let but this single thought speak for them here:
 In that rich moment when they gave, each knew,
 E'en as he lost the things he'd held most dear,
 That, matter not what be life's unseen plan,
 He'd played his part, and proved himself a man.

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

A NIGHT IN WINTER

DARKNESS and cold,
 And the squeak and scuffle of rats
 About the old deserted house and hayloft.
 Now and again we hear —
 Somewhere far out in the frozen night —
 The distant thunder of the guns,
 And, from the cobweb-covered glass of a little window,
 We can see
 The weird and troubled flashes along the dim horizon.
 Minutes seem like hours — before we get to sleep —
 But we draw the army blankets tighter around our
 chins
 And try to forget
 The cold and the darkness
 And the rats in the old deserted house and hayloft.

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9

ENVOI

HUMBLY we come from homes across the sea,
Not vaunting our own glory or our fame,
To take our place in ranks among the free
And help to crush a king who has no shame.

We come not in a grand superior way,
Aiming at showy prowess o'er the world:
All that we ask is that our banner may
Beside the glorious flags of France be furled.

Forget we now our pride, our slogans loud;
Give us the work you have for us to do,
That we may sooner mingle with the crowd
And take our place beside the men of blue.

This be our wish: — That each may do his part,
And give, out of himself, all that he can,
And fight the final battle as the start,
That each, before the world, may prove a man.

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

RIVER MARNE

RIVER MARNE!

Here after four distracting years I rest
Beside thy banks, a pilgrim as it were
In penitence, remorseful for those years
I might have spent here battling by the side
Of these thy sons, whose gravemarks point at me.
Once more doth peace reign o'er these fertile fields
Which hedge thy sluggish waters, through the might
And valor of these noble sons of thine.
Spirits they are that haunt thy banks with those
Who years before them stemmed the rising tide
Of Attila in these same verdant fields.

I cannot think the thoughts that rise to me
 As silenced here I stand and gaze across
 Thy rural wonders, those low, castled hills,
 Those fields of waving grain, those arborescent nooks,
 That once perhaps ensconced thy warrior sons,
 And see thy placid surface rippled by
 This cooling breeze that carries on its breath
 The pealing chimes of yon cathedral bell,
 Calling, as it has called through storied years,
 These dwellers on thy green demesne to prayers.
 Then as I watch thy green and sluggish depths
 As one who gazes in some mystic crystal sphere,
 The past glides by me with thy murmuring ripples.
 Four years ago how little did I dream
 When all the world was startled at the roar
 Of Vandal guns with which thy woods resounded,
 That I one day would stand upon thy banks
 And play a little part in this great cause.
 And, ah, how could my wildest dreams encompass
 The thought of my own country drawn within
 The awful strife of this embattled world.
 From this high vantage point of years I now
 Can view those futile days, the life I led,
 And feel no pride of action, no content,
 No satisfaction as of something done.
 I and my world of petty circumstance
 Lay deep in that great slough of sordidness.
 Half knowing, we were blinded by the gloss
 Of little honors, and material things
 So that our eyes saw not the gleam of truth,
 The visionary glimpse of your defenders.
 Now all is changed. We were not dead, thank God,
 But sleeping, and our young men now have dreamed
 Those dreams, and our old men have seen at last
 Those visions. Here upon thy very banks
 They spill their blood for that same cause so long
 Sustained alone in silent heroism —
 Yes, on thy banks and in the shadow of

That ancient pile erected years ago
By Charles Martel against that Age's Huns.
So may it be, may our strong sons take up
The gage of battle, pay youths' sacrifice;
And if the final test of strength be on
Thy bloodstained banks or on some other stream,
So may they fight with France's veterans,
Till France and all the world at last be free,
The Hun be vanquished, and a lasting peace
Be here ordained. And may these smiling fields
So battle scarred, hear nevermore the crash
Of guns, nor bear the step of hostile troops,
And war be vanished from the world for aye.

DAVID DARRAH
Réserve Mallet

TO THE CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW

CHILDREN of To-morrow, you shall know
Life and its meaning when the world is free,
Untroubled — wheresoever you may go
Upon the glorious land or sunlit sea.
Your years shall not be clouded by the sadness
Of long unquiet days and nights of pain,
For you, life shall be happiness and gladness,
For you — we march to war; be this your gain:

That you may find the world kindly and fair
By day and when the stars are bright above,
For all mankind and even earth and air
Shall be a part of God's eternal love.
No longer shall the hatred and the fire
Of fury and of madness rage afar,
Kindness and love shall be the world's desire;
Strength in the right shall be its guiding star.

And so, throughout the anguish of these days,
Often we turn our thoughts to those bright years

When you shall live, and all earth's happy ways
 Shall give you every blessing that endears.
 It strengthens us to picture you and yours
 In those immortal glorious future ages
 When Right in its full strength and power endures
 And war across the world no longer rages.

Children of To-morrow, whom we love,
 It is for you we march to war to-day,
 For you white clouds and glorious skies above
 Will gladden the bright paths along your way,
 And give you welcome where each prospect yields
 Its gay enchantment to the passing hours:
 Sun-checked groves and fragrant clover fields,
 Orchards and byways fair with summer flowers.

And when the sunset light begins to fade,
 And, faint and far, the stars commence to shine
 We see you standing near some balustrade
 Where vines and roses tenderly entwine.
 We hear soft strains of music in the night
 And from the terrace we can see them dancing,
 The gliding figures, and the mellow light
 Upon the scene of youth and beauty glancing.

And so in thought often we see you there
 In those far distant days that we shall give
 To you and yours, when freedom everywhere
 Will grant to each and all the right to live.
 No longer then will dreariness and night
 Cloud the fair hours with their pain and sorrow,
 Your joyous hearts will look up to the light,
 And every dawn will be a glad to-morrow.

So we salute you — spirits yet unborn
 Upon this earth — your love the guiding star
 That leads us on through these dark days forlorn,
 Our hope that beckons to us from afar.

We now take up our burden day by day
As we have done through the long years before,
Resolved, that when in turn you tread earth's way
Immortal love shall guide you evermore.

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9

August 18, 1918

SPIRIT OF FRANCE

SPIRIT of France, immortal, hail to thee!
Symbol of hope throughout these darkened years
When tyranny and might on land and sea
Bring pain and tears.

Thou and thy valiant allies, bronzed and brave,
Battle unceasingly against the foe,
Forward across the land and on the wave
Thy legions go.

Forward, and hark the magic of each name
That leads thine armies in the great world war:
The Marne, Verdun and Reims — eternal fame
For evermore.

Spirit of France, give ever to the world
The faith and sunshine of thy joyous heart,
Wherever freedom's flag shall be unfurled
Thy strength impart:

Strength in the hour of trial and of pain,
Bravely to bear the agony and night,
Trusting that dawn will bring to all again
Its glorious light.

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9

August 4, 1918



“FOR TWO SHALL HAVE TROD ONE MEASURE,
AND OF ONE CUP DRUNK DEEP, . . .”



SONNET TO SOME POPPIES

THERE is a poppy blowing in the field
 For every grave that marks the silent grief
 For those who died defending the belief
 That honor is a trust no man can yield.
 And you, O France! with the untarnished shield
 Of Joan of old, are brave as on the day
 The first of these were called and went away
 To die because you and the right appealed.
 Yet mourn them not; what though they had to go?
 Do you regret the evening hush, or weep
 In vain the tender blood that learned to grow
 Into a flower fair? Here where they sleep
 Upon your breast, the crimson blossoms blow,
 And in your heart what memories you keep!

J. B. C., S.S.U. 17

Near Verdun

NIGHT ON THE FRONT

AROUND me roars the fury of a night
 Whose erstwhile tranquil summer skies are overborne
 And crimsoned by the ravage of the fight;
 From whose nocturnal distances are torn
 The myst'ries once so pregnant in the womb
 Of its ethereal darkness. High and higher
 Flare the star-shells, by whose light the tomb
 Of this last butchered day is bathed in fire.

Before me, outlined on the trembling hill,
 The trench line lies like some huge, endless snake
 Whose serpentine convulsions now are still,
 But who abides a crafty time to make
 The sudden move that spreads his poison far.
 The rockets' glares are but his million eyes;
 His hiss is in the speeding shells that mar
 The green turf where his uncouth body lies.

The star-shells flare; night gapes another wound
For each gun fired and each new signal light;
These multiply; ere long the night has swooned
Before the fair, false dazzle of the fight.
Brighter and yet brighter still it glows,
And night is day, but day made red with strife,
While drunk with his achievement, on man goes
Upon the mission that makes death of life . . .

And then, his puny fury spent, he calls
His legions into silence, and the fight
Fades into distance, and a quiet falls,
And man-made day is vanquished by a night
As calm, unruffled as before the hour
When first a star-shell flared or first a gun
Belched forth the venom of its evil power
To summon mates to action, one by one.

And thus about me falls the tranquil night
While, rich in mystery, the summer skies
Bring forth the clear, inimitable light
Of God's own stars — that are the patient eyes
Of those we knew and loved once long ago,
And who are dead (or so we say) yet see
How little we poor humans live to know,
Since death is but life in Eternity.

J. B. C., S.S.U. 17

ONE YEAR

ONE year; again my thoughts go wandering back
Recalling memories of those former days;
The homeland parting and the billowed track
O'er the Atlantic, with its danger ways;
The swirling wake of blue; the sun's hard rays;
The unknown course, the constant turn and tack;
At night the darkened decks; the engine's beat;
Inside, the music, smoke, and stifling heat.

Landing, and the sight of France; the green,
 The harbor and the hills that folded down;
 The merchant ships at anchor; in between,
 The fishing fleet, with sails of blue and brown;
 The red tiles of the little harbor town;
 Ne'er seemed a land so sweet, so fresh, so clean!
 France! and all the charm we thought there'd be,
 All that we'd dreamed, all that we'd come to see!

Bordeaux; cathedral spires that touched the sky,
 The picturesqueness of a foreign shore;
 The cheers, the flag of France on high,
 And on this July Fourth all honor more
 To our starred banner, carried by the war
 To float in France that freedom might not die,
 To recognize our common cause of right,
 To bear our proper burden in the fight.

Paris; voices, faces strange, strange ways;
 A military life we were n't used to;
 A gorgeous pageant passed before our gaze —
 A sea of uniforms, red, brown, and blue;
 A sense of strangeness — everything was new;
 The city seemed a mystic wondrous maze
 Of shops and boulevards, a swirl of life
 All colored, saddened, by the tireless strife.

Then onward to the war zone, to a town
 Long torn and ruined by the German hate,
 Long subject to the cruel invader's frown,
 Despoiled and ransacked, left unto its fate.
 Gone the invaders now; and now elate,
 With courage brutal force could not beat down,
 Were these brave folk of ruined Picardy —
 Glad to be living, glad but to be free!

Then came the endless waiting, when we yearned
 For warlike days of action and of dash;

A month had passed before at last we turned
Up toward the front, and heard the thundering crash
Of cannon; learned the work at night; the flash
Of guns that light the way; men gassed and burned,
Men ripped by steel, the endless round of things
That war with all its tireless turmoil brings.

Then on the Aisne there came our days of stress,
The thundering barrage, its endless beat;
The thrill of the attack, the sudden press,
The wounded straggling from the battle's heat;
The swift advance that brought the Boche defeat,
The joy of power, the glory of success;
Those days and nights that passed with scarce a rest
Still seem to us the finest and the best.

Then came the winter's dreariness and cold
When all the pomp and glory died away,
When things that thrilled us once seemed poor and old;
And newness ceased; the life had come to stay;
Few changes marked the passing of the day.
Slowly we fitted to war's patterned mold;
Long tedium came, o'ershadowing the start,
Killing the eager flame within the heart.

At last came promise of the greening spring,
And sunshine mixed with sudden sleet and snow;
We wondered ever what these days would bring,
And when and where would fall the German blow;
Our eyes turned ever toward the menacing foe;
The days grew warm; the birds began to sing;
Then terror came; the cannon boomed again,
And lavish death cut down the ranks of men.

Now once again has come the thrilling round:
The line, the convoy, and the work at night;
The cannons' endless monotone of sound,

And evening skies a-waver with their light. . . .
 Soon may they pass, these days of brutal Might,
 And in the victory may there be found
 That joy of living that we knew of old,
 That gentle peace that is the finest gold!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

"Sud de l'Aisne"

July, 1918

A DYING SOLDIER'S PRAYER

THE battle rolls away — as my life here
 Must soon achieve an even greater sphere.
 Upon this yawning threshold, Lord, I view
 In awe the change that draws me nearer You.
 Yours is the Hand to give, the Hand to take,
 And yet I pray You this, for dear Christ's sake:

For my poor comrade here, whose labored breath
 Tears through his tortured throat, the peace of death;
 For these poor wounded writhing in distress,
 The utter balm of deep unconsciousness;
 With speedy succor of their hurt, that lie
 So wet, forlorn beneath the weeping sky.

Grant to the busy surgeons skill that they,
 Though wearied, still can mend this broken clay;
 And to the tired nurses give the strength
 To toil through yet another hard day's length;
 With last, to nurse and surgeon both, the deep
 Contentment of a sweet restoring sleep.

And for my mother — God, allay her pain
 With faith her gift has not been made in vain;
 Grant for her loneliness bright memories
 Of the child who played about her knees;
 And for her precious tears, if they should flow,
 Lord, give her this acceptance that I know.

J. B. C., S.S.U. 17

SONG

THERE is music where the evening breezes kiss the clover
bed,
There is music where the breezes brush the blossoms
overhead,
And my heart is filled with music, filled with love —
though love is dead —
Like some dusty sheet of music that is left unsung,
unread.

There is rapture in the shading of the distant skies of
night,
And the stars are scorched with passion, 'til they glisten
clear and white;
Now my eyes reflect the splendor of your own eyes'
purest light
In a flood of recollection, while I tingle with delight.

There is perfume in the gardens, that I find so dark and
drear,
That is wafted as the incense from some flower-covered
bier;
Yet the odors of an autumn night soon fade and dis-
appear,
Like the blossom of the rose that droops and lies aban-
doned here.

For the air is overburdened with a sorrow heaven-
born,
And the dew drops are the tear drops of a dream that is
outworn;
All your beauty gives a longing that but leaves me more
forlorn —
And I turn away from dreaming, and I hunger for the
morn.

J. B. C., S.S.U. 17

AMERICAN NEGRO AND SENEGALESE

THEY stare at one another, have forgot
 The common tongue they spoke once long ago;
 Yet by some instinct unexplained, they know
 That in a bygone age, their common lot
 Perhaps lay in a feverish jungle spot.
 They see again the sullen rivers flow,
 They feel the plague-winds, poison-laden, blow,
 And scent some prisoner seething in the pot.

Their race speaks for them, black replies to black.
 They grin with friendships inarticulate,
 Old memories strive in vain again to track
 Those pathless centuries, before the Great
 Tormentor cast the world upon the rack
 And tied again the ravellings of their fate.

P. M. F., S.S.U. 13

MONUMENT ENOUGH

WHERE I shall fall upon my battle ground
 There may I rest — nor carry me away.
 What holier hills could in these days be found
 Than hills of France to hold a soldier's clay?
 Nor need ye place the cross of wooden stuff
 Over my head to mark my age and name;
 This very ground is monument enough!
 'T is all I wish of show or outward fame.
 Deep in the hearts of fellow countrymen
 My first immortal sepulchre shall be,
 Greater than all the tombs of ancient kings.
 What matter where my dust shall scatter then?
 I shall have served my country oversea
 And loved her — dying with a heart that sings.

RAYMOND W. GAUGER, S.S.U. 65

MIRAGE

My pain of wandering and these lonely days
Will have an ending in some quiet form
 Whose certitude I feel.
Of home and springtide and of tender ways,
Of fireside havens when December flays
My homeland fields with sleety stinging storm
 Over an icy seal.

How oft, beyond the roaring and the fire,
I see beyond a beckoning of bliss
 In quiet tender eyes.
Beyond the stench of this carnal pyre
I scent the honey of a blossomed briar.
I feel the courage of a promised kiss
 Out of my heart arise.

The loss of comrades, and the weary nights,
And all this seeming endlessness of time
 Were hard to bear
Except I see my labor in the light
Of other comrades suffering this plight,
Who wait, as I, those moments of a clime
 Where love and peace shall fare.

R. W. G., S.S.U. 65

BALLAD OF FRENCH SERVICE

No more to stroll for half a day
Along the careless Avenue,
No more to doze the night away,
Reading of deeds that others do.
Cards, wine, avaunt! Get out! I'm through;
I'm going to drive an ambulance,
A Ford, mind, for a year or two,
Along a shell-swept road in France.

They will not miss me at the play;
 The charming Mrs. Pettigrew
 Will hold her teas each Saturday
 Without much caring what I do.
 The class-room and the green-room too
 Will get along, so will the dance,
 No matter what trials I go through
 Along a shell-swept road in France.

J. L., my friend, just now you say —
 And you are quite in earnest, too —
 "War is stupidity," you say,
 And, "It is folly to imbue
 A land with hate — " All very true.
 But though you call it petulance
 Of mine — I feel I'll meet with you
 Along a shell-swept road in France.

The publican, the priest, the Jew,
 The actor shorn of radiance,
 Will go a-marching — so will you —
 Along a shell-swept road in France.

M. C., T.M.U. 526

"UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS"

STUMBLING through the shadows and the shades,
 With hands outstretched between them
 As though they were tangible masses
 That might be parted, pushed aside, —
 I wandered through the night.
 A night so dark that even a coal,
 Would shine like a pearl.

Above the sullen boom,
 The nervous rumble of distant guns,
 Subdued sounds came to my ears,

Increasing as I wandered on, becoming
Louder and louder, with clatter and rattle;
Varied, more varied: a rolling and rumbling,
A scraping, a roaring, a crashing, a cracking.
Yet in the opaque, the massive darkness of the night,
To me the sound was caused by sound, and sound alone:
My eyes saw naught.

Then with a hiss, boring its way through the blackness,
Like a fiery serpent with luminous tail,
There rose in the air a ball,
Until, suddenly, with a blinding flash
It burst; and in its place, like a new planet —
Transported, brilliant and powerful, from some distant
zone —

Hung a light. And in the light I *saw* the sound:
Horses, guns, munition carts: a seething swarm,
Moving like a billion molecules of one vast germ.
Here a wagon, there a truck: passing, repassing,
Man and beast, toiling slowly, winding and inter-
winding,
But moving ever onward.

Then the light vanished, and the sound went on.
But I had seen: The hands, the fingers of War,
Were bearing food to fill his foul belly!
This was the sound.

F. W. K., T.M.U. 537

NIGHT ROAD

A BLACK, dark road, and rain;
Mud underfoot;
No lights;
The crunch of wheels;
The jangle of a chain;
The noisy bumping of a *camion* train.

Dim forms;
The shuffling steps of men;
The slush of mud;
A vivid lightning flash,
A rocket's flare,
A shell's slow droning through the air.

Black dank woods;
An endless wagon line;
A spurt of fire,
A crash — then blackness;
Endless rain;
The noisy bumping of a *camion* train.

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

Chemin des Dames
October 16, 1917

EPIC YEARS

THE star-shells flare; the tortuous trenches wind
In snake-like turns from sea to mountain height;
The power of man and power of steel combined
Send laden death upon its hissing flight.
Long lines of men in faded blue and brown
March grimly up toward agony and pain,
Charge shell-torn lands of fire and steel, go down,
And lie and rot — all for a distant gain!
Come, come, O Bard, from out some unknown
place,
Come and record in words and songs of fire
The sacrifice, the struggle of the race,
The fight to check an emperor's desire!
Strike on thy harp, here where such force is hurled,
Give us an Iliad of the Western World!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

Chemin des Dames
October, 1917

DAWN

ONE by one the star-points fade;
Weirdly in the eastern sky
Comes the dawn; its light and shade
Strangely tinge the clouds on high,
And the cheerless day reveals
A ruined town, a shattered wall,
Across the dreary fields ahead
A line of trenches which conceals
The cellars of a levelled hall.
The hostile trenches far extend;
In "No Man's Land" a few cold dead
With the malignant landscape blend.
Now and again the sullen roar
Of the artillery wakes the air
And dies away — and as before:
The haunted stillness everywhere.

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9

August 26, 1918

THE ENEMY RETREATS

IN the weird night the lurid smoke drifts high;
The flare of burning towns along the lines
Of the retreat illumines the dark sky;
Dreary and desolate, the river winds
Its haunted way, along its banks forlorn
A few grotesque and shattered trunks of trees
Like ghosts are standing, stark and gray and torn,
There is no sign of life, no stirring breeze,
Only the distant battle's dull refrain:
The ever-rolling rumble from afar
Of cannonading, and across the plain
The restless flashes of the guns of war.

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9

TO AN INFIRMIÈRE

MY hurt? — It is better now,
 But I love to pretend that it's not.
 It does n't much matter how
 I got it — 't were better forgot.
 Days since was I discharged
 From that weary abode of pain.
 When I complained I enlarged
 On the truth, — just to see you again!
 The wound needed care, so I said,
 (Though it scarcely pained me at all
 But I pointed the place where it bled)
 So they said I had better call
 At the hospital day and night
 For a dressing. Ah, well I knew
 There was no one there who could quite
 Take care of my wound like you.
 So my little ruse succeeded;
 But it was n't medical care:
 'T was the sight of your face I needed;
 I knew that I'd find you there.
 I wanted the touch of your hand
 And the tender look of your eyes
 As you carefully wound the band —
 So clever, you were, and so wise!
 Asking me (full of concern)
 If it hurt, till I wished that it did,
 Wished for some horrible burn,
 I'd enjoy the pain that I hid.
 And then how sweet was your smile
 As your deft little fingers smoothed
 The bandage, solicitous, while,
 I waited and watched and approved.
 But the crowning joy of it all
 Was when you buttoned my coat.
 How pretty you were, and how small,
 As you reached to fasten the throat!

And how I waited to hear
Your voice in its accents sweet,
So full of music and clear,
Say to me, "*Voilà, mon petit*"!
And I wanted somehow to be good
When you smiled me an "*au revoir*"
And I saw you there as you stood
And knew what good women are.

D. D.
Réserve Mallet

ON PASSING THE REIMS CATHEDRAL
AT TWILIGHT

OVER the crumbled bas-reliefs,
Exquisite stories of saintly griefs,
Grandeur wrecked beyond belief,
Drips the rain.

Through the shattered windows sweep
The rain gusts; in the twilight deep,
The tall, majestic towers sleep,
Defiant still.

But, out of the low-hung graying skies
Rain drops fall in the Virgin's eyes
And she weeps anew, with the gust that sighs,
God's tears.

D. D.
Réserve Mallet

LE PAIX

*God of Battles! In this Night
Of Death and Crashing Worlds and Things,
Let Hope despair not of the Light
Nor Love the rustle of a Wing.*

So prayed we in that darkest hour
That comes before the morning break,
When dread misgivings overpower,
And souls the staunchest seem to shake.

And then athwart the rugged peaks
Unheralded appeared the Day.
Across the Dawn the bloody streaks
The smoke and uproar cleared away.

*God of Battles! May this Light
Re-usher in the era when
Thy multitudes in holy white
Sang "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."*

D. D.

Réserve Mallet

SUNSET LIGHT

SLOWLY the pink and gold of sunset light
Comes in the western sky,
And with its rosy glow
Warms the shell-shattered ruins of the near-by town,
And the desolate barren stretch of "No Man's Land."
At fitful intervals
From the far plains and hills on either side,
Down the long battle line,
Rolls the reverberant echo of the guns.
How kindly is the heaven-sent light of the setting sun
Amid this scene of death and utter desolation;
In changing hues its colors glow on hill and rosy
cloud-bank
Till at last
They fade into the twilight,
And in the sky
Appears the evening star.

W. C. SANGER, JR., S.S.U. 9

France, October 6, 1918

IN AFTER YEARS

UPON a summer's day, a child is playing
Beside a green and fragrant clover field,
Along the flower bordered pathway straying;
On every side the ripened harvest yield
Of sunlit grain and hay awaits the reaping,
Each vista with the mood of summer blends
And where the vines and roses now are sleeping
A crumbled wall extends.

The child stoops down and picks a flower growing
Close to the vines that cover the old wall,
And rests a moment by the stones — unknowing
How in the darkened days when war's grim call
Summoned the armies — once a battle raging
Stormed back and forth across that very land
And by the wall — in mortal strife engaging
The soldiers took their stand.

But now the sunshine and the meadow flowers
Gladden the heart of the responsive child
Through the enchanted, golden summer hours
With happiness unclouded, undefiled.
How tranquilly all nature now reposes,
How fragrant is the grass and clover where
The child kneels down beside the vines and roses
To gather flowers there.

France, October 3, 1918

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9

FATHERS SLAIN TO SONS UNBORN

THIS is the only heritage we give you —
A new world, clean, if blood can make it so.
Would we could stay and watch it, flower-like, blow
Into full glory. Happy are the few
Who thus can linger, watch, and say it grew
As they had hoped. Ourselves, we cannot know

Whether we gained more happiness than woe,
Failed, or achieved the work we tried to do.

Our lives point out the bleeding path we came
And this one thing is certain: Not a bar
Obstructs your silver-winged way. The blame
Is yours, if you stand idle and afar
Until your dazzlingly, splendid wings grow lame,
And mist has dimmed the shining of your star.

P. M. F., S.S.U. 13

THE TIDE HAS TURNED

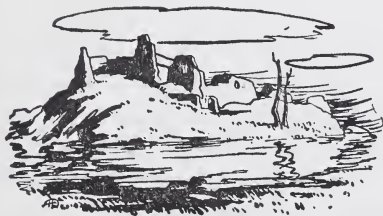
THE Tide has Turned, and now the Allied ranks
Are sweeping forward to the north again
Driving the enemy on front and flanks
Across the plain.

The Marne is free — no longer shall the foe
Strive to break past it with barbaric force,
The quiet river peacefully shall flow
Along its course.

The Allied armies in the cause of right
Victoriously strive — and this shall be
The monument of their immortal fight:
The world set free.

August 4, 1918

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9





Humorous Sketches

I

RULES FOR CONVOYS FROM SECTION EIGHT

1. NEVER rise until starting-time and then rush out and ask "why the hell there are n't sausages and eggs for breakfast."
2. Be sure and leave pet-cock at bottom of radiator open when filling with water.
3. If your motor fails to start, stand in middle of road and yell for the tow-rope. After a rope has jumped out of the supply car and crawled into your hand, (a) tie one end to the limb of a tree; (b) climb a stone wall and tie the other end around your neck; (c) jump off stone wall.
4. After you have started your motor, climb into the seat and make yourself a bread-and-cheese sandwich. Never put your hand out as a signal that you are ready — it might get frostbitten.
5. After the convoy is *en route*, make no effort to follow the car in front of you. You'll never see the country by following the beaten track.

6. If you must break down, break down in front of a café. This is by order of the Mechanical Department.
7. If you are in doubt that the car behind you is following at the proper distance, jam down all three levers and listen. A loud crash means "Yes."
8. When an irresistible object meets an immovable body, leave your car headforemost and pray the Lord you land in a soft spot.

C. L. WATKINS

S.S.U. 8

II

ALL ABOUT STAFF CARS

STAFF cars were made for the purpose of killing dogs, pedestrians, and men on bicycles. But in between times they are used to spray dust on ambulance drivers and *camionneurs*.

There is no speed limit for staff cars as there is for ambulances, since they're always equipped with very high-powered motors. Further, they have the right of way, which means they are licensed to commit anything from assault and battery to murder in the first degree. In fact, they are the original believers in the doctrine that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points — regardless of obstacles. They often go by very fast, but sometimes they get stuck in the mud — which serves them right.

Staff cars contain from two to six officers — which explains many of their eccentricities. Of course, it is of the utmost importance that officers should be moved quickly — especially when they are headed for Paris on their *permissions*. Many a battle has been saved by the speed of staff cars — and by their breakdowns. If Sheridan had had a staff car he could have taken a little run up to Cleveland for a cocktail before he started on his ride — unless the *poilus* had been tapping his gas-tank for their *briquets*.

When staff cars go by slowly, you are supposed to salute, but you don't get a chance to wear yourself out saluting.

Staff cars vary in accordance with the rank of their inmates. Generals are usually kept under glass, although in war they are not considered the most perishable articles. Majors and colonels have Panhards and Delaunay-Bellevilles. Non-coms have Fiats, and captains and lieutenants, who are expected to be on the job, are given Fords. Any makes that are left are handed out to the ambulance section leaders, who utilize them to make life pleasant for their friends and *sous-chefs*.

There is only one individual who is not afraid of a staff car Klaxon, and that is the *poilu*. But he is generally deaf in both ears. The death-rate is very high among *poilus*.

LANSING WARREN

1917

S.S.U. 70

III

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE MAN

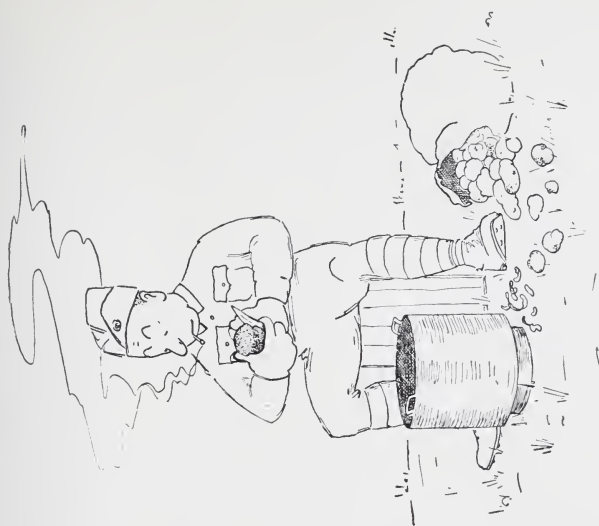
AN American ambulance driver is a fellow who comes to France to save Humanity. But by the time he has been on the western front for a couple of weeks, his efforts in this pursuit have been concentrated on one integral portion of the whole in the animated endeavor to save himself. From Peoria to Paris is a long, simmering journey in aspirations.

The ambulance man begins his military education by learning the "*Marseillaise*" and "*Vive la France*"; and he ends it with an intimate mastery of the significant phrases of "*Après vous*" and "*Où est l'abri?*" He comes, uplifted by a generous enthusiasm for the welfare of mankind, and he lets himself down to an equally enthusiastic sense of intensified individualism.

In Paris his earnest desire is to get out to the front, and



"THERE IS NO SPEED LIMIT FOR STAFF
CARS"



"CORVEE" = K.P.



once he is there he lives in the expectation of a "*permission*." The ambulance driver arrives with an ambitious energy which dwindles to a passive indifference before he has repaired two inner tubes. At first he is on casual terms with the truth, but after he has been sitting around the *poste* talking with the *brancardiers* for a month or so, he becomes a regular walking *communiqué*, and you can't trust a word that he tells you. At home his habits are fairly presentable, but he soon loses all taste in beer and tobacco, he looks on a bath as an indecent indulgence, and he sentimentally regards his fleas and his rats as inseparable companions.

This does not mean that he does n't add to his knowledge a store of valuable information. He knows more about dugouts than the man who has dug them. He is an authority on "*départs*" and "*arrivées*"; and by personal research he has handled more data than any psychologist on the old-fashioned instinct of self-preservation.

Lo, the poor ambulance driver! He exchanges his dreamy delusions for materialistic maxims, and when he returns, he is thoroughly demoralized — and infinitely wiser!

LANSING WARREN

S.S.U. 70

IV

ON BUVETTES

A BUVETTE is the country cousin of a Paris café. And like most poor relations it seldom puts on airs. Sometimes it is a room all to itself, but it gets along amicably in the same quarters as the kitchen stove, or with the week's washing in the courtyard. Any place will do where you can store a cask of wine and a couple of glasses.

The primary purpose of *buvettes* is the sale and distribution of *vin blanc*, and in a land of foaming beer and cocktails it would certainly be a failure. But in the war

zone such things are not known, and *buvettes* are frequented in great numbers by *poilus* and others who are thirsty. The *poilu* will fight without food or water (quite well without the latter), but he has got to have his *pinard*.

The proprietor of a *buvette* is generally a *madame* — not the chin-chucking, barmaid variety, but a seasoned dame of forty years and up.

The wine list is always varied — varied twice. You can get either *vin blanc* or *vin rouge*, and both are very sour. In swell *buvettes* you can get lemon or strawberry syrup to put in it, which makes it even worse. Wine is served in *litres* or in *chaupines*, but a *chaupine* is only half a bottle, so you may as well order a *litre* in the first place.

The prices range according to the nationality of the patron.

Buvettes are closed to the public between the hours of one-thirty and five-thirty according to a military regulation. During this time you must drink in the backroom — the *buvette* proper being reserved for officers and gendarmes.

Buvettes act as a national forum more representative than the Chamber of Deputies. They are also utilized for vocal performances, to which etiquette demands the strictest attention. Many a man has been shot in the back for walking from a *buvette* while a *poilu* was singing. It is like leaving church before the collection — very like.

Buvettes have several other uses. To the initiated and the wealthy they can produce anything from a full meal to a cobwebbed bottle of champagne.

They serve as excellent parking-places for staff cars and ambulances.

LANSING WARREN

S.S.U. 70

V

SECTION RAVITAILLEMENT

THE daily course of activity brought me into close contact with those glorious, but as yet unsung heroes of the French army, known to the world as the quartermaster corps, but to the American Field Service as *Ravitymists*.

Search through the allied armies from trench to base hospital, from bombing-plane to carrier-pigeon roost, and nowhere, I guarantee, will you find men more willing to accept a tactful gift, or more deeply imbued with the policy and doctrine of "*laissez faire*."

Watch them, under the vigilance of the officer in charge, throw the frosted cattle to the ground, and gently cleave it with axes, carefully weighing every piece and clipping off the surplus weight, that no shortage or loss to the government and our glorious cause may ensue.

Watch me slip up with my meat-bag tightly clutched, and pass it to the chief chopper, who ducks behind the car and removes the bottle from the bag to his hip pocket, returning to his work, much encouraged, and merely waiting for the officer to pass down the line, before handing out a fifty per cent increase in our weight, carefully excluding all but the finest cuts.

Sugar is scarce in France, but Bull Durham tobacco is plentiful in the Field Service, so we manage to have sweet coffee, and preserve large quantities of jam in the fruit season.

We read of the shortage of fuel and the shipping difficulties, but the *ambulanciers américains* must keep warm in winter, and their private rooms, office, and mess-halls be kept at a comfortably high temperature; — so the art consists in leading the custodian of the coal heap into some distant corner, and telling him a good story, while the busy little assistant loads the *camionnette* to its full capacity on a hundred-pound order.

All ingenuity is lost, however, on the *pinard* gentleman who mans the hose near the tank wagon and siphons the rosy liquid into the section barrel, by the hygienic and effective method of applying personal suction to the end of the hose, until he has a mouthful, and then allowing the wine to take its own course.

In cold weather, the process is still further simplified, and probably made more sanitary, by the official taking an axe and chopping off a piece of wine corresponding in weight to the quantity due. (Careful drivers are cautioned against keeping this wine too near the exhaust pipe on the ride home.)

So much for government supplies. Then we have the buying from civilians of all the various delicacies — the little things that add that last touch of flavor.

Somebody told us he thought that salt, pepper, vinegar, oil, and mustard just grew on the table, with the napkins and forks, until he took my job and discovered the bitter truth by personal experience.

Washing-soda, soap, eggs, vegetables, dish-cloths, butter, fruit, grease, *hors-d'œuvre*, cheese — such are a few of the daily requirements, and it is necessary to reconcile the tastes and appetite of the men with the limited funds grudgingly doled out by the section commander, and pitilessly mangled by that bottomless sink of iniquity and waste, the cook!

We have enjoyed many varieties of cooks: the cook that drank; the cook that did not drink, but also did not cook; the cook that sold the section sugar for a place in the sun; the cook that lost his kitchen during a move; and last, but not least, the cook that stood guard over the kitchen trailer with a rifle, the first time the Boche planes flew over our camp.

Oh, pity the poor *popotier* — of all ungrateful posts he holds the worst. May his seat in Heaven be soft!

P. A. RIE

1917

S.S.U. 19

VI

IN A HOSPITAL

THIS letter is written in sheer desperation; it is the only means of getting a connecting wire with things American — for let it be known I am in a desert of Allies with nary a star or a stripe or a bit of khaki in view. As I write, a tall Arab is chasing an Annamite around the table, while four *poilus* and an Italian are leaning over my shoulder expressing their surprise that the letters of the "American" language are the same as the French. Five more *malades* are yelling out a weird melody at the tops of their lungs, while still another, confined to his bed in back of me, is shrieking a question as to whether the general confusion distracts me.

Yes, I am sick and in a French hospital.

The Arab has now caught the Annamite, and the running noise has been succeeded by Indo-Chinese howls accompanied by guttural mutterings ordinarily swept by "Sahara" breezes. The French cook has entered and is showing his comradeship for *les américains* by slapping me on the back, while the French jazz band has burst into "Tipperary" with meaning glances in my direction. A Belgian from another ward comes running in excitedly, his fingers placed on a certain word in a certain book. He shows it to me. The word is *cowboy*. I nod nonchalantly, whereupon he works himself into a feverish state and makes sounds approximating "boom boom, wow wow, and moo." He then darts out and reappears with a gentleman built along the same generous proportions as Jess Willard, explaining the new entry with the remark: "*Il connaît la boxe.*" The Herculean personage is about to grab me, and I shall continue when he has finished. . . . Jess is all through now, and outside of a black eye and slightly bloody nose I am well. A Frenchman has shoved a *Vie Parisienne* in front of me and is

pointing to the limb of the girl on the magazine cover. I'm sure I don't know what he expects me to do.

The treatment here is wonderful — I'm cured.

ROBERT SCHOLLE¹

S.S.U. 19

VII

LETTERS FROM THE REAR

MANY collections of letters from the front have been published and large profits reaped therefrom, but letters from the rear have thus far received little attention.

Now, the rear is always interesting, and has several stages. It is the place you fall back to when you win a strategic victory — that is the immediate rear and you never get letters from it. Then it is the place you go to on *permission*. That is the second rear, and from it you get letters saying that she is lonely without you and quite angry because she has n't heard from you. Then there is the rear which means America, where we all came from, and where we all hope to go, *le plus vite possible*. That is the rear from which we get letters — sometimes.

Formerly letters from the front were interesting — at least the rear thought them so — and might be sold to magazines at the rate of five dollars for each thrill they contained. This happy *temps jadis* has passed, much to the advantage of truth and the sorrow of our thrill-hungry friends. Nowadays you can't tell about terrific bombardments, colossal gas attacks, and throngs of *blessés* hysterically grateful for a ride in your ambulance, when your lieutenant — who may or may not have written the same kind of stuff in the golden age of the Field Service — when your lieutenant will read every word with a weary, cynical smile, and knows that only one small "thirty-seven" shell came in that day and

¹ Of New York City; Yale; served with Section Nineteen in the Field Service; subsequently in the U.S.A. Ambulance Service.

that it failed to explode; that there had been no gas *alerte* for three months; that the one *blessé* of the day was a teamster who hurt his knee by falling from a *ravitaillement* wagon and *mon Dieu-ed, bon Dieu-ed, doucement-ed* and *ma jambe-ed* all the way in, finally calling you a Spanish cow as he hobbled into the hospital. You can't criticise the army, now, either. However, if you are a highbrow, you may make some such cryptic remark as "the enlistment officer reminds me of the first line of Browning's 'Childe Roland.'" I, of course, am not a highbrow. In this connection, you must bear in mind the fact that letter-writing is a privilege and not a right, and that in many previous wars the troops were — unprivileged.

The reader must not infer that even the letter from the rear is an unalloyed delight. Often it bears evidence of many mistaken notions of the war. Perhaps much of this is due to "information" contained in letters from the front. But with all their faults, we love them still; and when Monday's mail brings a Ford radiator, Tuesday's three inner tubes and a rear spring, Wednesday's nothing at all, and Thursday's a complete outfit of overseas caps, we look forward to Friday rather expectantly.

The next war that I attend, I shall drop certain people from my address book.

First, there is the college chum who thinks that all his letters are censored. Some day I am going to inform him that I have received only one letter which had been even opened by the censor. That was from my mathematics professor, and nothing was cut out of it, although the writer said that he had been making four-minute speeches — an obvious falsehood, for the man never talked for less than fifty-five minutes in his life.

Then there is the girl who is so glad to get a "personal account of this great world movement." And the girl who thinks camp life must be so interesting. And her sister, who has sent me (so far) seven copies of the

Emphasized Gospel of Saint John. And the girl who sends me banquet *menus*.

Next in order comes my Canadian aunt, who makes cutting remarks about the American army and especially about the ambulance corps, and inquires if we ever go near the front. And my cousin's sister-in-law's grandmother, who thinks we go up into the front line and carry the *blessés* down on stretchers. The rest of my relatives may continue to write. At least they mean well.

Then there is a whole phalanx of camp-fire girls who promised to send me packages, and write weekly letters instead enclosing photographs of themselves which resemble Aloha, the fair Indian maid, seven minutes before she bathed in the Fountain of Youth. One of the phalanx wants to know if I ever hear the guns.

A most offensive class comes next. Their letters urge me to seek out and slap jovially on the back their old friends, their very dear old friends, Captain Green, Major Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, and especially dear old Brigadier-General Jones.

The wife of the family doctor, who simply cannot understand why we are with the French, is a little annoying. So is the Methodist minister, who still addresses me at 21 rue Raynouard. The young lady school-teacher, who counts that day lost whose low-descending sun sees not some unique knitted garment done and speeded on its way to me, is quite a trial, since often I can't discover on just which portion of the anatomy each garment should be hung, and since, after wearing for several weeks about my waist, as an abdominal protector, a strange creation which resembled an amoeba about to divide, I suddenly discovered that the thing was meant for a helmet.

But all these good friends cannot compare to the correspondent whose case I have saved till the last. I mean the sweet old lady who sent me a package containing seven hundred and forty-nine postcards — picture post-roads and cards bearing "cheering messages and inspir-

ing quotations" — for me to distribute to the wounded I carried, and, if any were left, to the men in the trenches. I owe a certain period of unpopularity in my Section to the fact that, instead of doing as she told me, I tacked up the cards to the walls of our *cantonnement*, putting up new ones when the old were torn down. The unpopularity was, of course, due to my using up the Section's supply of tacks.

PAUL M. FULCHER¹

1917

S.S.U. 13

VIII

A LETTER TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

STATUE OF LIBERTY

Goat's Island, N.Y., U.S.A.

DEAR LIBERTY:

I am writing to ask if I can get a date with you some time in the near future. It would do me worlds of good just to get one look at you again. Don't misunderstand me — my intentions are entirely honorable.

Perhaps you have forgotten me — I hope not. But you'll recall that I was standing near the stern, and you waved your blow-torch at me and I winked back — 'member? I said not to worry, that I'd get matters straightened out, and that I'd be right back. And you stood very still and watched me out of sight. How brave you were, dear lady!

Well, I've been over in your native land for some time now, and let me say I like it fine. I can see now where you get your liberal notions — about dress and things. And they have not forgotten about you. Ask any Frenchman — he knows what Liberty is.

I saw Sisters Equality and Fraternity while I was in

¹ Of Morgantown, West Virginia; University of West Virginia, '16; served in Section Thirteen of the Field Service and later in the U.S.A. Ambulance Service.

Paris. They send regards. Also I looked up Humanity, but I have n't been able to do much for her yet. But we Americans have n't seen as much of your relatives as we should have liked. They are kind of shy of our officers, and there are too many orders floating around to allow much chance to go calling.

Perhaps, after all the notoriety you've been getting lately, you won't want to be going around with a common fellow like me. We've been hearing a lot about you and your enterprises and we've seen your photo pretty often. Hope your motor is coming along O.K. and your Loans. I was one of your first creditors when I subscribed (remember?) lest you perish. Trust your investments are proving satisfactory, but, anyway, don't you worry — it will be all right about that fifty bucks.

There's one thing you do want to be careful about, though, little girl; and that's how you let strangers use your name. It's been flying around pretty promiscuous of late, it seems to me. Of course, it's all right for President Wilson and old friends like that, but, honestly, it looks kind of cheap to see your name on pickle jars and rubber tires. And your army beans are rotten. I think they must be some of the crimes committed in your name that Madame What-you-call-it once referred to. If I were you I would n't authorize 'em, but you know best.

And another thing. They tell us America is going dry; but you won't let that happen, will you? — because all of us have planned a blow-out when we get back home.

Well, I hear the bugle blowing for assembly, and so you and I have got to part company. Don't forget our date, because there are several thousand other fellows here who'll want to cut me out. But I'm like Patrick Henry and I say give me you or give me death.

P.S. Regards to Uncle Sam.

Faithfully

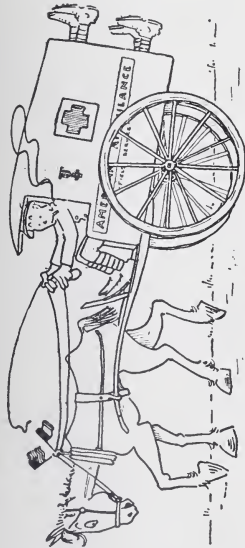
LANSING WARREN

1917

S.S.U. 70



• Our Croix de Guerres.
(from the Citation) "Jinks, A. conducteur très
brave a montré beaucoup de sang
froid pendant un violent bombard-
ment de sa mule"



WILL IT COME TO THIS ?

— If They continue to cut down
our essence supply .



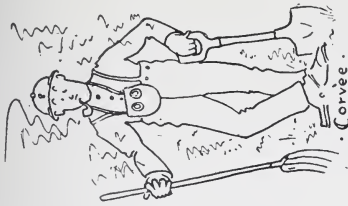
Some of our absentminded
boys will perhaps forget them-
selves on these cold mornings



NOTICE :
The Marechal de Logis
will give out oats at 10:30
every morning.



Tiring moments at poste.
("Il ne marche pas")



• Corvée .

• Gros V. Heli.
8.5.18/4.19

WHAT THE SHORTAGE OF GASOLINE NEARLY DID TO THE AMBULANCE SECTIONS

IX

THE AMBULANCIER'S PRIMER

- Here we have an Am-bu-lance.
- Is it to carry wound-ed in?
- Only in cases of ex-treme ne-cess-i-ty, or when there are no offi-i-cers handy.
- What does the pretty red cross sig-ni-fy?
- That signifies nothing. It affects the Boche like a red rag does a Bull. That makes it nice for the Driver, does n't it?
- What is under the Hood?
- Let us look and see.
- Oh, what is that piece of Junk in there?
- That is called the Mo-tor, a word de-rived from the Es-ki-mo; *mo-to*, meaning "might go" and *or-os*, meaning "might not." Thus we get Mo-tor; "it might go and it might not."
- Let us try and start the Motor.
- Is n't that a funny noise?
- Yes, it is very funny. How the Me-chan-ic would laugh if he heard it. It is only a Loose Con-nect-ing Rod, a Burnt Bear-ing, and a Car-bon Knock.
- What are all those things?
- They are things to keep the Mechanic amused with.
- Let us ex-am-ine the Car-bu-re-tor.
- Oh, a pretty word. What does the Carburetor do?
- It makes nothing out of something and sometimes not even that.
- What is it made of?
- It is made from a few odds and ends of Scrap-iron.
- What do those funny white things do?
- Touch one and see.
- How many Cyl-in-ders are there?
- That is hard to say. Sometimes there are three, then again only two, and oc-cas-ion-al-ly they go as high as four in number.

— Let us find the Ra-di-a-tor. Oh, there it is in front.

— May it be touched?

— No, leave it alone, it may fall off.

— We will next look at the Run-ning Gear, the part held down by the Body.

— Why is it called the Running Gear?

— Sh, that is a Secret.

— Yes, those are the Wheels; they hold the Tires on.

— Oh no, there is nothing in the Tires. Later on there may be some Nails. Tires are very useful for picking up loose Nails.

— What is that thing under there?

— That is called the Muf-fler. It really is a Stove-pipe in an ad-vanced stage of De-comp-o-si-tion.

— The Muffler? Is it to keep the car warm?

— Not at all. It is sup-posed to en-able you to creep up on a *Poste-de-Secours* without being heard in Ber-lin.

— Let us next look inside the Ambulance.

— Is it not neat and pretty inside?

— Yes, it is not.

— What are those Sticks?

— They are the Stretchers.

— Are they used to stretch things with?

— Oh no, they prevent the Wounded from being too Com-for-ta-ble.

— Is that a Blood Stain?

— No, that is a *Pi-nard* Stain.

— What is *Pinard*?

— It is a Crime. In Ci-vi-liz-ed countries it is called Red Ink. See there is a *Poilu* with a full *Pinard* Gourd. In a few minutes the Gourd will be empty and the *Poilu* will be full. Then he will forget all about the War.

— That is not right, is it?

— Let us turn from the Sad Sight and look in the *Es-sence* tank.

— No, *Essence* is not something to eat. It is a liq-uid, 30% Gasoline and 70% Water. It is Prin-cip-al-ly used

to fill *Briquets* with, and sometimes to run the Motor with.

— What are *Briquets*?

— They are the Chief Man-u-fac-tur-ing Pro-duct of France.

S. C. DOOLITTLE

S.S.U. 68

X

A REVISED FORD MANUAL

THE author of the following Treatise, through experience has discovered that the Ford Manual, as published by the Ford Motor Car Company, while it may serve to give information concerning the operation and non-operation of a "milk-fed" Ford, does not fulfil its purpose in regard to that hearty perennial hybrid known as a "Flivver Ambulance." This strange monster, call it fish, animal, or thing, has at various times defied all the natural laws of mechanics, and it was therefore necessary to delve into fields of research hitherto unknown to man to bring forward a theory of operation which might stand the test of time. In the preparation of this treatise the writer has spared everything but "*du bon vin blanc*," and he hopes that his contribution will be read in the same spirit in which it was written. The method of the w. k. and j. f. Ford Manual has been followed for which he duly apologizes. (*The Author.*)

What must be done before starting the car? Answer No. 2,000,001.

Before trying to start the car fill the radiator (by removing cap at top) with clean, fresh *pinard* or any similar alcoholic liquor. The alcohol in solution not only prevents freezing, but also intoxicates the machine so that it starts with only two hundred revolutions of the crank. When returning from a run, drain radiator and drink contents.

What about gasoline? Answer No. 2½.

Although the Ford car is as simple as human invention can make it, it sometimes becomes necessary to fill the tank with gasoline. If you think that your supply is becoming low, remove cap on tank and thrust lighted blow-torch through the hole. With micrometer calipers measure the reflected image of the blow-torch, superimpose the measurements on a slide rule and you will thus obtain the exact contents of the tank. An explosion indicates too much gasoline.

If for any reason it becomes necessary to drain the tank, turn car gently on its back and the force of gravity will cause gasoline to run out without further attention.

Our chemical experts have discovered that a two to one mixture of gasoline and nitroglycerine gives the best results for ordinary purposes. Careful drivers will always carry reserve *bidons*. This reserve should never be used (except for "*un peu d'essence, s'il vous-plaît*").

How about the oil system? Answer No. 43.

The driver should be well "oiled" or "sa-lubricated" at all times. The machine will take care of itself.

How is the engine cranked? Answer No. oo.

Our cars were in use three years before the answer to this question was finally ascertained. No one without previous experience in a *Fromagerie* should attempt this delicate operation.

The starting crank, if searched for diligently, may sometimes be discovered protruding from the front of the car just beneath the radiator. After turning off switch, grasp crank with both hands, taking special care to place both feet on the near axle, meanwhile gently humming, "Oh, for the Life of a Sailor." Now push firmly toward the car until you feel the crank ratchet engage, then lift upward with a quick swing. This should start engine — but it never does, therefore continue the operation until exhausted. Take another drink and begin at the point left off, this time making sure that the fenders are tight, all blankets neatly folded,

and *brancards* arranged. French profanity should always accompany the second spasm. If engine fails to start now, remove spark plugs, placing them in the upper left hand pocket and fill cylinders with any high grade perfume. When this has evaporated fill cylinders with concrete and replace plugs. Turn switch on, disconnect carburetor, turn crank eighty-seven times and the engine is started.

In cold weather, other methods must be resorted to. The best of these is to jack up one rear wheel, taking special care to put on weed chain. To disregard this admonition is to gamble with death. When the engine is started, be sure to remove jack. Cases have been known in which experienced drivers have driven with the jack under the wheel.

Does the engine kick? Answer No. 3.

Yes. But, there is no excuse for broken wrists or other bodily injuries if directions are followed. The first principle is to get on good terms with the engine, speak to it gently, in endearing terms. When the psychological moment is reached, place four grammes of "Mellin's Food" in the gasoline tank, then start engine. In obstinate cases even this will not calm the beast. If it kicks, keep the crank firmly in hand on the backfire, the whole machine will then turn gently over, performing a complete revolution in the air, and will settle down again in its original position.

How is the car started? Answer No. 00 $\frac{1}{2}$.

On a hill, by releasing the brake. On the level, by towing.

How is the car stopped? Answer No. II, III.

This is a complicated feat which should not be attempted except by those of decided mechanical genius. For amateurs, stone walls, ditches, and embankments are often found very effective. Those wishing to investigate the subject further will find a technical survey of the available material in Robert W. Chambers' "Twenty Thousand Leaks in a Flivver."

How is the speed of the car controlled? Answer No. 072.

By gendarmes.

What attention does the car need? Answer No. 999.

When the car is in good condition, call the section mechanic; he will fix it so that you will not lack work for a week.

How are spark plugs cleaned? Answer No. 444.

Ivory soap and water. Ivory soap is over 99% pure and it will not harm the fairest complexion.

How is the power plant removed from the car? Answer No. 1.

Insert hand grenade and touch off.

How is the engine cooled? Answer No. 3.

Ice bags and frequent cold showers.

The carburetor. How does it work? Answer No. 101. It does n't.

How can one tell which cylinder is missing? Answer No. 44904.6.

Unscrew each spark plug and leave it loosely in the cylinder. Crank engine. If the resulting explosion in the given cylinder sends the plug flying into the air with a sharp report, that cylinder is good. Continue until all eight cylinders have been tested.

What about the steering apparatus? Answer No. ?

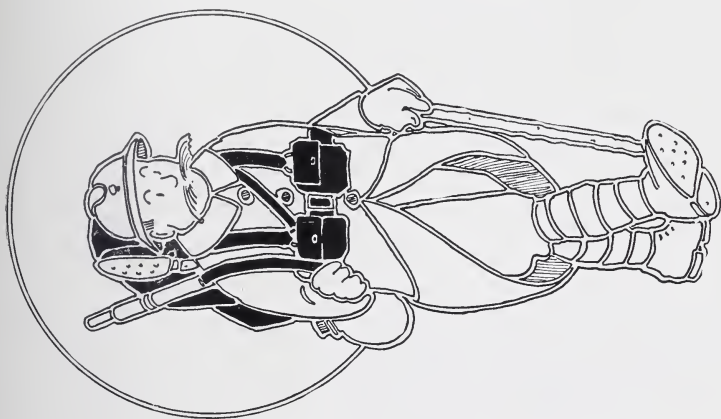
The main part of the steering apparatus is the wheel — Hold to it. Many accidents result from improper steering caused by the eyes of the driver being diverted from the road by comely French damsels. There are many remedies which might be suggested but personally we would rather take a chance.

S. GARDEN

XI

THE ESSENCE GATHERER

WHEN I'm working on my car, and my temper is n't par, as I clean and rub and polish up the wheels, he



“LE VIEUX !”



“UN PETIT PEU D'ESSENCE POUR MON
BRIQUET.”



comes and looks me o'er to be sure that ne'er before he has come to me to show the need he feels. Like a sympathetic man, he will question, "*C'est un panne?*" And I answer that it *marches toujours bien*. He will edge a little nearer, for he hates an extra hearer, and he'll put the question that I so well ken. From his pocket large and spacious, with a manner grandly gracious, he'll produce a bottle, quart-size, for the fray. And his voice that's confidential, pleading, coy, and deferential, "*Un petit peu d'essence pour mon briquet.*"

If you murmur "*Défendu*," he'll produce a franc or two, which he'll flourish with a somewhat cautious hand. Though he knows beyond all guess that the men of A. F. S. won't accept that sort of largesse circumstance.

Then you know that it's no use to pull any new excuse, for he overwhelms you with torrential phrases. And you give him *essence* quickly, with a smile that's somewhat sickly, while you tell him mentally to go to blazes.

He will thank you with expression that knows no tongue-tied repression. You dismiss him less in anger than in sorrow, for you know, if you are here, polishing your auto dear, that his cousin will be coming 'round to-morrow.

SHERMAN L. CONKLIN¹
S.S.U. 17

XII

A LOST ART

ABOUT every two or three days, observant persons may notice bits of paper fluttering from a barrack's window, somewhere in France. That is me, tearing up a few letters.

It is nearly a year now that I have been over and I have been putting off this fatal moment since about the third month. But the time has come when I must relieve

¹ Of New Jersey; Rutgers, '16; killed near Montgobert, June 12, 1918.

my feelings on this subject or burst. Naturally I have chosen the former alternative.

The more letters I read, the more my enfeebled intellect tells me that, like the cave-man and the dodo bird, the art of letter writing is extinct. There was a time when I would snatch my letters and hasten to some secluded spot where I could devour their contents at ease. But now the coming of the *vaguemestre* holds no interest for me; no longer will I desert a delicious morsel of *singe* for the mail wagon. It is not that my senses have become dulled by the war, — oh, no, far from that. The reason is that I can always tell without opening them, what are the contents of the letters. I am beginning to believe that most of the people at home have a form letter which they date, sign and send out at stated intervals.

From my relatives I am always sure of:

- I death.
- I new way of preventing colds.
- I new way of curing same.
- I assurance of pride in my being in the army.
- I hope I'll keep out of danger.
- I prediction as to the end of the war.
- I malediction for the Kaiser.
- I blessing.

Those from friends of the family contain without fail:

- I call on the folks.
 - 2 comments upon the fact.
 - I groan.
 - I wish to knit something for me or
 - I notice of something on the way to me, which I never get.
 - I account of the uniforms on the streets.
 - I pat on the back.
- From the fair and weaker sex I can expect:
- I account of a Red Cross dance.
 - 3 accounts of teas.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

2 accounts of dinner-parties and of the "peaches of officers" there.

I gush over a new musical comedy.

I "Do you know that so-and-so has a commission now?"

I hope I have n't lost my heart to a French girl.

I desire to be a nurse.

I hope I'll write soon.

But there is no use in continuing the list. I believe the above samples are enough to confirm my suspicions. What is to be done about the matter, I cannot say. Perhaps Congress will appoint a committee to look into it.

As for me, I came to the conclusion some time ago, that my father and mother are the only ones who ever could write letters anyway.

S. C. DOOLITTLE

S.S.U. 68

XIII

"BULL"

COME into our barracks on a winter evening and take a seat beside our stove. That is to say, if you can wedge yourself a place among the hovering crowd that has already gathered around the weakly blazing iron pot of miscellaneous tinder. It is a hard night for the boys, because somebody locked the door to the coal-shed down by the hospital, and that we purloined yesterday from the railway siding has run out.

If you look carefully you'll see that we are practised fuel economizers. Those smouldering things at the bottom are the *Hometown Bugle* and the *Silent Soliloquizer* that somebody sends to Fred Simons. There are also the charred remains of some religious and prohibition tracts, as well as the letters of a lot of girls we never heard of who write to us faithfully from small towns in the States. All these things make a pretty good blaze

if put in wrapped up — just as they come out of the mails. As to the more substantial part of the pyre, you might recognize the wooden arms of a government stretcher and fragments of the unessential woodwork of our barracks. At any rate, we've got to keep warm (without going into particulars).

If you are tired you can wrap yourself up in your overcoat and blankets and lie down on a stretcher there away from the circle. And while you are trying to go to sleep you can listen to the conversation. You need n't apologize for retiring. It makes no difference, for you'll hear the conversation, anyway. But you'll be warmer if you stay up, because somebody has just brought in an armful of war bread and the fire is burning nicely.

It's too cold to read or write. Attempts to get up a bridge game and a crap game have failed successively with the two elements of society present. The fellows are discussing their officers and the traits of character of the absent members — without much flattery entering into the discourse. But they are interrupted by the entrance of "Mac" who has been out on a call.

"Hey, shut the door! Do you want to freeze us all?"

"Go to the devil, you stove-hounds. They ought to make you crabbers drive on a night like this."

We have not learned much *politesse* from the *poilus*. Mac divests himself of some nondescript knitted objects wound round his neck and stuffed up his sleeves, and pushes forcibly into the circle.

"What's the dope, Mac?"

"Had a call to the front to get a Somali who wounded himself with a grenade. Forgot to throw it after he set it off, the *brancardiers* said."

This is a cause for general merriment.

"Badly hurt?"

"No, not very bad — smashed up his leg and his arm and a little piece in the head. But he made an awful howl coming over that bad stretch by the railway crossing."

Most people would say that a man with a "smashed" leg and arm and a piece of *éclat* in the head was well on the way to being injured, nor would they be surprised if he cried out at the joltings on the way. Six months ago when Mac first came out he would have driven this *blessé* with excited solicitude, and a pain equally real would have shot through him at every bump in the road. Now Mac will eat his lunch in the company of *morts* and will fall into tranquil slumber beside a man who is groaning in agony. No, he is not hardened, but he has to look at things more objectively. Pity is so utterly useless and there are too many *blessés*. All Mac can do is to see that his car is loaded properly, put a blanket under the *blessé's* head, drive as fast and as carefully as darkness and miserable roads will permit, and perhaps give him a cigarette. That is all. The *blessé* would n't thank him for a quart of tears or a dozen sympathetic phrases — even if he could understand them. So the gruesome things are turned into jokes on even the most flimsy provocation.

Likewise with hard-luck stories. They fare little better — worse if anything, because less tangible. In the war everybody has a hard-luck story of one sort or another, even if it's only that the mail has n't come for two weeks. Mostly they are more vital, pitifully so. But you are up against the same proposition. If a man tells you that he has lost two brothers in the war, that he has been serving four years in line, and that his home has been destroyed and his two sisters carried off by the Germans, what are you going to do about it? Tell him you are sorry and that the Germans are *vaches* or *chameaux* or something more disgusting if you can find it in the French language. That's about all.

After you have heard this story for the seven hundredth time from different mouths, your answer is going to lack sincerity of feeling. Of course you're sorry, but you're so helpless. Why does he bother *you* with it? You've got enough to contend with, with the rotten

food we've been having lately and losing out on your chance for officers' training-school the way you did. The most you can do is to buy him a drink or give him a cigarette. And that's doubtless all he requires.

Sometimes you wonder why you are so callous. It's because you can't realize their stories. Even the suffering before your eyes — it does not seem real. It's not the sort of thing that you've been used to.

But to get back to Mac.

"You shook him to death," says somebody. "No wonder he howled. Even a *malade* will be a *blessé* after he's had a ride with *you*. How many shell-holes did you hit?"

"Only one," says Mac. "I had to drive fast because they were shelling."

"In the middle of winter — haw! Where do you get that noise? Write that in a letter home. The folks would like to hear about it."

"I tell you they were," maintains Mac stoutly. He sees an opportunity to put over one of his old favorites — the narrow escape. "I never was so surprised and scared in my life. It was just as quiet as anything and I was n't thinking anything about shelling until I got right down there by the cross-roads, when all of a sudden one lit right in the middle of the road just ahead of me."

"How far away?"

"Only about a hundred yards. And I did n't know whether to wait or to go ahead. I said to myself, 'There'll be another,' and just as I said it, there she came — just behind me that time."

"How far?"

"About the same distance. I saw I had to clear out *tout de suite*, and so I opened her up and let the old *voit* tear. And four or five of them dropped before I could get out and around the hill."

"How far?"

"One of them was right close. I could hear the *éclat* whizz. And the *blessé* was scared green."

"Being black when he started. Yes, I suppose so. Which will you take, a *Croix de Guerre* or a *Médaille Militaire*?"

"I'm telling you a fact. You don't have to believe it. I don't care."

"Well, you better write it out for the *Bugle*. They'll swallow it back home."

And there the matter rests. It may or may not be true, and nobody will ever be any the wiser, unless somebody takes the trouble to look for the shell-holes. However, nobody will be interested enough. The narrow escape is the simplest form of "bull," and also the most trite and unimpressive, because of its lamentable limitations. You can alter the circumstances and sensations a bit, but you can't get away from the fact that in its elements the narrow escape is the dullest and most inane of events in narrative. Either you were hit or you were n't; either it happened or it did n't; and there you are — there is n't any compromise. And the worst of it is that somebody is sure to go you one better. You are cheated of sympathy and even of attention sometimes, and often a reasonable account will go begging for credence just as Mac's story has done.

Sure enough, somebody takes up the challenge. It is Bert.

"Do you remember the night of the gas attack?" says Bert.

Everybody does — they have good cause to while Bert is in the Section.

"Well, I don't believe I was ever so surprised or so scared in my life. We'd heard the shells coming in regular — only they did n't sound like ordinary *obus*, more soft and ploppy — plump! — you know the way they go. And I was n't thinking anything about it when all of a sudden I heard the Klaxon start going, and I made a run for the *abri*, and the *brancardier*, scared green, came running in and said, 'Hurry up and get on your mask,' and . . ."

"In French?" Bert's linguistic difficulties are notorious.

"Of course, you idiot. But I understood him all right. And he said, 'There's a gas attack, and you've got to keep on your masks until you hear the signal to . . .'"

"Hey, come off a minute. You heard him say all that?"

"Well, something like that. I understood his meaning, anyhow. And there we sat for hours with the tears running down our cheeks, and those rotten masks choking us to death. And right in the middle of it I got a call . . ."

"Yes, and you took off your mask outside and found that all the gas was down in the *abri*, shut in with the rest of the hot air."

"Nothing of the kind. I had to drive over that road through a cloud of gas," insists Bert; and goes on without encouragement to the end of the anecdote of how they had to revive him with *la gniolle*, and how the *abri* was hit by a shell, and the next day the *brancardiers* put three more stones and a piece of tin on the roof. Also long conversations with the doctors reported *verbatim*.

The company has now gotten well started on reminiscences, which is another fruitful department of "bull." We are in for it. We have got to hear the whole string of harrowing adventures from the terrors of Suicide Corner clear down to the account of that wonderful party when the Section was *en repos* in Champagne, and poor Bill passed out so cold that they had to put him on a stretcher and bring him home to bed. Good old Bill! He transferred into aviation, and our Service is n't what it used to be.

But there are other richer pastures for "bull." There is the wide and verdant field that Rumor cultivates. And Rumor is the most powerful and penetrating force the war has fostered. It precedes and follows every action from the greatest to the most insignificant. It is mightier



"I HEARD THE KLAXON START GOING!"



"EVERY SERVICE MAN IS HIS OWN FRANK SIMONDS"



than public speeches; it is swifter than *communiqués*, and more convincing than publicity. Which doesn't say much for its veracity. But it is extraordinary the amount of fact that can be conveyed through its devious channels. It is impossible to keep anything a secret. Like good liquor, it always leaks out. It is astounding that, in these days of perfected wireless telegraphy, Rumor, the medium of the Ancients, is still a broad jump ahead of the news.

Listen to Fred.

"I was in town to-day, and I met that bicycle rider of the 42d — remember him? — the guy that 'spiks English' — and he told me that the British are going to attack in Flanders."

"Where did he get that dope?"

"I don't know. He knows the general's chauffeur and *he's* just been up to Compiègne on a conference, and I guess that's where it came from."

This is the way that rumors emanate. Somebody gets them from a bicycle rider or a telephonist, or from a *Maréchal des Logis*, or maybe just a *poilu* who heard it from another *poilu*. You can't trust them, but you always do — for the sake of having something to tell and to speculate on. Even when there is a big attack on in your own sector, you can't tell how it is going. One *blessé* will tell you they are going well; that they've advanced six kilometres already, and that all the Boches are yelling "*Kamerad*." And the next one will tell you that the Boche *mitrailleuses* broke up the whole thing; that he is the only non-com left in his company; that they've had to retreat on account of counter-attacks; and he'll finish by asking you when you think the war will end. That's the way it goes. You have to wait for the papers to come out from Paris to get the straight of it. But you can't be finicky about rumors — you go ahead and form an opinion and revise it after it turns out to be wrong, just as Phil does in this instance.

"That's just what I've been telling you," says Phil.

"The British will attack in Flanders, and if they take Lille the Boches will have to get out of Belgium. Then the French . . ."

"Why will they have to get out of Belgium?"

"Well, just because — lines of communication and all that, you blamed idiot! And then the French will sling an attack here in this sector — anybody can see they are getting ready for it — and at the same time the Italians . . ."

And Fred continues his theories. In our Service every man is his own Frank Simonds. He has his maps, his war books, his authorities, his *communiqués*, and his imagination. He conjures up mythical campaigns and points of weakness, and he shifts around men and munitions and material (in his mind's eye) with miraculous rapidity. Time and again he circumvents the Boche's intrigues and frustrates their most enigmatical designs, and then, with a sudden and overpowering concentration of troops and artillery fire, he sweeps aside the opposition and finds himself triumphantly crossing the Rhine.

Such a man can tell you just what tactical moves the Allies must follow to take such and such a point, and reveal to you all the inside political tangles that prevent them from doing it. He will be able to explain all the strategic errors in previous operations of both sides, and give you intimate sidelights on the plans of Ludendorff and Pétain and Sir Douglas Haig. He is a brilliant leader, the ambulance man, and a remorseless critic.

But this sort of dialogue always leads to a bet, as all of us have our own notions of the thing.

"I'll bet you they don't attack in Flanders," says Bert. "They're going to attack near Saint-Quentin — any fool can see that."

And there is a heated discussion. Meanwhile the rest of the crowd has dropped out and is quietly going to bed. Soon the talk will degenerate into "When do you think the war will end?" and then will subside.

Everybody knows it is all "bull." For "bull" is the generic term applied to all information, predictions, and reminiscences relating to the war. The same sort of thing will go on to-morrow night and the night after that — indefinitely.

"Bull" occurs wherever two or more soldiers meet, wherever one or more soldiers meet one or more civilians, or when civilians who know soldiers encounter each other. It is always without authenticity or probability, and if it were possible to get at the truth of a single detail of this war — "bull" would prevent it. When the very issues at stake in the conflict have died out and dropped into obscurity, "bull" will be flowing smoothly on to the utter delight and delusion of mankind. Our grandchildren will propagate the falsehoods we relate to them, and they will be recorded in the nation's history.

Look out, America!

"Bull" is the one insurmountable obstacle to a lasting peace even if the war *does* stop some day.

LANSING WARREN

S.S.U. 70

XIV

WHEN THE RÉSERVE GOES "EN PERM"

ON a smiling day in June, when even the recalcitrant sun of France was shining, and the scent-laden atmosphere so intoxicating that the booming of the guns seemed but a dreamy something far, far off, I first noticed it. We had just been dismissed from inspection, and as we wandered along, basking in the sun's rays, I saw my friend Bob working his way in and out of the groups, glancing stealthily at each one. One man's shoes seemed to attract him, while another's coat seemed to draw his gaze. And ever, from moment to moment, he looked hastily about to see whether or not he was

being watched. Bob had never been regarded as a "nut," and these were peculiar actions for him — but the sun was bright, the air was warm, and material things had not much effect on my brain.

Two months rolled by, and another inspection day came. Clouds once more covered the sky. A fitful wind was blowing, and the occasional roar of a gun smote the ear like the blow of an unseen hand. We were dismissed — and once again I noticed Bob slinking back and forth in the half-light, his eyes gleaming, his fingers twitching nervously. I decided that the strain of shell-fire and bombs, the all-night driving and work, had unnerved him. He did always seem rather nervous, I thought. I decided to speak with him, to talk in a fatherly manner, to draw him out, and if it transpired that he was slightly "gone," to report the case to the surgeon. At second thought I changed my mind, however. I had just finished a story about a *poilu* on *permission* that had had a fight with another *poilu* whose mind had gone astray — and anyway, I feared to give him an unintentional shock. So I started immediately for the surgeon's office.

It was toward night. A mist had fallen over the land, and the flare of the guns in the mist formed fiery aerial spectres. I hurried to get my disagreeable job done. Bob had been a good friend of mine. Poor Bob, he was always a real friend at the end of the month, and — a sound in back of me interrupted my ruminations. I turned quickly to see Bob's face sticking from behind a corner, and Bob's eyes, with the peculiar gleam that I had noticed before, staring at me. Then he fled. So did — that is, I went discreetly home, and to bed.

We were all called for a convoy at five the following morning. It was nasty. The rain came down in sheets, the clouds seems hardly above the house-tops, and the wind howled and raged around the corners. The French were putting over a heavy *barrage*, and the steady roar of the guns mingled with the wailing wind. My mind was

drawn from the weirdness of the scene when I suddenly noticed Bob. He came along the street, started as though to come toward me, veered off, approached me from another angle, and then, with a furtive glance to either side of him and behind him, tiptoed up to me and stood before me, twisting his hands. His cap was pulled down over his face, his coat-collar was up, and as the flashes of the cannon lit up the little part of his face which showed, it seemed to me that his eyes flashed fire, while his face was white with some hidden emotion.

I tried to be brusque, forceful, but when I said, "Well, Bob," it sounded in the noisy atmosphere like a tin-whistle in a trip-hammer shop. He looked down, he opened his mouth, he stuttered, his eyes rolled, and finally he burst out:

"Fred, I-I-I hate to do it. B-but others have done it before me. In fact, it has been quite the custom. I-I don't like to do it with such a good friend as you. Please believe me, I am driven to it. Fred, *will* you lend me your overcoat?"

Then, growing calmer, and with stronger voice, he continued:

"I'm going on *permission* and Oby has promised me his shoes, Jerry his suit, Albert his shirt, George his leggins, and I know how I can get one of the Lieutenant's silk handkerchiefs, and if you'll lend me your overcoat, I'll be all fixed."

I do not remember in exactly what words I exploded — but there goes Bob on *permission* this morning, and there go Oby's shoes, Jerry's suit, Albert's shirt, George's leggins — and the "Loeey's" silk hanky is sticking flirtatiously out of *my* overcoat pocket!

FREDERICK W. KURTH

Réserve Mallet

XV

TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH ROAD SIGNS

Défense d'Entrer. — Come on in, the water's fine.

Défense de Doubler. — Get by as fast as you can.

Défense de Fumer. — Who's got a smoke?

Convois Interdit. — Look out for *camion* trains.

Attention au Train. — Wait twenty minutes while the man comes out and opens the gate.

Route très Mauvaise pour Autos. — Ambulances this way.

Route Bombardée, Dangereuse pour Stationnement. — Stick around awhile — the *brancardiers* will be along pretty soon.

Consigné par l'Autorité Militaire. — Use rear entrance.

LANSING WARREN

S.S.U. 70

XVI

A LETTER FROM LANCE TO THE KAISER

S.S.U. 000

Par B.C.M., Paris

KAISER WILHELM II

*Gott Knows Where,
Germany.*

YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY:

I've been planning to communicate with you for a long time, and I sometimes think it would have saved a lot of trouble if we had been more frank with each other from the first — if we'd talked things over more fully before getting into this mess. However, it has got beyond a joking matter now, and I am going to tell you what I think — straight out.

Understand, I didn't want this war — any more than you did. I simply grabbed the chance, because I wanted to get to Paris. And you the same, I take it. Mind, I'm

not crowing because it was I that got there; but you had an awful head-start, you know. Like you, I once took a trip clear up to the front line (in a quiet sector); but on the whole, I'm just as glad to be a little further to the rear as a general thing, eh? Also, I've had a lot of cheap publicity in the home-town papers. Nothing to compare with yours, maybe, but quite sufficient. All this we have in common.

Oh, no, it has n't been bad in many ways, but to tell you the truth, I'm pretty blame well fed up with it. And I've got a suspicion that you're commencing to get fatigued yourself a little. Come off, you may as well admit it, Majesty.

Now be reasonable. We've got all we're ever going to get by this war. You know that as well as I. Though that isn't a fair way of putting it — you've got a good deal more coming to you than I have.

Yes, and I leave it to you — what's autocracy worth? You'll confess it isn't all it's cracked up to be — with Ludendorff and Hindenburg and that gang always around. I know what army officers are — we've had some in the Section. And that's not mentioning the Hohenzollern family and the Reichstag. You've had your troubles all right, and I tell you, it won't buy you anything.

But to get back to the war. Really, Majesty, it seems like it's over-stepped the mark. Take gas, for instance. Has n't there been enough of it?

Besides, we're not killing the right people. For example, the prohibitionists — there're more of *them* in the army, and say, Bill, how'd you like to have a mug of lager — the kind they used to brew before the war, I mean?

As to your own soldiers, you can't keep 'em going forever on black bread and bad beer. "Hic, Hike, Hock" has been their motto too long. Some day they're going to lay down on you, you see.

Look here. This is the way it stands with me. I've

had enough of it. Hell, I've done all the travelling I care to; I've got all the souvenirs I want; and to be perfectly frank, my line of bull has started to weaken — just the way yours has. People back home don't swallow it the way they used to.

Yours for Peace,

LANSING WARREN
S.S.U. 70

XVII

AIX-AND-PAINS, OR OVER THE TOP WITH M.P.¹

Personally Conducted in

SEVEN DAYS

(and Travelling Time)

PERSONS

Second Class Private Dante, who has been through Purgatory, and is willing to take chances.

M.P., guide, philosopher, but hardly friend.

American officers, demi-mondaines, Y.M.C.A. workers, bar-keep, permissionnaires, porters, taxi-drivers, waiters and other vultures of the world back there.

I

A railway siding, halfway between Nowhere and Somewhere. Noise of passing troop and ravitaillement trains. Enter Dante and M.P.

Dante. Where do we go from here, guide?

M.P. We don't; we must wait here for several hours until the next passenger train arrives.

Dante. But I am tired and hungry, and I came here for relaxation.

M.P. You can relax on the platform.

Dante. But can we get anything to eat?

¹ This sketch symbolizes "Seven Days" at the "regulated" U. S. Army Leave Area of Aix-les-Bains as it impressed the Field Service man habituated to the freedom of a French *permission*.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

M.P. We could get a sandwich; but this is a meatless day, and we don't sell bread to *militaires*.

(Dante falls into a deep sleep)

II

Paris. The Boulevards. Enter Dante with M.P.

Dante. What is this wonderful place?

M.P. This is Paris.

Dante. So *this* is Paris. — Where's the vampires?

M.P. They will be along presently. That's why we must hurry away.

Dante. But I like it here. I would fain listen to sweet music, eat expensive meals, and ride in costly taxi-cabs.

M.P. No, no, my friend; Paris is out of bounds.

Dante. But who are these in Sambrowne belts that look at me so haughtily?

M.P. Those, my friend, are American Red Cross officers. They live in Paris.

Dante (wistfully). Ah, me, would that I too were such an officer.

(Enter ravishing Demoiselles.)

Demoiselles. *Monsieur, voulez-vous vous promener avec nous?*

M.P. No, my friend, we must be going.

(He drags Dante out, the sirens clinging to his coat-tails and making lament.)

III

Aix. Dante and M.P. once more.

M.P. This, my friend, is the home of the American Sammy. We want you to be happy here.

Dante. Yes, yes. I'm extremely tired. I would like to go to a good hotel at once.

M.P. Well, let's see; we take them alphabetically. Here is your card; you go to the Dilapidation.

Dante. Well, I'm a sport. I don't mind taking my turn, but I should like a good hot bath.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

M.P. Um — here are the regulations. "Every man is entitled to a hot bath upon arrival, if hotel has a bath."

Dante. That's good. Has our hotel a bath?

M.P. Unfortunately not.

IV

Aix again. M.P. and Dante as before.

M.P. Is this not a beautiful country?

Dante. Magnificent! What is there to do?

M.P. A variety of things. Perhaps you would like to go round to the Y.M.C.A. It was a gambling hall before the Americans came.

Dante. Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

M.P. Or you can take long walks, or go for a bicycle ride. You leave from the Y.M.C.A.

Dante. No, I did quite a bit of walking out in Purgatory, and it's a bit warm for cycling.

M.P. There are many nice trips to take.

Dante. That's fine; I'd like to drop down to Grenoble, or Annecy or Avignon or Chamonix.

M.P. Those places, my friend, are out of bounds; but you can go to the Y.M.C.A.

Dante. Not just yet. Suppose we go round to the Hotel Spondulix and get a cocktail.

M.P. The Hotel Spondulix is out of bounds; and so are cocktails, though you may have light wine and beer.

Dante. I don't think I should like the mixture. Is there anything good that *is n't* out of bounds?

M.P. The Y.M.C.A.

Dante. Then I suppose we have got to go there. I met two awfully attractive French girls at the hotel; let's take them around and dance.

M.P. The Y.M.C.A. is out of bounds for them.

V

The Y.M.C.A. Dante, with M.P., enters timidly.

M.P. Welcome here, friend. Do as you please — go the limit.

Dante. But who are these that smile so sweetly, who dance so incessantly, and talk and chat so gaily?

M.P. They are the Y.M.C.A. workers, and it is their business to entertain our soldiers.

Dante. But I thought only men belonged to the Y.M.C.A.

M.P. (archly). You see you were mistaken.

Dante. It must be very hard for them to be kind and cheerful all the time.

M.P. Oh, no, it is their *work*. They are cheerful whether they are happy or not. They are very nice people.

Dante. That's just it. I didn't know there were so many *Nice* people left. I had forgotten it out there. But tell me, who are these who in khaki ride so feverishly on bicycles and sing so joyously and play the ukelele?

M.P. They are *permissionnaires* from the front having a good time.

Dante. Great guns! they're not the men that I know out there. It's all very nice, but is n't the kind of fun that I enjoy. There must be something radically wrong with me.

(He seats himself in an armchair and loosens his collar.)

M.P. Calm yourself, my friend, and quickly!—Button up your collar or some officer will see you and send you home. *(Dante only moans.)* You are faint, shall I get you a grape-juice? *(D. shakes his head.)* Or an orangeade? *(D. refuses.)* Or a cup of chocolate?

Dante. No, no. If you love me, take me away. How long did you say we must stay here?

M.P. Seven days.

Dante. But can't we leave to-morrow if we like?

M.P. Absolutely not. No man is going to be cheated of his vacation.

(Dante is borne out by attendant M.P.'s.)

VI

An American Bar. Dante, alone, is seen to enter stealthily. He speaks guardedly to the barkeep and gives him money in French bills. The barkeep takes a bottle and pours out a drink which Dante downs behind a palm tree, smacking his lips. The process is repeated several times. Finally at the last drink there is a step at the door, and Dante turns in the act of drinking to face M.P. who expresses signs of horror. Tableau.

VII

A third-class railway carriage. Dante and M.P. hunched in a corner. Several poilus snoring and eating garlic. Pinard leaking from a bidon on hat-rack.

Dante. Will we never get there?

M.P. Yes, my friend, we are arrived.

(They descend.)

Dante. And where are we now?

M.P. Back in Purgatory.

Dante. Thank God!!

Curtain (of fire).

(To be continued four months later.)

LANSING WARREN

May, 1918

S.S.U. 70

XVIII

OUR COUNTRY AS SHE SOUNDS

I WAS in a *poste de secours* and I had drunk rather too copiously of *pinard*. I had been reading a batch of American newspapers and periodicals of the month previous, and the *brancardier*, observing my boredom, approached mysteriously.

"*La gniolle?*" he queried, at the same time uncorking the wicked bottle with a flourish. I knew it was no use



"COME INTO OUR BARRACKS ON A WINTER EVENING AND
TAKE A SEAT BESIDE OUR STOVE"



DULL HOURS OF "REPOS"



refusing, and allowed him to pour me out a quantity equal in generosity to his own. When we had drunk our *santé*, he set himself to fanning out the fresh air about the entrance of the *abri*, and presently shut the door and started stuffing up the chinks. He had now completed his round of duties and I knew it was the signal to retire. Stretching myself on a crippled *brancard*, with neck reposing on the iron cross-bar, I listened confusedly to the rhythmic snores of the recumbent *poilus* round me.

When I awoke, amid the noise of traffic and the elevated trains, it took me some time to realize that I was actually in New York. Everything was the same, to be sure — draped with flags and bunting — and yet there was a good deal that was strangely unfamiliar — even the flags themselves, for out in front of every store hung great red-bordered sheets filled up with azure stars. About one of these flags was grouped a crowd of people, and I stopped to look at it.

"What's the idea of the constellation?" I inquired.

"Service flag, of course," said an on-looker. "Say, where you been?"

"Yes, I know," I lied, "but all the stores have them. What's the matter with this one?"

"Gold star," said he, pointing it out. "Means some one's been killed in the war."

"That's nothing," put in a bystander. "There's a flag with *two* up on Broadway."

"Whereabouts on Broadway?" doubted the first, and they began a discussion that I did n't wait to hear.

I began to look sharply about me — for a bar; but they all appeared to be closed or deserted. The Knickerbocker bar had a sign "Out of Beer and Light Wine." I noticed that nearly every one was in uniform. There were beautiful ladies walking with British officers, with Italian officers, and with Australians, and with Canadian officers and French *chasseurs*. There were one or two American soldiers walking alone, and hardly a civilian to be seen.

I stopped one of the Americans.

"Pardon me, friend," I said, "but where are all the civilians?"

"Gone to France," he said, "or else in training-camps, you dub. I was to have gone 'over there' last month, and I'd be going 'over the top' right now after the Kaiser if —" and he launched off on a hard-luck story about how he could n't get his head blown off for at least six weeks, because he had been turned down in the first draft.

"But these military?" I said, referring to our Allies. "I thought they had a war on over there, too. Or is this a war council or something?"

"They're teachers," he explained. "Training our men how to live in trenches and to put on gas-masks at a given signal."

"Thanks," I said. "Now do you mind telling why the bars are closed, and where I can get a drink?"

"They are n't closed yet," he said, "but they can't sell anything but beers and light wines, and the manufacturers have got scared and are making non-alcoholics. Besides, you can't get even beer, if you're in uniform; but you can get some diluted grape-juice over there at the corner."

"Much obliged," I murmured, and left him.

At the corner directing the traffic stood a husky lady cop.

"Lord!" I thought. "Am I cross-eyed?"

But I suddenly perceived that there were women all about me engaged in the most extraordinary occupations. Women in white duck were sweeping the streets, uniformed damsels manned the street cars, and up the side streets I caught glimpses of female figures unloading trucks and heaving trunks and boxes. Scores of pretty girls in overalls, carrying picks and hods and other implements, passed by while reporters (reporters everywhere) hung about to snap their pictures. These were the munition workers, the shipbuilders and the lady riveters, I learned. Some, neatly dressed in jumpers and

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

bearing oil cans were railroad employees — engineeresses and firewomen.

Presently my attention was arrested by a mighty gathering of people who lined the streets, while the windows were black with spectators.

I accosted an elderly man on the edge of the crowd.

"What's doing?" I asked; "a parade?"

"What! you don't know?" he returned. "This is Democracy Day."

"Well, well," I said. "I had n't heard about it. What does it do?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "But I suppose it'll be about the same as Liberty Day or the Festival of Freedom or Win-the-War Week; but they always have something new. I believe Charlie Chaplin and Annette Kellerman in strait-jackets are going to roll Liberty peanuts up Fifth Avenue, and —"

"Liberty what?"

"Liberty peanuts. Then there'll be a collection taken up for the National Decoration Fund to buy service flags for orphan asylums and old people's homes. Or maybe to send bottled Bevo to our boys in the trenches like they did at the Woman's Home Gardening Union parade. I forget the benefit, but anyway you can get Liberty Bonds," he added, a greedy gleam in his eye.

I left this man to his devices.

Further on I found an interested multitude struggling in front of Tiffany's window.

"Some rare piece of the silversmith's art," I thought; but on edging myself into view I saw in the central position of display an ordinary piece of *éclat* labelled, "Shell Fragment from the Western Front."

I passed on, and made straight for the first Child's Restaurant. To my surprise it was almost deserted, excepting for two or three humiliated customers sadly sipping buttermilk with soda crackers — no tumult of rattling crockery and silverware, and I noticed that part

of the place had been turned into a sewing circle with a placard "Deposit Bandages Here."

Finally an antagonistic waitress came forward.

"Give me a stack of wheats," I cried, "with maple syrup; give me a grape-fruit, and some ham and eggs; I'll take a steak and onions, some asparagus in butter, and some apple pie and a strawberry short-cake, and a cup of —"

"Wait," said the waitress menacingly. "We'll discuss that later. First, are you prepared to take oath that you are in positive need of sustenance? Are you fully aware that every morsel you eat is a drain on the national food supply; that by so doing you are, as it were, bringing aid and comfort to our enemies; and that every *car-gram* of nutrition that you consume will prolong the war in due proportion? Food," she finished automatically, "will win the war — don't waste it!"

"Yes, I know," I replied, assuming my most Parisian air, "but *ça ne fait rien*. If you will just bring me the cakes and the beefsteak and pie —"

"It is absolutely forbidden," she stated. "If you will give me your food order from the Chief of Police, and your certificate of patriotic good standing and citizenship, you will be entitled to your denatured buttermilk and Uneedas, but I would advise you to hold out a day or two."

At this I was so overcome that I did not at once see that one of the other customers had risen and was looking at me darkly. He was middle-aged, and wore a tricolor rosette as well as several other emblems, whose significance was obviously patriotic, in his lapel.

"My young friend," he said severely, "it is my official as well as my patriotic duty to report you for the distinctly un-American meal you have just ordered in my hearing. But you do not seem to know the enormity of your offence. Let me warn you that you are likely to be apprehended as a spy. Spies," he concluded mechanically, "are everywhere."

I saw I had to step easily.

"What *is* your official capacity?" I inquired politely.

"I am Chairman of the Champagne Committee of Ship Launching," he said importantly, "and my office is to furnish champagne for the Governors' daughters to smash on the prows of the concrete ships that don't sink when they are launched upside down. Congress has appropriated six billions —"

"Champagne?" I scented. "Well, since you're in on it, perhaps you could tip me off where I could get some. I have a little boat of my own," I explained, "that needs naming."

"Well, there is n't any champagne just yet — er — Congress has n't exactly appropriated — But listen," he said, "America is waking up to this war. Already there are a greater number of service flags in New York than in all of Europe. Congress has made big appropriations for the printing and distribution of patriotic songs; and McAdoo has made great expenditures; the President has burnt his hand on a tank; and more food has been saved and spoiled in America than a year's consumption in the British Isles, and even the women —"

But at this moment a great hubbub arose outside. Newsboys were shouting extras; the factory whistles were blowing; the bells were ringing; and the people were pouring into the streets rejoicing. I ran out and bought a paper, and in six-inch headlines read:

AMERICA STRIKES!

HUNS BAFFLED!

The Chairman waved the paper at me triumphantly.

"There!" he shouted. "America is waking up! America is wake — is wake — is wak —"

"—Ing up!" It was *brancardier* who was shaking me by the shoulder.

"*Une voiture*," he said, "*tout de suite. Un malade et deux officiers — chercher de la bière.*"

And as I picked up my helmet and started out I

stumbled over a pile of American periodicals, and knew it was only a dream.

LANSING WARREN

October, 1918

S.S.U. 70

XIX

PRIVATE STORMFIELD'S VISIT TO HEAVEN¹

If you want the truth, I was always a bit diffident about going into danger. I used to say that it was getting badly wounded that I was scared of, and not death. But as a matter of fact I did n't much fancy getting killed, either. That was what surprised me about getting popped off. It all happened so quickly. I was just stooping down to pick up a souvenir when all of a sudden — bim! — there I was, off on my way, *ordre de mouvement* and all, before I had a chance to think what had happened.

Pretty soon I got to wondering where I was going, and yet I was afraid to look at my papers. The uncertainty was terrible, but then suppose it should say — Well, you can imagine how I felt. I waited awhile, and turned the papers around, and looked them all over on the outside. They appeared harmless enough. Then I turned up the corner to the line where it says "Destination," but not far enough to see what was written. I turned it up a little farther and there was a great big "H"; a little bit farther, and there was an "e." Oh, Lord, I began to break out in a cold sweat, and I could n't look any farther. "I'll close my eyes and count ten," I thought, "and then I'll look." So I shut my eyes and opened the paper. I counted ten; and then twenty and thirty, and after I'd been counting I don't know how long, I sort of absent-mindedly opened my eyes and read it. I had to read it two or three times, before I was sure. But it certainly did say "Heaven" as plain as day. You see, I was sort of expecting the other.

¹ Suggesting the manner in which U.S. Army Leave Centres in France were conducted.

Of course, after that I was feeling pretty good, and I went to sleep and dreamed of a six-course dinner. When I woke up, somebody was calling, "Everybody out! Change cars!" — and I found myself just waiting around.

I stopped a guard.

"What place is this?"

He mentioned some name I'd never heard before.

"How long do we have to wait here?"

"Where are you going? Let me see your papers."

Now, it is against my principle to show my papers to any guard. They always find something wrong with them, and send you to a Provost Marshal.

"I'll take care of the papers," I said, "but I'm going to Heaven, if you want to know."

The guard winked.

"That's what they all say," he said. "Let's see; this is 1918 — the through train for Heaven will be along in 1920; but I guess you can get on any of these locals, all right."

And he went away chuckling, and I sat down to wait. I've got to admit I was disgusted. The place was nothing but a junction and there was n't even a *buvette* in town. I don't know how long I waited, but certainly a crowd of people had come and gone before my patience was exhausted. Then I looked up the guard.

"Look here," I said. "Is n't there any way I can get to Heaven without waiting for that blamed express?"

"You still here!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you're really going to Heaven, do you?"

"Sure I am," I said, and showed him the paper — which is justifiable in case of emergency.

"Well, I'll be —" he said. "It's hard to know what to do about your case. There has n't been anybody along for that destination since I came on the job. I was booked for there myself when I first came out, but I got put on detached service here," he explained.

He scratched his head a couple of times.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "if you're really set on it,

you can go on to the next junction, and wait *in the station* until one of the empties goes back to Heaven. I think they have a short line there. That is, if you're sure you want to go there."

"Thanks," I said. "I believe I will."

"Just wait a second," he said, looking at me rather strangely, almost pityingly I thought; and he went into his office and came out with a bar of chocolate and a sack of bull.

"Take these," he said. "Good-bye and good luck. There's your train."

And I was off. Not long after we rolled into the next junction, and I found a guard.

"When does the next train leave for Heaven over the short line?" I asked.

"To-morrow morning, as soon as it comes in. Expecting a friend?" he asked.

"No. Much obliged," I replied; for as I said before, I hate inquisitive guards.

I began to look about the junction, and I could see I was going to like the burg. Brightly lighted streets, lots of traffic, and if I could judge, cafés and theatres. There was a guard at the gate, but I watched my chance, doubled back up the switch-yard and over the fence into the city.

That night I had *some* time. I met a little black-eyed devil in a café and she and I had supper together and went to a show, and, well, I'll never forget that night.

Next morning I had to argue with the conductor of the short line to get on the train, and finally had to bribe him with my cake of chocolate and a swig of something I had bought the night before.

It was a swift ride, and before I knew it I was in Heaven. Would you believe it, it was raining! There was a great big "Welcome" sign, done in gilt, with Christmas-tree hangings, bedraggled and dripping. There did n't seem to be anybody around, but pretty soon an old white-

bearded man with a red arm-band came by. He stopped, surprised, when he saw me.

"Who are you?"

"Stormfield, sir. Private Stormfield."

"How did you get here?"

I had tried to figure out some kind of a story for this event, but I kind of lost courage. I thought it was best to pull this bewildered stuff.

"Honestly, sir, I don't really know."

"Don't know, eh? Well, it affects lots of 'em that way. Let's see your papers."

I had to give them to him. I followed him into a musty office where there were a couple of other clerks. The old boy looked at my papers, vaguely, through his glasses. It was plain he could n't read them. He stamped them five or six times and filed them away and gave me a pink check, "Good for One Eternity of Happiness." Then he turned to one of the clerks.

"Give this souljer a spiritual examination."

I went into the next room with the clerk. He sat at a desk and began checking off a lot of points without asking me anything, mumbling queries and responses automatically to himself, "Religion — Christian. Record — Faithful, etc., etc."

"How are you morally?" he asked.

"Pretty well, thank you."

"Well, I guess that's all. Oh, let me see your soul."

I showed it to him; and he looked at it rather curiously.

"Hmmm. Never saw one like that before. Don't you think it looks rather — well, rather ragged? How are your thoughts?"

"To tell you the truth, I have n't been thinking much lately."

"Oh, that's good," he said. "You're passed."

And he went back to the other room. The old boy turned to the other clerk.

"Give this souljer Equipment C."

The clerk got out a robe, a hymn-book, a harp, a halo,

a pair of sandals, and one pair regulation angel's wings, and put them on the counter.

In another second I had them on, and a lot of dirty little cherubs came in and threw artificial flowers at me, and then asked for pennies and a *cigarette américaine*.

The old boy said, "Now you are an angel, 1st class, and you can go and have a good time forever."

Then I walked out into Heaven. There were some grand buildings and beautiful streets but not much doing. I passed bunches of other angels wandering about in badly fitting robes, and harps slung over their backs. I fixed mine that way.

Then I met a fellow with great big wings and a sash, who looked at me hard. I was going to pass on when he yelled at me.

"Say, Buddy, what's your outfit? Don't you know enough to salute a Seraph when you see one?"

I gave him a salute. There's no use arguing with that type. But it seems it was n't right.

"You do it like this," he said, kissing his hand and giving it a kind of a flourish at the end.

I made a stab at it.

"That's better, only kneel at attention when you're talking to a Seraph after this."

A little farther on I came upon an angel, actually scrubbing the golden paving-stones.

"And what may you be doing, my friend?" I inquired.

"Oh, me," he said. "I'm on *corvée*. I tried to skip out of here the other day on a little trip, and got caught and they shoved me on this cobble-stone detail for A.W.O.L."

"Well," I said, "if that's your idea of a heavenly time, take me home. What did you try to skip out for?"

"Got fed up. Nobody new ever comes in, and the kind we get don't make things any livelier. If I'd had my rights I'd have been a Seraph long ago, but they stuck in a lot of these Charley Boys who had recommendations

from the churches. I put in my application for Martyr Corps, and got it turned down; and then I tried to transfer to Choir Celestial, and to Messenger Service, and never heard from either of them. I tell you I'm sick of this cloud outpost duty."

This sort of stuff was n't encouraging and I walked off to a small cloud and sat down to kind of think it over. I had n't been there long when I heard somebody hollering at me. I looked down and saw an angel in spectacles, and with a triangle on his sleeve.

"Hey there," he called. "Cheery-o! Don't look so gloomy. Have a good time!"

"Who are you?" I said. "I don't have to have a good time unless I want to."

"Oh, yes, you do," he said, facetiously. "This is Heaven. Come down and have a cup of chocolate."

"You go away," I said, edging around the cloud.

"And don't forget the Flying Trip to-morrow," he continued. "We start early; bring your lunch. I'll show you all the famous places. And to-night we're going to have a dance if we can get any *demoiselles*."

"What, is there a scarcity of ladies?"

"No, but most of them are invited to the Seraphs' Ball. Don't forget to come to the dance, though. We're going to have the nicest time. Cheery-o! Good-bye. Have a good time!"

And he was gone.

By this time, though I hate to admit it, I had pretty well made up my mind about Heaven. So I went back to the main office, and hunted up the clothing clerk.

"Say," I said. "About this halo. It sort of settles down and scratches my left ear. I wonder if I could get another."

"Sorry," he said. "They all complain of it. But it can't be helped. It's regulation."

"Do I *have* to wear it?"

"Of course," he said. "It's regulation."

I turned away and went to the head clerk.

"Pardon me, sir," I said, saluting. "But are you *sure* this is Heaven?"

"It's absolutely official," he replied. "Accredited by G.H.Q."

"Well, that being the case," I answered boldly, "I believe I'd like to get checked out."

"Checked out?" he ejaculated. "Impossible! Why, where were you thinking of going?"

"I thought, maybe, if you did n't mind, I'd like to go to — to that junction at the end of the short line."

"That junction at the end of the short line!" He shuddered, aghast. "You must *never* go there!"

"And why not?"

"What, don't you know?" he said. "Why, my boy — that's Hell."

LANSING WARREN

S.S.U. 70

XX

POLYGLOTITIS

(Written by an old Field Service man while serving after the Armistice with the Army of Occupation.)

LIEBER BULLETIN:

Es ist longtemps since I have vous écrit parce qu'ich kann no longer parler ordinary Anglais, und I had peur that sie would nicht verstehe pas. Wir sind en Alsace, vous savez, und too many langues spoil the vocabulaire, nicht wahr? Die Leute par ici speak Allemand, les soldats talk French fluently, and wir, qui parle l'Anglais, get all mixed up. The Deutscherishers talk Français and English un petit peu, the poilus sprichen Deutsch and English ein wenig. Darum wir parlent a little bit of tous les trois.

This complicates la vie considerablement. Wenn you have auf ein Wirtshaft gegangen, la Madame says, "Bonjour, Monsieur, was wollen sie?" and vous dites, "Guten Abend, Madame, geben-sie mir ein bouteille of



"THE 'PINARD' GENTLEMAN WHO MANS THE HOSE NEAR THE
TANK WAGON"



"WIR HABEN ÉVACUÉ TOUS LES BUVETTES"



beer." Et quand vous avez finished, sie sagen, "Combien?" and she says, "Zwansig sous." Avant de partir you say, "Gute nacht, Madame," et elle répond, "Au revoir, Mein Herr." And quelque poilu calls out, "Good-night — oh yess." That machts es difficile.

Aber ça ne fait rien. The Liberation von Elsäss marche bien. Wir haben évacué tous les buvettes, and the Deutsche Bier n'existe plus. We have acheté beaucoup de German souvenirs to sell zu dem green peas auf dem Y.M.C.A. à Paris. Mais c'est verboten to go there maintenant. Wir müssen get permission to go en permission. Das ist sehr traurig, n'est pas? Peut-être es ist wahr qu'on has saved the world für la démocratie, but la liberté is scarcer than hell où nous sommes. Il y a plenty of soldats américains ici A.W.O.L., aber nous can't seem to machen ein get away. Der Weg zum Frieden ist ein route très longue und très mauvaise für autos.

We have had kein lettres from home depuis the Armistice. Les Folks croyaient that we were coming Heim tout de suite. And wir aussi. Aber nous were the bonnes poires encore. We would lieben d'être mustered aus hier en France. However, sie kennen jamais tell. Probablement we will to Base Camp allé, oder zum ein parc where we may have to arbeiten. That would be nicht gut, vous savez.

Anyhow, notre division will be busted up bald. Und der armistice will be fini, Gott sei dankt. Wo wir will gehen, nous should worry.

Voulez-vous, Cher Bulletin, accepter mes meilleurs sentiments, and wishes for ein Freundliche Weihnachtsen and a Prosit Neu Yahr. Mit lof,

LANSING WARREN

Neuf-Brisach, Haute Alsace
January, 1919

S.S.U. 70

XXI

"SYSTÈME D"

(*A Passing Page from the Life of an Ambulance Man*)

THE first-class *rapide*, Nice to Paris, with its burden of civilian travellers and the usual sprinkling of French and other officers, slowly gathered momentum as an American soldier, clad in a smart overcoat and highly polished top boots, appeared suddenly in the passageway for all the world as if he had been drawn from the floor with the magician's wand. His actions denoted considerable haste and uneasiness, but after a searching glance up and down the corridor and station platform, he appeared reassured and settled himself comfortably next to a dignified French colonel. And as the train had left Nice far behind he expressed his contentment in a prodigious sigh and even hazarded a slight smile in the direction of an American officer in the opposite corner, who, booted and spurred, scowled slightly as became his rank and dignity.

Now there entered the compartment, with much ceremony and many flourishes, a very portly and withal busy conductor, who, glancing fussily at every scrap of the assortment of tickets and papers offered for his inspection, came at last to a deliberate stop in front of the American — he of the extreme self-possession. Immediately thereupon ensued a pronounced silence while the dapper young soldier fished into many a pocket, and finally, a trifle reluctantly perhaps, brought to light a battered and ill-used pink *permission* paper of imposing size. This he handed over without a word, and then very calmly let his gaze wander out through the window and over the sun-flecked expanse of blue Mediterranean where it seemed lost in contemplation of that ever-moving scene.

Meanwhile the occupants of the compartment looked on. The French colonel seemed interested and the American lieutenant frowned more deeply. The portly

conductor, suspicious through experience, scanned with exceeding care the pink leaflet, ever and anon pausing to glance over the top of his steel-rimmed spectacles at the *conducteur américain*, who oblivious to all else continued deeply interested in the passing scenery and wore withal an expression of most baffling innocence. The information contained in the pink ticket seemed to irritate the portly conductor for his brow continued to grow darker and the long ends of his drooping moustache grew fairly rigid. At last he could contain himself no longer and with many gesticulations, supported by a choice command of French, he left no doubt in the minds of those who heard him that the *rapide* was only a first-class train, and many another pertinent observation as to "privates," "third-class coaches," etc. And then with an air of finality he pointed with one long bony finger at the notation *troisième classe*, as he held the paper before the immediate subject of his harangue.

Now, our soldier, no doubt grieved at being so rudely disturbed in his nautical meditations, looked up with the air of one who has suffered much and is slightly bored, and said, very distinctly and with perfect accent, "*Je ne comprends pas.*" These words seemed to have a magic effect on the portly one. It appeared that he was about to speak, but thinking better of that he closed his jaws with a snap, made one pitiful gesture of helplessness — and fled.

But the strange part of this little story lies in the fact that had you looked closely you must have seen a merry twinkle light up the grave eyes of the French colonel and a smile hover at the corners of his firm mouth, seeing which the youthful soldier apologetically murmured something about "*Système D*" — and the American lieutenant scowled more darkly.

WALTER E. BRUNS¹

S.S.U. 10

¹ Of Oakland, California; Stanford; served with Section Ten in the Field Service, and subsequently in the U.S.A. Ambulance Service.

XXII

JOURNAUX DU FRONT

SOME of the sections edited papers at various times, but as their effort was confined to *repos* periods there was no attempt to do more than issue a copy when occasion offered. The most pretentious of these publications was *The Ippécourier* brought out by Section Four in 1916, while stationed at Ippécourt. Besides a cover design the paper had twenty pages of articles, verse, drawings, and "advertisements." Less pretentious, but appearing more regularly, was *Soixante-Neuf*, Section Sixty-Nine's paper. *The Big Blat* of Section Eight was conspicuous for its cover design, which glorified the section mascot — a goat. Other sections had simple multi-copied news-sheets, without attempt at drawing or design. Sections Eighteen and Nineteen issued printed section diaries each month. The following article tells of the Section Sixty-Nine publication.

SOIXANTE-NEUF

DURING the summer and autumn of 1917, when we were in the region of Verdun, we issued a little paper, the *Soixante-Neuf*, which was written by us and printed or manifolded at our cantonment.

We had a full staff, for there was not only an Editor-in-Chief, but also two Assistant Editors, an Art Editor with two assistants, a Sporting Editor, a Business Manager, an Advertising Manager, and an Advisor and Censor.

The first number opened with a portrait of our French Lieutenant, André Charles Fraye, accompanied by a biographical notice, wherein it is declared that "in all sincerity we can say that he is the best Lieutenant in the French army"; and now, back in the quietude of American civil life, I can say amen to this opinion expressed months ago on the Western Front.

Perhaps one of the most entertaining features of our effort was our advertising page. Thus, Messrs. Neynaber & Day keep a grocery store. Their address is "Car

The

IPPÉ COURIER

TOUSJOURS IN BOUE
CHRISTMAS 1916



*"C'est vous qui
montez à Esnès."*

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF COVER OF PAPER ISSUED BY
SECTION FOUR WHILE IN IPPÉCOURT

No. 5," which is "always open," and the public is informed that "if we do not have in stock what you wish, we will order it for you."

"F. E. Kneeland, Car No. 8, on the Board Walk," announces that he is always ready "to sew buttons on" and that he "mends everything from tiny rips to shell-holes."

The occupant of Car 11 makes this statement: "Since I have, as yet, received no letter from home, I find myself in a very embarrassing financial condition and so wish to sell, cheap, a splendid pair of new woollen trousers."

At "No. 12 Mud Street" is "The Soixante-Neuf Barber Shop; haircuts and shaves while you wait. Hives scratched free of charge." In a later advertisement, customers are informed that they can have "a clean towel every week."

Jean Fanrie, "Mechanician, S.S.U. Sixty-Nine. Repair work of all kinds from toothbrushes to differentials." He also makes *briquets* "that light and stay lit in any sort of wind."

Then there is a "Hand Laundry," whose advertisement reads: "We take in washing. Put your trust in the Lord, and give us your clothes. Prices reasonable if the socks are."

In a later number the Section tailor breaks into verse:

And when the bombs are bursting
And the bullets sing and whine,
Then you flop upon the ground
And your buttons lose their shine ;
Or perhaps you stalled your motor
And in starting it you tripped.
Next morning when you don your clothes
You find they're sadly ripped.

N.B. Car 8 is a fully equipped *poste de secours* for all manner of clothing wounds.

FRANK KNEELAND,
Médecin Chef

Again, the grocers burst into rhyme:

Though *avions* flash through the sky at night,
Dropping bombs and shells to the left and right;
Though bullets may sing and bullets may whine,
Right up at the front of the very first line;
When you're hungry and faint and thoroughly beat,
When your stomach is craving for something to eat;
Just step to Car Five, which is not far away,
And trade at the store of your own, Ney & Day.

This last "ad" is, furthermore, illustrated. You see Car 5 with two *ambulanciers* running to it, while shells are bursting behind it and above it, evidently dropped by the flying machine shown at the top of the advertisement.

"*Le Tailleur de cette Section*," F. E. Kneeland, also has recourse to pen and pencil — thus:

The biggest bomb can't make me jump,
The nearest shell gives me no fear,
The bits of *éclat* I can dodge
By simply bending to the rear.

While playing ball one sunny day,
I ripped my pants from rear to front.
But Kneeland mended them so well
That now they'll stand most any brunt.

Bombs are seen bursting while two *ambulanciers*, with well-patched clothing, are working on their cars.

From the news columns:

Dernière Heure

9:30 A.M. All of Section Sixty-Nine resign from Ambulance Service to return home.

10:00 A.M. All decide to enter Aviation.

10:30 A.M. All agree to stay in Ambulance Service.

11:00 A.M. Again all going back to U.S.

Under "Classified Advertisements":

It becomes necessary to inform our readers that the Barber Shop, under the management of Manley & Hooker, has moved into its new quarters in the large and spacious barn on Broadway.

AUG. 20, 1917

SOIXANTE-NEUF

PAGE 3

THE SOIX-INT-NEUF

BARBER SHOP

HAIR CUTS & SHAVES

GAS GIVEN WHEN NECESSARY

ALL WORK GUARANTEED MONEY

BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

NO RATCHED PAY OF CHARGE

ESTABLISHED IN THE INDUSTRY

ROCKY HANLEY

12 MAD STREET

EXCHANGE

HAND LAUNDRY

RED TAKES IN WASHING

LOVE VS DIRT

PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE LORD

AND GIVE ME YOUR CLOTHES

RED REASONABLE

THE SOCKS ARE

JEAN FAIRIE

REPAIRS

SSM 60

REPAIRS ALL KINDS OF

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REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF SECTION SIXTY-NINE'S
PAPER, "SOIXANTE-NEUF"



HUMOROUS SKETCHES

In the number for August 2 occurs this notice:

Do your Christmas shopping early — there are only eighty-six shopping days left!

These are samples of the contents of our little sheet and they show the fine morale that characterized the personnel of our dear old Sixty-Nine.

In the third issue, that of September 1, appeared this notice:

Help

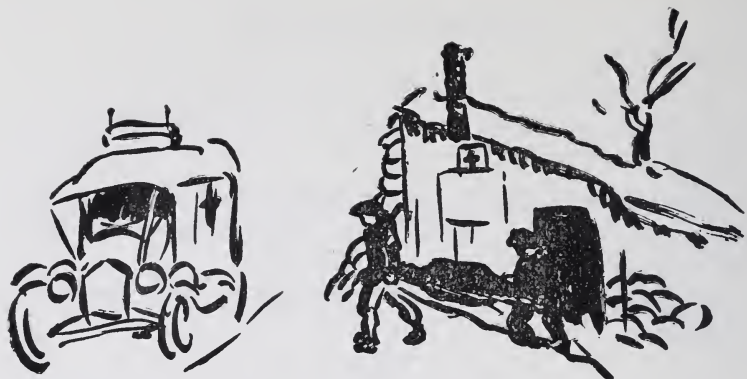
The first issue of *Soixante-Neuf* announced that contributions would be gratefully accepted if placed in the box for that purpose. We regret to say that nothing has come to us and we feel a lack of coöperation exists, or, shall we say, interest? Owing to the vital question which now looms on the horizon, we realize it is difficult to think of aught else. In these three issues we have striven to give the best we could under the circumstances, having to print by hand, together with the many other problems of a printer; and we have now arrived at the point where we ask, Shall this paper continue? Will you manifest some little interest and help to keep it up? It is really up to you.

This was the swan song and here the enterprise ended.

A. D. RATHBONE ¹

¹ Of Grand Rapids, Michigan; Michigan, '19; Editor of *Soixante-Neuf*; served for four months with Section Sixty-Nine of the Field Service; later in the U.S. Navy.





Lighter Verse

“HUNK O’ TIN”

(Dedicated to the Memory of Car No. 423, S.S.U. 13)
Morte May 8, 1917

You may talk about your *voitures*
When you're sitting round the quarters,
But when it comes to getting *blessés* in,
Take a little tip from me:
Let those heavy motors be,
Pin your faith to Henry F.'s old Hunk o' Tin.
Now I've loafed around the war
Six or seven months or more, —
It does n't matter when I did begin, —
But I've seen a car or so,
And the best one that I know
Is that ridiculed old junk heap, Hunk o' Tin.
Give her *essence* and *de l'eau*,
Crank her up and let her go.
You back-firin', spark-plug foul-in' Hunk o' Tin.

The paint is not so good,
And no doubt you'll find the hood
Will rattle like a boiler shop *en route* ;
The radiator may boil,
And perhaps she's leakin' oil,

LIGHTER VERSE

Then oftentimes the horn declines to toot.
But when the night is black,
And there's *blessés* to take back,
And they hardly give you time to take a smoke;
It is mighty good to feel,
When you're sitting at the wheel,
She'll be running when the bigger cars are broke.

Oh, it's Din, Din, Din.
If it happens there's a ditch you've skidded in
Don't be worried, but just shout
Till some *poilu* boasts you out
And you're glad she's not so heavy, Hunk o' Tin.

After all the wars are past,
And we're taken home at last
To our reward of which the preacher sings,
When these *ukelele* sharps
Will be strumming golden harps,
And the aviators all have reg'lar wings;
When the Kaiser is in hell
With the furnace drawing well,
Paying for his million different kinds of sin,
If they're running short of coal,
Show me how to reach the hole
And I'll cast a few loads down with Hunk o' Tin.

Yes, Tin, Tin, Tin,
You exasperating puzzle, Hunk o' Tin,
I've abused you and I've flayed you,
But by Henry Ford who made you,
You are better than a Packard, Hunk o' Tin.

C. C. BATTERSHELL, S.S.U. 13

WE WISH IT WOULD

WHENEVER the topics of talk run low,
Whenever a lull in the chatter comes,

When you think there's a dam in the usual flow
Of fruitless bull — some one succumbs,
And soberly lets this phrase descend,
"When do you think the war will end?"

The men on the steamers that ride the foam;
The *camion* drivers (or *camionnette*);
The letters that come from the folks at home;
And even the "*Madame*" in the *buvette*:
They carry a burden of this one trend,
"When do you think the war will end?"

You pick up a *poilu* along the route
Who asks for a lift toward the first line trench,
And he drops you a line fast as he can shoot
That you can't take in with your palsied French,
No need to say you don't comprehend —
It's "When do you think the war will end?"

Every one airily states his views
At length — till you wish that he could be hung.
Every one answers — and none refuse
The foolishhest question that ever was sprung

* * *

And before I forget it, my reader friend,
When do *you* think the war will end?

LANSING WARREN, S.S.U. 70

December, 1917

NORTHWARD HO!

("An Arctic explorer recently returned to London states that the Esquimaux do not know that the war is going on." — *New York Herald*.)

At last the perfect resort has been found,
A place where of war there is no sound,
No talk that's gone on for three years now —
Whether "Willy" or "Nicky" started the row —

"Kan the Kaiser," "*Pas bonne la guerre*,"
Or of prices raised on the daily fare —
Things just go on as they always go,
And he's quite content, is the Esquimo.

No "Belgian Relief" or "Orphan Days"
Have disturbed his peaceful, placid ways;
He never read headlines about the strife
Or saw the Kaiser cartooned in "Life."
He never saw all this "*camouflage*" sham,
Or read a Hindenburg telegram.
In fact, up there in the Arctic snow,
He's really quite happy, — the Esquimo.

War news, autocracies, a peace that is just,
Gott, the Kaiser, Bethman-Hollweg's crust,
Cannons, machine guns, the *obus's* whine,
The rocking-chair patriot's militant line,
Trenches, aeroplanes, "No Man's Land" . . .
None of these things have disturbed his band.
Slothful and soft, in peace they grow,
But they quite enjoy life, do the Esquimaux!

They've never been fooled by the popular craze
Of hunting for news in *communiqués*.
In conscription and censors they have yet to see
The perfection of world-wide democracy.
They were never inspired, nor had they the chance
To start up an "Esquimaux Ambulance."
Yes, in spite of the ice and snow,
They are not badly off — the Esquimaux!

ROBERT A. DONALDSON, S.S.U. 70

CAMOUFLAGE ALL!

THE war has developed a singular art,
The scenery painter's special part;

Concealing, deceiving beneath his paint
Making things look like what they ain't,
Buildings, and wagons, and cannon, too,
He mottles and hides from the searching view
Of the airplanes that hover in white *nuages*,
That's what the French call "*Camouflage*."

By similar process my lady dips
Her brush to redden her faded lips;
For this the broker waters his stocks;
Cigars have pictures upon the box;
The politician's broad, black hat,
Most of his speeches, for matter of that;
Sand in the sugar, water in milk,
The plain girl's stockings, made of silk,
Lovers' kisses, and timid looks;
The lawyer's impressive shelf of books,
Comic sheets in the doctor's room,
Compliments carved on a dead-beat's tomb,
All that we say from birth to death,
A spearmint flavor on beery breath,
Pomp and glory, and wealth and fame,
The great reputation of What's-His-Name,
Even the night-bell on the garage,
Every damn bit of it *Camouflage*!!

L. W., S.S.U. 70

SYSTÈME "D"

THIS war is for "morals" we often are told,
For honor and justice and right,
It's a "soulful uplifter," it "brings out the best,"
It "leads us from darkness to light."
But all of this talk about morals and such
Is compromised some, you will see,
By that prevalent habit of take it, or nab it,
Which is called by the French,
Système "D."

LIGHTER VERSE

When up at the front on some duty or other,
And there 's nothing to do, and you snooze,
And a real pleasant *poilu* with manners quite perfect
Drops in and departs with your shoes;
When your *essence* is stolen, or cooks sell your *pinard*
To *poilus* who want, a cheap spree,
Though perhaps not delighted, you don't get excited;
It's a part of the game,
Système "D."

When your tools are all taken, you do not report it,
But tap some one else's full set;
When the *Chef* takes your coal, you take some one else's,
(The kitchen 's a pretty good bet!)
And so it goes on from the General down,
And adjusts itself quite equally,
This uplift of wartime, this shoplift of no crime,
This nice moral game,
Système "D."

.R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

IT'S HADES

I've taken my Fords as I've found them,
I've jolted and jarred in my time.
I've had my pickings of *voitures*,
And four of the lot were a crime.
One was a junk heap at Verdun,
And one collapsed on the Aisne;
One was the victim of *camouflage*,
And one's running yet in Champagne.

I was a young 'un at Verdun.
I picked a pearl to begin.
Gave me gray hairs and a callous,
Cracked me up twice on the shin.
She bucked till I felt like a milkshake.
She had more of a growl than a purr.

And I tinkered away on my back as I lay,
But I learned about *voitures* from her.

Then we got shifted to Soissons.
Called it the *Camion-bazaar*.
My temper it hardly did sweeten,
In fitting new parts on that car.
Oil she'd absorb by the pailful,
Animate greasecup she were.
But I felt I was square when I saw her lie there,
And I learned about *voitures* from her.

Then we got jumped to Jubécourt.
Or I'd been food for the plough.
Got me a shiny new jar-jane,
With a radiator brow.
Taught me how futile are footbrakes,
Sort of accordion she were,
For she folded one night, when I plugged at a White,
But I learned about *voitures* from her.

Then we got hopped to Mont-sans-Nom,
With the shells falling thick round the bean,
Got the car with the mud-guard that John bent
The squarest I ever have seen.
Cylinder-cracked was her trouble,
I finally guessed what it were,
But I could n't mend such, she was busted too much,
So I got another for her.

And now, as I'm sitting, and dreaming,
And changing the tire on she,
Be warned of your lot, keep the car that you've got,
And never change *voitures* with me.

Fini.

And never change *voitures* with me.

SHERMAN L. CONKLIN, S.S.U. 17



"IT'S NIX ON THE HEROIC STUFF FOR ME"



"PIN YOUR FAITH TO HENRY F'S OLD HUNK O' TIN"



NIX ON THE HEROIC STUFF

I

WHEN I hear the high-pitched singing
Of a German shell a-winging
Towards the little spot of ground I'm lying on,
Do I proudly stand up fearless,
Quite confident I'm smearless,
Until the bloomin' shell has come and gone?
Although I've seen some do it,
I'd not! not if I knew it,
For it's nix on the Heroic Stuff for me.

II

When I hear the motor humming,
Of a German plane a-coming,
For to drop some pills around the town I'm in,
Do I stay beneath the covers,
While overhead "Fritz" hovers,
And merely look around me with a grin?
Well, perhaps there's nothing to it;
Maybe there are some who do it,
But it's nix on the Heroic Stuff for me.

III

When I have chanced to find a dud
Lying buried in the mud
Of the road I travel over every day,
Do I lose my princely manner,
And pat it rudely with a spanner,
Or pick it up and throw it out the way?
Well, perhaps it's 'cause I'm lazy,
Or maybe I'm not quite crazy,
But — it's nix on the Heroic Stuff for me.

S. C. DOOLITTLE, S.S.U. 68

FATALISM

You can travel all along the line, at any *poste* you please,
In sectors where it's blasted hot or sectors where you
freeze,
Where bunks are long or bunks are short, but you'll be
sure to choke.
For you'll never find an *abri* where
The Stove Won't Smoke!

It may be that the wood is wet, or that the flue can't
function,
And you labor till you choose your words without the
least compunction,
Your eyes are full of blinding tears, your voice a husky
croak.
Will there be *abris* in Heaven where
The Stove Won't Smoke?

S. L. C., S.S.U. 17

PERMISSION!

TIME was, when I honestly longed for the day
That we'd go to the front for some action.
I was then a recruit — a poor simple galoot,
And was ripe for a row or a raction.
But now — well, it's different; I've had quite enough
Of this damnable war of perdition, —
I don't fall no more for this patriot stuff: —
All I want is to go on permission!

At first I was keen to be risking my life —
To go over the top and attack;
I was n't dismayed at the thought of a raid
When the most of us would n't come back;
But now when they call for a few volunteers
To go out on a bomb expedition,

I let others respond, while I join in the cheers —
For the time 's getting near to permission!

It was not long ago that I used to have hopes
That I 'd get a promotion and such,
But six weeks of trenches — their filth and their stench
Ain't made me repine for it much.
Ambition sinks low in the face of war's taunts; —
Get away with your louzy commission! —
There 's only one thing that a soldier man wants:
"Let me light out 'a this" — on permission!

L. W., S.S.U. 70

C'EST ÇA

I 'VE been roosting over where
They 've a sentence, "*C'est la guerre*,"
That you hear reiterated o'er and o'er.
It 's a cheering little thing,
Hopeful and enspiriting,
And, translated into English, means
"That 's war."

When everything you see
Is as rotten as can be,
When life 's a shaky gamble or a bore,
You 'll derive great consolation
From that patent observation
For it 's comforting to know it —
That it 's war.

You tote a gun and pack,
Rain a-trickling down your back,
And you sleep in some damp dug-out on the floor,
And you wake alive with fleas,
Don't get irritated, please,
Just remember that it is n't sport —
It 's war.

You must live on rancid grub,
And they curse you for a dub,
Or rout you out to do some filthy chore,
And you haven't had a bath
For a month — restrain your wrath,
And repeat that everlasting phrase,
 "That's war."

If you're like the cheerful French
When the "Boches" strafe your trench
And you see your comrades slaughtered by the score,
You can get much satisfaction
From that obvious abstraction,
And you'll simply shake your head and say,
 "That's war."

For there is no more to tell
When you've found that war is hell.
(I *think* I've heard that said somewhere before.)
If you're in it, you poor duffer,
Then you'll have to grin and suffer
In the flames of hell — I'm telling you —
 "That's war!"

L. W., S.S.U. 70

AROUND OUR STOVE

AROUND our barracks stove at night
We're mighty careless what we say.
If anything's not done up right,
We'd do it better — by a sight,
If we could only have our way —
 Around our stove.

All discipline that's ever tried
We're always ready to resent;
We give our *officiers* a ride
To take the sparkle off their pride —

Or else we cuss the government —
Around our stove.

Around our stove we make a fuss
About the risky things we've done,
Or pick the flaws in some poor cuss;
Tell what we'd do if it was us —
Why battles have been lost and won —
Around our stove!

You'd think a crowd of anarchists
Had gathered, were you passing by,
Or pugilistic pacifists —
And not plain amb'lance motorists;
For, my God, how the bull does fly
Around our stove!

L. W., S.S.U. 70

IMITATIVE AMERICA

(“Following the example set by England and France a measure has recently been brought up in Congress to make America bone dry for the duration of the war.” — U.S. Press Dispatch.)

AMERICA is putting forth
All efforts toward the war.
White bread, free lunch, et al., have gone,
Soon drinks will be no more.
We must imitate our Allies,
And so we close the bars,
Light wines and beer are going fast,
And soon they'll stop cigars.

An English-speaking Frenchman o'er
His *pinard* read the page,
Immediately he flew into
A patriotic rage.
“What stuff! What overwhelming lies!
On France this is a slander.

You should take steps to have suppressed
This German propaganda!"

The Tommy in his billets read
The Daily Mail's short note
About this imitative measure which
Was coming up to vote.
He chuckled o'er the journal long
And then spoke up, "I say,
This really must be only rot, —
The U.S. going dry!"

The old determined U.S.A.
Will probably win the war
If it will only emulate
The Allies more and more.
But consolation still there'll be
Despite the U.S. dry,
The *poilu* has his *pinard*,
And the Tommy has his rye!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

THE SLACKER

SAYS the man engaged in business
To the chap who haunts his club,
"Oh, you slacker, start-producing,
Whip the Kaiser and his sub."

While the army clerk in Paris,
Adding figures in a chair,
Types his friends, "Come, don't be slackers,
Go enlist, get 'over there.'"

And his former comrade grumbles
As he steers his ambulance:
"Yellow slacker back in Paris,
He's the softest job in France."

Then his car rolls by some cannon
And the gunners all remark,
"What a smug, contented slacker!
Why, his job is just a lark."

And the dirty, frozen *poilu*,
Slowly plodding from his trench,
Grunts, "Artillery! Oh, what slackers!
Far from mud, grenades, and stench."

While the stalwart shock divisions,
Coming forward to attack,
Sneer, "Those ordinary *poilus*!
It's a shame the way they slack."

But the curse goes even further;
For the crews that man the tanks
Say, "Compared to us what slackers
Are the men who fill the ranks."

So, although you're quite heroic,
And your deeds are far from tame,
Don't be boastful, just remember,
You're a slacker all the same.

B. C. WOHLFORD, S.S.U. 70

EN REPOS

THERE'S no fit word of any tongue,
There's neither rhyme nor prose,
To express the ennui of the men
When the section's *en repos*!

It's a fearful kind of lassitude
That takes them in its grasp,
And neither cigarettes nor drink
Will loose that binding clasp.

For a man with blood and willing,
It just makes boil with rage,
And nearly drives him frantic
Like the bars of an iron cage!

His thoughts turn back to his homeland,
To the pleasures he had, and his friends,
And he dreams of a quick returning
From this war which never ends!

When there's work he's well contented,
When there's not, then trouble brews,
And he kicks and frets and fumes about
With a chronic case of blues.

A rumor starts him kicking,
The papers drive him wild,
The officers find him crankier
Than a sick and howling child!

But send him out on the road again
And keep him there for days,
He's a different man than he was before
In a thousand different ways.

He's happy and he's well content,
He whistles while he works.
When it's meal time he is hungry
And at orders never shirks.

To keep your men all happy.
A recipe by all who know,
Just work them hard and often,
And beware when *en repos*.

R. MORRISON YOUNG, T.M.U. 184

VERSE THAT OUGHT NOT TO BE FREE

No, I don't believe
I have grown cynical
Or shell-hardened or
Anything like that.
But it's a fact,
Shells mean absolutely
Nothing to me now.
As I said before,
I am not cynical or war-hardened,
I really can't explain it all,
Unless, yes, perhaps just because
I am comfortably ensconced
In bed with a cold,
Awaiting convalescence
At Nice,
I don't give a damn
Where the shells
Do land.

W. E. POWERS, S.S.U. 16

WAR'S ANNOYANCES

THE annoyances of a soldier are supposed, in civil
life,
To be the shells, and the bullets, and the sounds of endless
strife;
They think he gets quite weary of the trenches and the
guns;
And the water and the trench raids, and the sniping of
the Huns;
But were truth known, it is n't so — the front 's a peace-
ful place,
And the soldier's real annoyance is the back home
populace!

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

It's good old men who send him books of firm and helpful hints,

And tracts on keeping well and strong, and how to do up splints;

It's pastors who will pray for him, and send trench Bibles, too,

And silly girls he never met who write him *billets-doux*;

It's men who've not enlisted who always wish that he,
Should he run across a German, "Would give him hell for me."

The romantic ladies pleading, "Oh, you will be such a dear,

Now get a Boche spiked hat for me, just as a souvenir."

The man who writes, "Be sure and 'Kan the Kaiser' while you're there."

(He sends this warlike message from his office swivel chair!)

It's people safely back at home who always sternly write,

"The country has n't wakened to the fact we're in the fight!"

They're nothing new, these pesterers of honest soldier folk,

But just the same ones, now transformed, who always will provoke.

Here's just the same old pastor, with his droning parish call,

And the gossiping old neighbor with her stories and her shawl;

The doctor and the lawyer, and the man who wanted war

(Who pleaded his exemption so that he could run his store!).

Here's the meddler and the loafer, the boring family friend,

The silly debutante who chatters nothing, hours on end;

LIGHTER VERSE

The gusher of the tea room now is hunting souvenirs,
The "Ladies' Temperance Circle" is still down on wines
and beers.

All, all are here — they're mobilized "to help to win the
war,"

They'll "do their bit back there at home," though
Heaven knows what for!

The soldier has two troublers — one front of him, one
rear —

And the latter's most annoying, say the soldier men out
here!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

A DUFFER'S DUFFLE

A TANGLED mess of shirts and socks,
Underwear, shoe-strings, neckties and stocks,
A bottle of something heaved in by chance,
All wrapped up in a pair of pants,
A U.S. "unie" that would n't fit,
A knitted sweater that came unknit,
Stamps and envelopes, paper and books,
Flea powder (spilled), some pins and hooks,
A pair of shoes, a cake of soap,
A rubber basin, a coil of rope,
A pack of cards, and some dirty puttees,
One of those doggoned diaries,
Post-cards, a *briquet a poilu* made,
The stock of a German hand grenade,
A copy of Bethman-Hollweg's speech,
Some stuff in the bottom I could n't reach,
All of it tumbled in wild confusion,
Bought in a moment of mad delusion;
Junk that is n't worth while to drag —
The duffle in my duffle bag!

L. W., S.S.U. 70

TO HELEN

(*Or whatever her name is*)

On examining in the illustrated journals the portraits
of the ladies who are christening our merchant fleet.

Is *this* the face that launched a thousand ships?
What wonder, Vessels, that you plunged in upside down,
Or sunk, half-loaded, in your native slips,
Leaving the crew and officers to drown;
Or later, at the taunts of U-boats bold,
To hide from off your prows the blush of shame
Took refuge underneath the waters cold!
Oh Liberty, what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!

L. W., S.S.U. 70

EN REPOS

WHEN you join the Ambulance
You have visions of a dance
 With the *obus*, *mitrailleuse*, and aero bomb;
You expect a time exciting,
Being always where there's fighting,
 Where the big attack is always on the go;
But before you do your bit,
You will learn the truth of it —
 It's not the front that's deadly,
 But *repos*!

En repos! En repos!
Oh, you're always in a village *en repos*!
Just evacuation work
Which you'd always rather shirk,
 And fatigue and other nuisances well known.
You forever cool your heels
Or join in endless poker deals,
 Or "bull" in tireless bull-fests hours on end.
It's a sleepy, deadly life;
You'd much rather have the strife,



"FRENCH HORSES DON'T EVEN COMPREHEND THEIR OWN LANGUAGE"



"IT'S A SLEEPY, DEADLY LIFE — 'EN REPOS'"



Than existence where Dame Rumor
Is the only thing that's rife.
The front is hell, you know,
But you'd always rather go
Toward the trenches, and the star-shells,
Than *repos!*

When the *blessés* come in thick,
And you have to take them quick
From the *poste* to *hôpital*, and back for more —
When you get some needed sleep,
And you're in it good and deep,
And a call comes in and out again you go —
Although you have your fill of it,
You know it's better than to sit
En repos!

En repos! En repos!
Back again to some dead village *en repos!*
Oh it looks good from the front
When you have to bear the brunt
Of the *blessés* when they're starting up a show;
When they start a big attack
And the wounded stream on back . . .
It's then you wish for all the rest you ever got.
But when you're in the rear,
And the front is nowhere near,
And the noise of "*beaucoup* argument"
Is all the noise you hear . . .
Oh it's those times that you know
That you'd really rather go
Toward the trenches, and the star-shells,
Than *repos!*

ENVOI

There's a line of trenches stretching
From the Swiss land to the sea,

And there's many torn and wounded,
And there's work for you and me.
So we daily wait the order
Which will say, ere long, we know,
That we're headed toward the trenches,
And the star-shells . . .
Off *repos*!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

"WHY were you a private
In our army over there?"
Will surely be a stumper
Of a question on the *guerre*.
There will be some tall explaining
For quite a few years yet
About your missing Sam Browne —
But eventually they'll forget.
They'll pass over mere buck privates
When they talk about the row,
And we'll all of us be colonels —
Twenty years from now!

You'll some day bite on marriage,
And you'll take you home a bride,
And e'er you're even settled
She'll commence the endless ride:
"How did it ever happen
That you let your Sam Browne pass?
If you'd ever had ambition
We would now have social class!"
But don't worry; she'll forget it,
And she'll let up on the row,
And she'll call you "My dear Colonel" —
Twenty years from now!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

IN THAT LITTLE OLD BUVETTE

IN a little French street, wandering from the river to the
gare,
 Is a place they called a "*buvette*" — what we used to call
 a bar,
 And when your throat's a-parching and the stuff is hard
 to get,
 Come you back, you thirsty soldier, come you back to
 that *buvette* !
 Come you back to that *buvette* !
 Come you back to "*chère Nanette*";
 Can't you hear the bottles clinking with their wine
 and Anisette?

*In that little old buvette,
 Where the best of friends were met,
 How I long to be there drinking — in that little old buvette !*

Oh, their cognac, it was yaller, and their Chartreuse it
 was green,
 And their champagne, Montebello — 't was the best I've
 ever seen,
 Now I'm sitting, drinking root beer, soda pop, and lemon
 juice,
 Trying to quench a man-sized thirst, — but, Oh Lord,
 it ain't no use!
 Blooming beverage made of snow!
 Drink her down and let us go!
 Plucky lot I cared for Bevo, in those days of long ago.

*In that little old buvette,
 Where the best of friends were met,
 How I long to be there drinking — in that little old buvette !*

There so often in the evenings, in that cheery atmosphere,
 Above the din, a voice would call, "*Nanette*, another
 beer."

With our feet beneath the table, and our glasses to our lip,

We used to watch the Frenchies, as they'd drink theirs sip by sip.

Oh, the *pinard* they would sell,

Which would make the Frenchies yell,

While the smoke hung thick and heavy, with its all-pervading smell.

In that little old buvette,

Where the best of friends were met,

How I long to be there drinking — in that little old buvette !

Oh, I'm sick of wasting money on this blasted temperance stuff.

Why, a man can drink a gallon, and then not have enough.

Tho' I sits me at a fountain, — pours it down with either hand.

Yes, they talk a lot of drinking but what do they understand!

Soda fountain sissies — and

Lord, what do they understand!

There's a wetter, better fountain in a freer, distant land.

In that little old buvette,

Where the best of friends were met,

How I long to be there drinking — in that little old buvette !

Ship me somewhere far from sodas, where the best is like the worst,

Where there ain't no prohibition, and a man can quench a thirst.

For the bottles are a-calling as they stand behind the bar,
In that little street a-winding from the river to the gare.

In that little old *buvette*,
Stands the doughty "*chère Nanette*."
And day and night she's pouring out the stuff that's
good and wet.

In that little old buvette,
With its wine and Anisette,
Where a man can get his cognac, in that little old buvette.
D. W. S., *Réserve Mallet*

RUMORS

I GOT it from Headquarters,
There is not the slightest doubt
In just one week from Sunday
We will all be mustered out.

We will have a week in Paris,
With a pass for the M.P.'s,
When there'll be no regulations,
And we'll do just what we please.

Then they'll put us on a steamer
And send us back first-class.
We can take back all our luggage,
Guns, and souvenirs, and brass.

Discharge in France will be arranged
For those that wish to stay.
For those returning, good hotels,
Not camps, in U.S.A.

Pay for six months from discharge,
And to keep us in condition
For one year after landing
We're exempt from prohibition.

AN OPTIMIST

I CHANGED MY MIND

I ENLISTED as a private
But I always rather felt
That I should look more snappy
In a leather Sam Browne belt.
So I asked for a commission
As lieutenant in the tanks —
But I changed my mind and just remained
A private in the ranks.

I recently made up my mind
To take a Paris leave,
And spend it in a manner that
I'll leave you to conceive.
But somehow when I started
All my resolution fled,
And I changed my mind about it
And went to Aix instead.

I thought instead of leaving
On an army transport ship,
I'd stay around in Europe
For a sort of pleasure trip.
But I don't know — of travelling
Perhaps I've had my fill;
Somehow I guess I'll change my mind:
I don't believe I will.

They say a change in sentiment's
A priv'lege of the great,
So I think some unknown glory
In my future must await.
But I shall not count upon it
For undoubtedly I'll find
That even in this instance
I'll be forced to change my mind.

L. W., S.S.U. 70

OLD F. S. COAT ¹

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude . . .*

Shakespeare

AU REVOIR, old F. S. uniform
That encased my shape of yore
They've put the kibosh on you,
And you'll be seen no more.

Yet I somehow hate to part with you
For this handsome U.S. coat,
Which is cut so short up in the rear
And bulges at my throat.

I paid a goodly sum for you,
After many efforts blind
To get the full equipment that
They promised when I signed.

So you've done your duty ever since
I signed away my name
As a member of the Army seeking
Thirty dollar Fame.

All winter you did stoutly keep
The bitter cold away,
While the government sent me numbers
And delayed to send the pay.

Yet somehow I can't figure why
You make the Service sore;

¹ The Field Service coat, which was built upon a snappy, natty model, was rigorously prohibited for men who enlisted in the U.S.A. Army, although army uniforms of appropriate sizes could not be issued for some time thereafter.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

You 're really quite as handsome as
The one the Captain wore.

Au revoir — and yet in parting
I 'll remember one thing, coat:
While I wore you, you sure gathered
More than one lieutenant's goat!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

NON-COM NONSENSE

I AM a Sergeant,
First class,
In an ambulance section
That used to be a part of the American Field Service,
But now belongs to the great American Army.
I am a go-between,
And I act as a sandwich
Between the enlisted men and the officer.
Before we enlisted, I had some friends.
Or, at least, they acted like friends,
And once in a while, on a rainy day,
They would buy me a drink.
But since I wear a big hat
And a lot of stripes on my sleeves,
Just above the elbow,
I receive the cold shoulder from every one.
When I was a "*Sous-Chef*"
With the honorary rank of Second Lieutenant,
I could ride in the staff-car,
And have a private room,
And a bed with white sheets and feather pillows.
But when the "*Chef*" returned from Paris
With a chip on each shoulder
And some excess leather on his belt,
All the glamour wore off,
And we had a Saturday inspection.

LIGHTER VERSE

I did the rehearsing and the stage setting
And he took the curtain calls.
But I too have opportunities for personal distinction:

They let me call the roll seven times a day,
Cavort in the cool night air
Conducting exercises, and wade through mud at the drills.

When I detail a man to kitchen police,
He feels sure that I do it through spite,
And leaves the skin on my potatoes.
When the barracks are dirty,
The "Lieute" blames me;
And when they are clean, I cannot go near them,
Because there are a lot of bricks in there,
And a brick is a heavy missile,
Which is more blessed to give than to receive.
It should not be inferred from the foregoing,
That I am dissatisfied with my lot.

Oh no! I like my work . . .
And some day, if I live to the required age,
I may come to be an officer myself,
And then I will bully the Sergeant,
First class.

P. A. RIE, S.S.U. 19

FIELD SERVICE DAYS

OH, I sit in my tiny *voiture*,
As I frame up a mute protest
'Gainst the long delay of that happy day
Which will see me moving west.

For I've seen my fill of the war zone,
And I sometimes don't much care
If the world's made free for democracy
If it sees me safe back there.

But there was a time, to my knowledge,
When I loved the life of the road;
Yes, the dugout's wall and the midnight call
With its ghastly, groaning load.

'T was a great, wide life, and a free one,
In a bunch that was crammed with cheer,
Just a careless lot, troubles all forgot,
'T was the life of a volunteer.

They were days when we roamed unmolested,
And on leave went far and wide,
Days of rue Raynouard, and the boulevard
With no grim M. P.'s to chide.

They can take away our cherished rights
And our well-made tailored coats,
Yes, forbid our boots, and decree salutes,
'Long with closely fastened throats.

But there's one thing that I still can keep
In spite of the ordinance.
It's the memories — oh, so dear to me
Of my first great days in France.

B. C. W., S.S.U. 70

ON FINDING MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES IN MY SUITCASE AT THE "CINÉMA"¹

AH, faded garments of so long ago,
So carelessly cast off and laid away,
I wonder if it pleases you to know
How jealously I look at you to-day?

¹ Amid the dust piles of an ancient cinema on rue Raynouard were stored boxes and bags of the volunteers. "Give up clothes all ye who enter here," was mentally inscribed above its portals.

LIGHTER VERSE

Your knees are baggy and you 're much too small;

You 're wrinkled and you 're shabby. Heaven knows

You 're not a stylish article at all —

A ragman would n't hardly call you clothes.

Most any one would scorn you, — that may be —

But, Gosh Almighty, you look good to me!

L. W., S.S.U. 70

March, 1919



AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE

SERVICE AUTOMOBILE AMERICAIN

AUX

ARMEES FRANÇAISES

SIEGE CENTRAL:

TÉLÉPHONES :
AUTEUIL 22-47 - 22-48

21, RUE RAYNOUARD
PARIS (XVI^e)

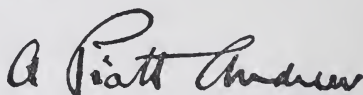
TÉLÉGRAMMES :
AMERIFIELD-PARIS

November 11, 1918

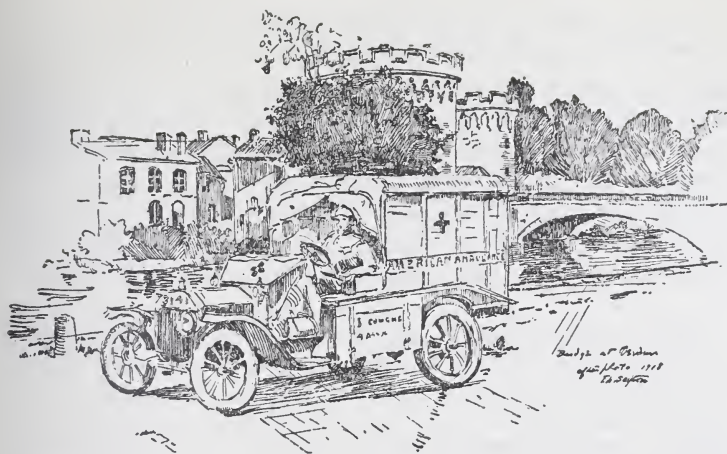
To the Men of the Service:

Today, when ends the most momentous chapter in all the world's history, let us as Americans, while happy because of what we have been able to contribute to the winning of the war, be not too proud of the part we have played. Let us humbly remember that we have been in the war for only one year and seven months, while France has given all of her energies, all of her resources in men and material, for more than four and a quarter years. Let us remember that this little country of France, which would be almost lost in one corner of the single State of Texas, has during the greater part of this prodigious period held in check the most powerful, the most highly organized, the most dangerous enemy that the world has ever known. Let us not forget that to France, primarily, the world owes its future freedom and the satisfaction of today's triumph.

It is the particular and inestimable privilege of our Service that we have been able to serve in intimate relations with these soldiers of France, and as long as any of the men of the Service survive, the memory of these days will be cherished, when we lived and worked among the "Overcoats of Blue" in this gentle, gallant, and indomitable country of France.



Lt.-Col., U. S. A. A. S.



End of the War Sketches and Verses

I

SOME AMBULANCE ROADS

IN the *Stars and Stripes* of March 21, 1919, there was published, under the general headline of "Life Stirs Again in Ravished Countryside Once Bounded by Death-Swept Valleys," a series of sketches dealing with the rehabilitation of the territory over which the Yanks fought during the German advance from the Aisne, and the subsequent Foch counter-attack on July 18. Among these little sketches which deal so delightfully and picturesquely, and with such a strange mixture of war and peace, with this country, is one which should be of more or less interest to a number of the ambulance and *camion* sections. The old stamping-ground of the *camion-neurs*, during the days of 1917, when one would have laughed had he been told that these would ever be battle-fields, is again described, as well as villages of the plateau country between Soissons and Pierrefonds, where the 1st and 2d Divisions fought side by side with the Moroc-

cans, and other French troops, along a front held a little later entirely by the French troops and the famous Scotch division which included the Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, the Coldstream Guards, and many others. To those many ambulance men who will retain among their most vivid memories of the war the battle along this picturesque front, this article should prove of interest.

There are some sights, some shrines on the edge of battle, of which the official guides know nothing and which the tourists are unlikely to see. It seems improbable, for instance, that the tourists will ever find their way in such great numbers to the historic, but little known, heights south of Soissons, where, on the memorable July 18, 1918, one of the most potent offensive weapons ever forged was thrust forward by Marshal Foch to cut the Soissons-Château-Thierry road and thus catch the Germans in the salient that reached to the Marne. Standing on that highland area, which the 1st and 2d American Divisions, with the Moroccans between them, overran in those sweltering days, the pilgrim can say: "Here on July 18th the tide of the great war turned."

Yet, so incredibly swift was the blow there struck, and so swiftly did the tide of battle move far beyond, that the famous highlands themselves are less scarred than many other areas farther east and south, and the villages and towns are less populous with American memories. Yet, Berzy-le-Sec, now all in ruins, and belabored Vierzy are American memorials of one of the most dashing and important engagements in history.

Here is the land of quarries, from which the blinking Germans crawled forth to find the whole surface of the earth overrun with young gun-toting Americans in no mood for soft fighting. Here is Chavigny Farm, the utterly demolished thirteenth-century farmhouse which marked the extreme right of the American jump-off, and which had been the training-ground for the old American Field Service. Here is Longpont, with the fine de Montesquieu château laid low in the dust. Longpont, at whose gates the *Escadrille Lafayette* encamped.

Here a short distance back through the wonder forest of Villers-Cotterets is Pierrefonds, whose towering château looked down on the remnants of the 2d Division gathered wearily there on July 21 after its naked rush of twenty-six hours. That château, visible for miles and miles, has scars from bomb and cannon to show. It shows, too, long halls that were built to house the men-at-arms of the Duc d'Orléans, but which

housed instead Yankee troops all last summer. The old caretaker is still rosy with recollections of their Fourth of July dinner, at which he was an honored guest.

The tourist, for instance, is never likely to find that damp, far-reaching *cave* which burrows into the hill just outside of Cœuvres on the road to Mortefontaine. Only some still dangling telephone wires are left to tell the passer-by that it was once the Headquarters of the 1st Division, when prisoners choked the ravine outside and the roads were gay with Scotch troops coming up fresh and hearty to relieve the dog-tired Yanks.

Section Two was serving with the Moroccan Division mentioned in this article, a division which here added another laurel to its already splendid list of victories. The Section was working out of Longpont and Vertes-Feuilles in the edge of the Villers-Cotterets Forest, and had, among other places, Vierzy, an old evacuation centre in the days of 1917, for a front-line *poste*. The Section carried large numbers of American wounded who were unable to locate their own dressing-stations.

Section One also worked on this front, their division being to the left of the Scotch and just above Soissons. Missy-aux-Bois, remembered by some of the old Chemin-des-Dames sections for *repos* spent there, was one of their front-line *postes*. The wounded were evacuated to the old and half-ruined château at Cœuvres.

Section Eighteen was located for thirty-eight days in the Forest of Villers-Cotterets when the Germans first broke through the Aisne front. On the 19th of July their division again came back into line in front of Villemontoire, and Buzancy, on the Soissons-Château-Thierry road, relieving part, and later all, of the 1st American Division. The Headquarters, and those of the Scotch division here mentioned, were in the "damp, far-reaching *cave*" above Cœuvres. They evacuated to Pierrefonds. After the German retreat of August 5 in this sector, the division moved up past Chaudun, Septmonts, and Villemontoire, through country where the Section had been *en repos* in 1917, to a front along the Aisne.

It was after the retreat from the Chemin-des-Dames beginning the 27th of May, that Section Seventeen, working with a division of French dismounted cavalry, went back across this same territory until the lines stabilized, and the Section worked Montgobert, a few kilometres to the southeast of Cœuvres, as a front-line *poste*. It was at the Château-Valsery *poste* that "Nip" Nasel was shot twice through the leg by machine-gun bullets, and before Montgobert, Sherman Conklin was struck in the throat by a fragment of shell and instantly killed, while "Sid" Eddy was wounded in the head. Later the *poste* at Montgobert was worked by Section Eighteen.

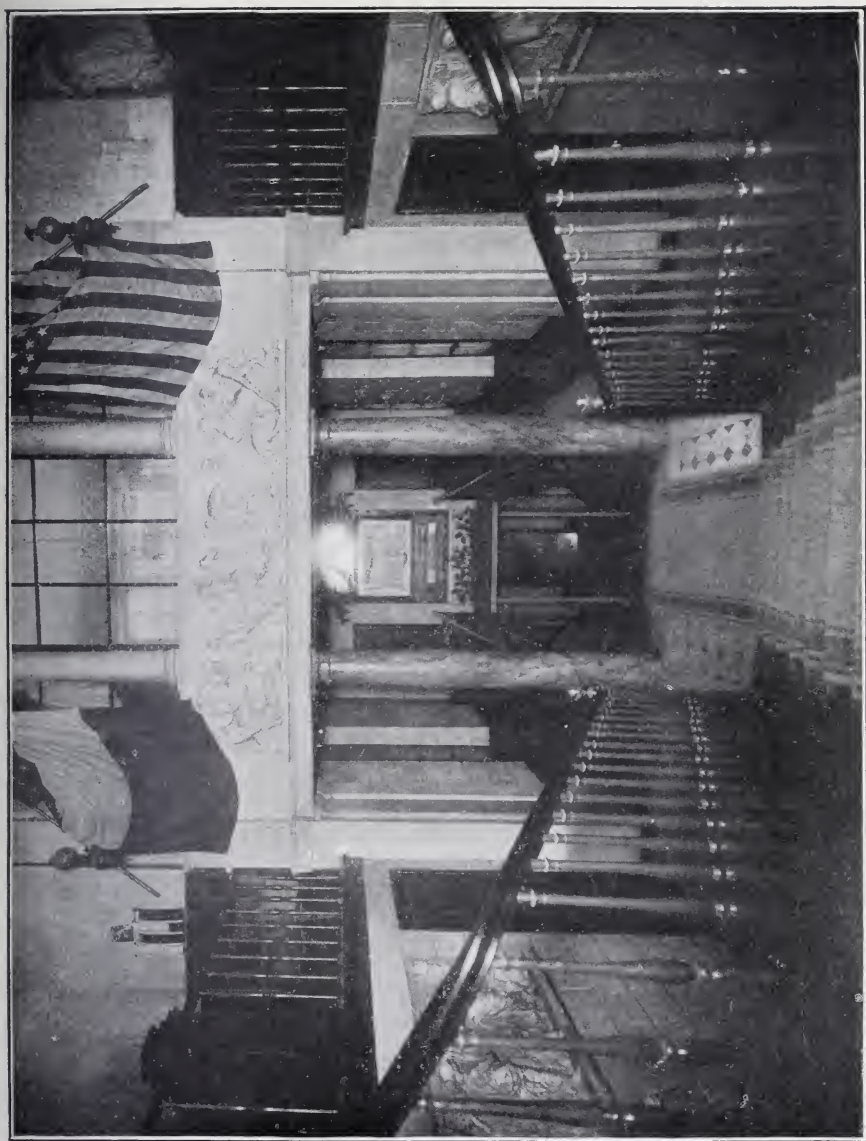
This short length of front, so picturesquely described by the *Stars and Stripes*, holds for many a *conducteur* in its hills and valleys the thrill of those precarious hours when the genius of Maréchal Foch turned the tide of battle.

II

WHEN THE ARMISTICE CAME

November 12, 1918

It is just a little over a year since old Section *Soixante-Dix* joined the army and took over old Section Eighteen, and here we are back in the region of Châlons-sur-Marne where we started our U.S. Army career. Many things have happened since then — so many it would be difficult to remember, let alone recount them all. We have travelled up and down the whole western front in the meantime, from Flanders to the Vosges, "*en repos*" and "*en bataille*." But under what different circumstances are we back in that selfsame sector of "*Les Monts*"! Then, and e'en yesterday, it was "*la guerre*"; to-day it is "*l'armistice*." It does n't quite seem possible, and yet it must be true, for to-night, as I write this memento in my diary with the aid of a *pigeon* lamp, I can see through



THE STAIRWAY ENTRANCE HALL IN THE RUE RAYNOUARD HEADQUARTERS



my unmasked window the unaccustomed, blinding headlights of passing automobiles as they speed by with loads of singing merry-makers still celebrating the big event.

Yesterday was a day of days — one which will cling in my memory as long as life itself. It was the day that the French had been waiting for so patiently these long four years, and which even we comparative newcomers in the game had begun to long for too. It seemed so far away during the anxious days of last spring, previous to the great offensive which was to bring victory to the German arms, and even farther still during the dark and trying days of last summer. Then came the great smash below Soissons, in which we played our tiny part, and with it great hope and promise. Success followed upon success, and then, suddenly, came the final and great victory of yesterday. The once tumultuous front has sunk into unaccustomed slumber — a slumber from which it will never awaken.

Of all the towns in France, I could not have chosen a better than Châlons in which to spend that day. Even Paris, with all its wild enthusiasm, could not have stirred in me the feeling of deep significance and the realization of the momentousness of the occasion as this town did. My impression of Châlons, the last time I saw it in March just previous to the opening of the Boche offensive, was one of utter desolation and sadness, and had left with me the poignant feeling of what a terribly cruel and needlessly inhumane thing war is — especially as the Germans wage it. It was at a moment when, after many terrifying nights of continual air raids by German planes, the order for the evacuation of the town had finally been given. Much material damage had been done and many innocent civilians killed. In many places the streets were strewn with *débris* from wrecked buildings, and in one place the trees, house-tops, and telephone wires and poles were strewn with scattered bandages and wound-dressings for hundreds of feet around where a Red Cross medical supply *dépôt* had been struck by an

incendiary bomb. The streets were deserted save for a few tardy *réfugiés*, old men, women, and children, with their arms full of precious belongings and the haunting look of fear and terror in their eyes, hastening to leave the town before the oncoming night, and the death and destruction that was sure to follow. The picture was completed, as I quickened my step through the main street of the town, by the coldly staring and inhospitable boards and shutters which barred the doors and windows of the stores and houses. A cold shudder ran through me as I reached the canal and river and left it all behind. I wanted never to see the town again, but to remember it by its gayer, happier days, as I had known it the winter before.

How different its appearance yesterday, in its festive, holiday mood! Such a scene of happiness and wild exuberance it would be difficult to describe. Nothing was there left of its sadness as I saw it six months before; rather was it as if reincarnated and given a new, long lease on life. The streets were filled to overflowing with thousands of singing and shouting soldiers. Every one had a flag, no matter of which ally. The automobiles were bedecked with flowers and ribbons and flags, and they honked their horns and Klaxons for the sheer pleasure of making noise rather than to clear their path. The streets were one long blaze of color, red, white, and blue, with a Tricolor or the Stars and Stripes in every window and on every house-top. The day of glory had at last arrived and every one was hilariously happy. Here and there, to be sure, a sad note was struck by the appearance of some mother or widowed wife in mourning; but even they, it seemed, held their heads a bit higher than usual, proud, if not happy, in their sacrifice of a loved one to a cause they knew to be just and right — proud that that happy moment had been made possible for France and for all the world.

They say that yesterday was much like that other day, August 4, 1914, when France's best went forth to

stem the onrushing tide, with a song on their lips and roses in the muzzles of their guns. Many of those were n't there with us yesterday to join in the shout of victory; but we were with them in spirit, for it was their day more than ours. It was a day, no matter how small our part in its achievement, which will always be a bright spot in our memory to look back upon with much pride and happiness. It cannot compensate for all — these lives that have been lost will ne'er come back — but it at least makes up for many of the unpleasant moments, unhappiness and suffering, that have gone before, in that it will lead to agreements between nations that will prevent for all time the reoccurrence of such a world catastrophe.
Vive la Paix!

WALTER J. GORES¹

S.S.U. 70

III

"THE DAY" AT LUXEMBOURG

I DID not have the good fortune to be in Paris on the Big Day, to be kissed by all the women, and to snake-dance down the Champs-Élysées with the bankers, but I attended the ceremonies of a day that was a close second: the day of the triumphal entry of French troops into Luxembourg. I was in an auto with several French officers, and it happened that on the road we passed the troops that were to make the entry, and arrived in the city about an hour before them.

We found the city all dressed up in its best, with flags and bunting hung in every conceivable place. French flags were as numerous as the flags of the Duchy, and here and there an American one stood out in all its beauty. It was not the decoration, however, that was the big feature — for I had seen such decorations in all parts

¹ Of Los Angeles, California; Stanford, '17; joined the Field Service in June, 1917; served with Sections Seventy and Eighteen; subsequently a First Lieutenant, U.S.A. Ambulance Service.

of Belgium — but the spirit of festivity, the unalloyed joy that the inhabitants of the city showed at seeing once more their French neighbors. I doubt if a car bearing so unassuming a gathering as ours ever received greater acclaim. On all sides — for the people were already lined up for the greeting of the approaching troops — arose cries of “*Vive la France!*” “*Vive les Alliés!*” and then “*Vive l’Amérique!*” when they caught a glimpse of my khaki uniform. They swarmed around the car; they smiled and doffed their hats — at least the men did — while the women waved their handkerchiefs and pressed forward to shake hands. But we were rather premature, so we withdrew to a quiet corner, and then set out on foot to see some of the sights, before the real heroes of the day, the *poilus*, arrived.

For a while I was alone and I wandered in the direction opposite to that taken by the crowds. Suddenly the wonderful valley which cuts the city in two came into view, and then the wonderful stone bridge. The days of knighthood came to mind immediately that this scene came in sight, for romance is expressed in every feature of the landscape. The sides of the valley were a bright green, with a lawn as even as a carpet, and the vivid blue of the stream flowing at the bottom made an effect that reminded of costly jewels. Across the valley stands a great solid building with turrets, towers, and battlements, and in minor relief stand the little houses of the valley with their turrets and façades, all on a lesser scale. The bridge is worthy of special note. It is so broad that besides two sidewalks and a railroad track, there is a passage across it wide enough for three abreast. The middle is a huge span thirty metres across at the bottom, and proportionate in height — which the populace claim is a record. Although of massive construction, every line is beautiful, and from one end to the other of its great length, every feature, every corner, expresses architectural finish.

A distant fanfare warned me that the troops were ap-

proaching the city, and I hurried to the big square where they were to be reviewed. Here all was excitement and hilarity. Everybody was laughing; every one was striving to get a better place of vantage; on all sides was good-natured chaff as the crowd swayed from one side to the other. And then the soldiers came into sight! The good-nature and enthusiasm of the people grew to fever-pitch, and the shouting and cheering echoed and reëchoed through the city like the reverberations of thunder. "*Vive les Français!*" "*Vive les Poilus!*" "*Vive les Libérateurs!*" "*Vive les Alliés!*" — so it went on, and the *poilus* were stormed and overcome in the fury of the cheering avalanche. I doubt if a single soldier went unkissed, and I doubt still more if any soldier passed through with only a single kiss. The festival ended with a great storm of flowers which the crowd threw at everybody in sight, and the street looked like Nero's hall after the flower-shower at one of his grand dinners.

Before we left I had the opportunity to walk about once more, and this time I entered into conversation with many of the people. Out of perhaps a dozen people that I spoke to, ten could speak not only French and German, but even English, enough to carry on an intelligent conversation. Two little girls not over eight years old conversed with me alternately in the three languages. And I managed to get myself all twisted up, by beginning a sentence in German, switching off to French, and ending up absolutely tongue-tied with not a word of any language in my head. Most of these people who spoke English had never been outside of the Duchy, and yet their accent was astonishingly correct and accurate. In addition to all this they naturally all spoke their native language, which, so far as I could make out, is a conglomeration of the three languages mentioned above — and several others. They are proud of their city — as they may well be — and from the littlest ones up they spoke of the different features with an interest that showed individual feeling, or what we would call "community

spirit." The older people, too, showed a comprehension of world politics, although slightly out of date after the German invasion.

I had noticed that the people were very well and very tastefully dressed, and that the little girls and boys were as attractive as those one sees on the Champs-Élysées and the Boulevards. This struck me very forcibly, especially as the prices during the German occupation had soared to an unheard-of level. A spool of thread cost twenty francs, and a pair of ordinary shoes, of ordinary height, cost three hundred francs. Other articles are on a par with these prices. However, I did not see a single poorly dressed person all the time that I was there, though the whole town was in the streets.

When I come back to France after the war's mark has been obliterated, I shall surely go to see Luxembourg in the tranquillity of normal life: Luxembourg the romantic, Luxembourg the cultured, Luxembourg, with its odd mixture of the old and the new.

FREDERICK W. KURTH

Réserve Mallet

IV

LE DERNIER JOUR

SOMETHING told of peace that day, as coming events cast their shadows before. We had barely missed seeing the German delegates as they passed over the same road we were travelling on their way to Senlis. But there had been no papers that day.

Through the amber haze we could see the cathedral of Saint Quentin high on the hill as we approached the city on the road from Ham, through barrens of demolished trenches — No Man's Land for almost four years. There was a huge mine-hole just before we entered Saint Quentin; the work of the Germans, as were the two concrete pillboxes from which machine-gunners could command the approach from five different streets.



FIELD SERVICE MEDAL AUTHORIZED
BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT
AND PRESENTED TO ALL
FIELD SERVICE VOLUNTEERS
WITH THE FRENCH ARMY

We drove on up the street on which these were built, past the ruined houses, all of them stripped bare of metals. On one or two still in good shape was the word "*Kantine*." The Germans had left their mark, all right. Finally we turned to the right to get to the *groupement* headquarters, when we heard the notes of a French bugle ringing over the trees of the park which we reached at the next turn of the street. Pleasant this must have been in peace times, with its tall elm trees and the bandstand in the centre and its fountains and flower plots. Now part of it had been used by the Germans as a cemetery, and over a gate entering another part was the word "*Abteilung*." The graves in the part used as a cemetery were crowded together in Teutonic orderliness and each had a small stone cross at the head.

The bugle was calling *rassemblement* as we went a little farther and saw a regiment of *chasseurs alpins* were being formed in an open place in the park. It was two o'clock in the afternoon of November 11. In an open square they fell in behind the little group of buglers and the *général de brigade* and his staff of officers. The officer in charge of them snapped several orders which the "Blue Devils" executed with swift precision, going through a few simple parade manœuvres for ten minutes or so. At the end of this time they ended their movements in the same formation they had started with, drawn up behind the musicians. These latter flourished their instruments in a perplexing movement of swinging them outward and around, and the blare of martial music rang out again through the park.

With sword drawn, the officer in command of the *chasseurs* advances to the *général de brigade* and salutes. He swings his sword from the shoulder straight into the air, then to the ground, and then to the tip of his cap and back to position. A splendid figure of a man he is, in his close-fitting black uniform, and his picturesque *chasseurs* cap and the *Croix de Guerre* with the palm which he wears on his breast. The general, too, is imposing in his long

flowing blue cape and his cap adorned with laurel leaves, standing rigid and straight, with his staff officers. The general salutes and then the musicians play "*Sambre-et-Meuse*."

With all its settings the review seems to us the most imposing we have seen as we watch the *chasseurs*, who have just come out of the fighting up beyond Guise, stand motionless at present arms, and feel the thrill of the stirring notes of "*Sambre-et-Meuse*."

Presently the music stops and the general advances a few steps toward the troops.

"Soldiers of the Republic," he says simply, "the Armistice was signed at five o'clock; fighting ceased at eleven. The war is over."

There is no burst of cheering from these men who struck terror into the hearts of the Germans. They stand seemingly unmoved, and save for the gleam in their eyes their feeling at hearing the news is undemonstrated.

The general then referred to their past hardships, days when all did not go well, but days which were now crowned with glory and victory.

"And now you have reserved for you a great honor. You have been chosen as the vanguard of the Army of Occupation. You are going into Germany. While the fighting is over, our task is unfinished. It may seem hard to be kept longer from your families and your homes. *Mais, c'est pour la France*," he concluded fervently.

The music started again as the general finished speaking, and as he turned to walk away he noticed us — a little group of ten or twelve Americans who were watching the review. We came to attention, preparing to salute, when the general himself saluted us first.

So it was that in her hour of triumph, France forgot her own glory to honor the nation that had come to her aid.

And so it was that we learned of the Armistice.

DAVID DARRAH
Réserve Mallet

V

THE END

THAT the joys of anticipation are greater than the joys of participation or realization seems to be borne out by what happened, or, at least, what failed to happen when Foch's Armistice Order came to the armies.

How often, in our moments of wildest fancy, had we looked forward to that almost unimaginable and elusive "*fin de la guerre*." What would it be like? Would there be wild celebrations, and unrestrained manifestations of joy and happiness? Would the news of "The End" be an electrifying impulse of supreme elation?

As it happens, this madness and intoxication of victory seem to have possessed only those regions and those peoples more remote from the theatre of military operations. Paris threw herself into a frenzied orgy — New York went literally mad.

But what a different picture we saw at the front. The *poilus* said, "What fools, these Parisians" — those sturdy little *poilus* of France, who had for four years faced the trials and fortunes of War, without its "pomp and circumstance"; who had faced Death itself, and, what is more than Death, the mud, rain, snow, and ice of the trenches and the open fields.

When the order came for the cessation of hostilities, they shook each other by the hand. "*Eh bien, mon vieux, la guerre est finie. Pas trop tôt, tu sais. C'est dommage que nous n'avons pas quelques bouteilles de champagne, eh?*"

That was all. And how could it have been otherwise?

When one has suffered, and toiled, and fought for four long years, one cannot immediately grasp the end of it all. The day to which all had been looking forward had come. Long ago it seemed that day would be almost like the millennium itself, perhaps a golden aurora of Peace and Victory would be hanging in the sky. But the day of the Armistice was a day like those before.

It was over; but the brave soldiers of France did not cry, "Victory." They did not assume the attitude of victors in the strife, but the attitude of workers who had done their work well. It was the spirit of satisfaction rather than the spirit of having won.

"Our immediate danger is forestalled," they said, "but France, our dear France, has suffered. There is much to be done to restore our little fairyland. Now our task is to build, and to preserve the rights which we have gained."

And so "The End" was not an end, but a beginning; a beginning of a new spirit of Freedom and Construction; and the soldiers of yesterday will go back from the man-made hell of fire and torture to build.

S.S.U. Nineteen

VI

NOVEMBER 11, 1918, IN PARIS

At noontime I went downtown to do some errands in my unofficial capacity of errand boy for those not in Paris. Already people were marching about the streets, usually with a band at the head of the procession. One of these groups had halted to serenade some one in front of the Continental.

As I came back to the office I met "The Crab" coming out of the Yard. "Don't go in," he said. "Every one has gone out except the non-coms and if you go in you will queer the bunch." Accordingly we repaired to the corner café, where we found most of our crowd with the girls from the French offices, all apparently engaged in making Paris a safe place for the Prohibitionists. I am here to state that before we left they had made considerable progress.

About four o'clock those of us who were in unofficial charge decided that we had better take the truck for our return to the barracks.

By the time we reached the Bastille, people began to

climb into the truck, *poilus*, women, street urchins, every one. When we turned into the boulevards we had such a load that the truck could barely crawl along. Never have I seen such crowds. If you could imagine the jam after a Harvard-Yale game multiplied by about a million, you might have some idea of what we saw down the boulevard as far as the eye could reach. The main difference was that all this crowd was good-natured. In fact, during the entire celebration I saw no fights in the street.

Long before we reached rue Ganneron all the top of the *camion* had been broken in. Now if we have bad weather we can ride in the rain. However, no one minded. All law and order seemed dispensed with for two days.

From the barracks I walked to the boulevards and then down some distance below the Opéra. I stopped at a popular American bar. Men were stationed at the two entrances to let in a certain number at a time from two long lines. I decided that it was hardly worth while, so I walked back to a Montmartre restaurant for dinner without an *apéritif*.

After dinner I walked to the boulevards again and down to Concorde. There I found the street gamins pushing the trench mortars about as if they had been toys.

In front of the Opéra the crowd had stopped a baby Peugeot containing two officers, and were pushing it back and forth as one does an express wagon to amuse two children. I saw Mme. Marthe Chenal in her famous *Marseillaise* costume singing the national anthem. I say "saw" advisedly, for from near the entrance to the *Métro* where I stood not a sound of that voice which has called forth so much eloquence could be heard.

Just to see the long-darkened boulevards ablaze with light again was enough to intoxicate one. People who have seen New York on New Year's Eve and New Orleans on Mardi Gras declare that they were tame in comparison. On all sides one heard cries of "*Vive l'Amériquel*" "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" "*Vive la France!*"

Sometimes a procession would come along carrying an effigy of the Kaiser hung from a pole. The head was usually that of a pig. Others carried colored lanterns. On both Monday and Tuesday evenings I was so tired by the time I turned in at the barracks that I could hardly push one foot ahead of the other.

At roll call this morning the Captain reminded us that we were once more in the Army. Since then the only topic of conversation has been, "How long?"

N. H. REYNOLDS¹

1919

T.M.U. 397

VII

ARMISTICE MORNING IN PARIS

November 13, 1918

DESPITE the confidence on all sides, despite the false alarm of last week, when at eleven minutes past eleven on the eleventh day of the eleventh month the distant booming of cannon was heard telling us that the Armistice had been signed at six o'clock that morning and that fighting had stopped at eleven, a kind of pandemonium broke loose and for the past two days and nights Paris has lived in a state bordering on delirium. And why not? The first firing at Lexington was described as "the shot heard round the world"! When one stopped to think of the number of people on this old globe who would be directly affected by that distant booming, the thought was overpowering.

Even in our office, surely an infinitesimal corner of the universe, two of the civilian employees began weeping, one hysterically and the rest ran about like mad people. These were the same ones who, when the long-range gun was shooting in shells at the rate of one every twenty minutes, would scarcely look up from their work, unless one landed quite near, and then all one heard was, "*Oh*,

¹ Of New York City; Harvard; joined the Field Service in July, 1917; served in T.M.U. 397, and subsequently in the U.S.A. Ambulance Service.

là, là!": the same who sat in cellars night after night last spring and then came to work the next day with a patience and good-humor that were little short of Christ-like. Mlle. Marcelle, who was shaking with sobs, had lost a brother in the war and had had her *fiancé* at the front for over two years. Mme. M.'s husband had been a prisoner since the first year and Mme. R.'s, a large, smiling man who has come often to the office, has been unable to work for many months because of a wound. M. D. had closed his little farm in California and come back to the mother country in 1914. And so were the destinies of millions to be changed by that far-away cannon!

As for me, I was making out an *ordre de transport* for two *Réserve Mallet* men. These men do not get to town often and I knew that they wanted to make the most of the few hours before their train left. Consequently during the first ecstatic moments I was writing. Then more men came in and I scarcely had a chance to look up from my desk before the office closed at a quarter to twelve.

R. N.

VIII

AFTER THE ARMISTICE

OUT of the mud and waste and desolation of the Champagne we came, upon the signing of the Armistice, to take the road toward Alsace. The Germans were retiring, and the war-worn *poilus* who had made the Fatherland's dream of world dominion impossible, were now to "guard the stream divine."

On a chill bright day of November we took the road in convoy down through Châlons and on over the hills above the fair valley of the upper Marne. And what a convoy it was! Never did the old "*voitures Ford*" seem to run better — and certainly never did they run faster! Through Vitry-le-François, Saint-Dizier, and Domremy-la-Pucelle, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc, we went, and finally arrived at — part of us, or straggled in to — the

rest of us — Neufchâteau. Then on over the undulations of the lower Vosges, to Darnay, where we waited during several cold days while the division was organized for the march. Then convoy again to Remiremont, set like a ruby in the emerald valley of the upper Moselle; and long grades toward the crest of the Vosges, the watershed separating the Rhine from the streams flowing down into France. The red-tiled roofs of villages dot the valley below. The crest is reached at the Col de Bussang. The tunnel under the mountain marks the frontier.

What a view as we emerged on the other side! We are here in country conquered by the French in the early days of the war. Before us, down the steep grade, plunges the valley of the Thur. In the range of mountains across the valley is the famous Hartmannsweilerkopf, captured and held by the French after a terrible struggle. Down the long mountain grades we go to the floor of the valley itself. A stop is made at Wesserling, one of the beautiful little resort towns. Then on down the valley through Saint-Amarin, and along the Thur into Thann, with its noted church decorated with so many strange mediæval figures and inscriptions. Although close behind the lines, Thann has not been shelled much — in fact scarcely at all since the first year of the war. The land out where ran the lines themselves is more or less ruined, but not in measure at all comparable to the battle-fields of northern France and Flanders.

After passing Thann, we are out of the mountains. Before us stretches the low fertile valley of the upper Rhine. Passing through Cernay, or Sennheim as the Germans called it, we arrive at Soultz, the first populated town we have reached in the part of Alsace held by the Germans. The town is decorated with Alsatian and Allied flags. Here and there is an American flag — home made. The stripes vary in any direction, and the stars in number, but the sentiment is there. At the entrance of the town are triumphal arches announcing in large letters, "*Soyez les Bienvenus.*"

The people run out into streets and stare curiously. We are besieged by children, and have the curious sensation of hearing the whole of the conversation about us being carried on in German. "*Amerikaner! Amerikaner!*" they cry. The children are most of them wearing old Boche fatigue caps, and other cast-off articles of German military clothing.

We are cantoned in a factory, and as soon as we are settled we "step out" to look the town over. The gabled and high-roofed houses, the German signs, the German articles in the stores, the "*Strasses*" and the "*Kirchplatz*" all go toward making unforgettable our first day in "*Alsace Reconquise*." We buy "Kaiser Gold" cigarettes, price chocolate at eight francs a cake, and order up our first meal in "starving Germany" — thereupon deciding that we should not mind starving in this manner.

We listen to tales of the German revolution during the period after the Armistice; the taming of haughty officers; the manipulations of the *Soldatenrat*; the march back toward the Fatherland with the bands playing the "*Marseillaise*," and the soldiers shouting, "The war is gained for the German people!"

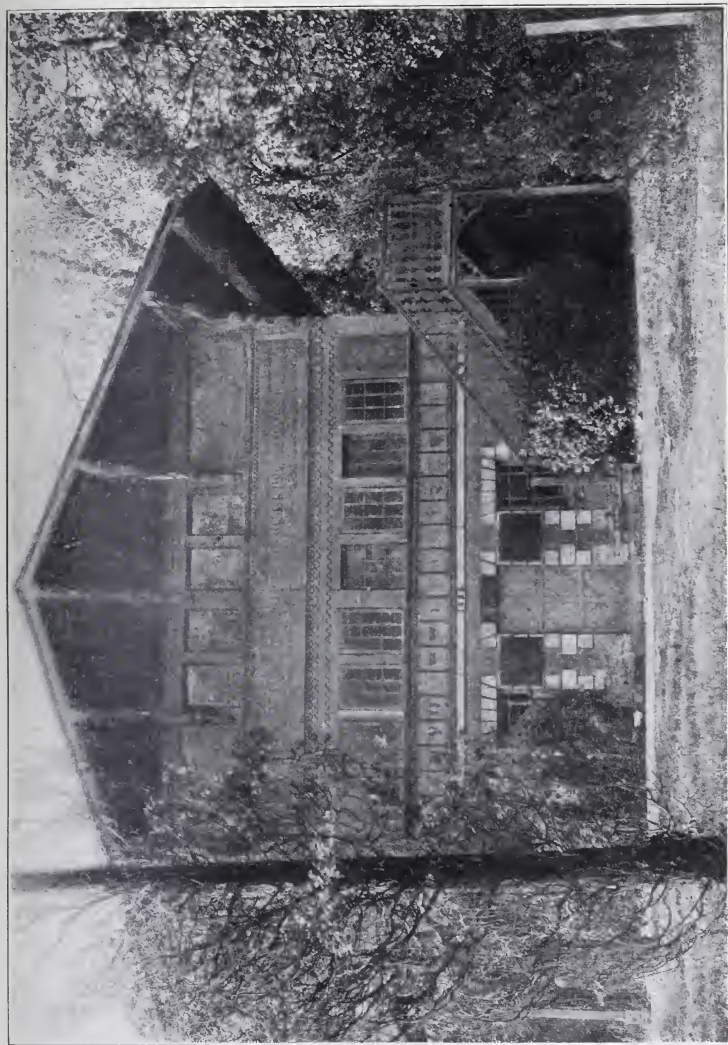
Rouffach, with its old castle and church and its picturesque stork's nest, where we installed ourselves in a *Wirtshaft* belonging to an old French veteran of the War of '70, was gloriously *pavoisé*. Never were we better received. The entire *buvette* is ours. We have one room to use as a dining-room, and the son of the family, who was in the German Army, and has just returned from the Russian front, makes it his personal business to keep the stove well stoked up. On Thanksgiving Day the old man and old lady offered us the big room of the café in which to hold our dinner.

The next day we left for Neuf-Brisach, near the Rhine, on the Colmaren-Fribourg road. It is an old French fortification dating from 1708. The town is completely surrounded by a triple moat and all manner of ancient buttresses and walls, and deep underground passages and

rooms. Above the ancient stone work at the gates announcing the original date of building, the Germans had placed a sign, "*Deutsch, 1870,*" above which is now still another sign, "*Français, 1918.*" No sooner had we arrived than suddenly appeared in the sky above us, a number of German planes, flying very low, so low in fact that the iron crosses upon the wings were distinctly visible. It was a curious sensation. But a few days had passed since a similar scene would have caused us, with much inquietude, to seek shelter in the profoundest *cave* available. The planes performed their complete *répertoire* of acrobatic stunts, and then descended on the aviation field outside the town. They were planes being handed over by German aviators to the French under the terms of the Armistice. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

We installed ourselves in a German officers' barracks; with separate rooms and electric lights, huge German tile stoves — including lots of coal — a sight gratifying to the ambulance man's heart: the ambulance man can best exhibit his *sang-froid* when he has a good stove and lots of coal. Beds and spring mattresses from the near-by *Kasern* added to our comfort, while a few "*voitures Ford*" served to empty a former German officers' club of its equipment, including electric chandeliers, chairs, and a sectional bookcase. Numerous German lithographs, and pictures of Ludendorff and Hindenburg, German war-loan posters, and the like served to decorate the walls — not to speak of an original drawing representing something or other, "*Die Klippe*" — claimed to be a fine example of Modern German Art!

We had one car a day on duty at the pontoon bridge across the Rhine, opposite Alt-Brisach, a picturesque old town built on top of the steep bluff across the river — in the province of Baden. In the first few weeks after the Armistice many hundreds of returning prisoners, French, English, and Italian, crossed the Rhine at this point. Our business was to care for any of them that were sick. On the French side of the bridge there floated for the



THE SWISS CHÂLET IN THE GARDENS OF 21 RUE RAYNOUARD WHICH SERVED AS
AN INFIRMARY FOR THE FIELD SERVICE

first time since 1870 the Tricolor. A sign was also erected — a reproduction of a similar one used at the time of the French Revolution in 1789 — “*Ici commence le Pays de la Liberté*” — a sign arousing indescribable emotion in the hearts of the returning Frenchmen — many of them, with their dark blue coats and faded red trousers, prisoners since the early days of 1914.

On the pontoon bridge were congregated a large number of Alsations. They were in German uniform, having been in the German Army, most of them on the Russian front. As the French *État-Major* had not yet ruled on their cases, they were not allowed to pass during a period of ten days. They were of all sorts: Men who had been in the infantry, men from the artillery, men from anti-aircraft batteries, men from German submarines — which they themselves had but recently turned over to the English at Harwich. During the period of waiting they were fed each day at an American Red Cross Canteen established at the bridgehead.

The population of Neuf-Brisach is, or was, largely pure German, owing to its having been a fortified town. *Was*, because we had the pleasure of seeing a good part of the well-to-do German population sent “over the river” with an allowance of fifty kilos of baggage, and two thousand francs in cash. It was at the “*Rheinbrücke*” also that we saw the termination of the exportation of the hated German *fonctionnaires* of Colmar — of which “Uncle Hansi” wrote and illustrated such a delightful article for *Le Matin* of December 31, 1918. Alsace is determined to throw off the yoke of German commercial dominion, and she has started early.

So has gone the last winter of the war — spent in “*L’Alsace Reconquise*.” But how different the winter this time! “*Guerre finitch!*” And we were keeping, with the incomparable *poilus*, our “Watch on the Rhine!”

ROBERT A. DONALDSON

S.S.U. 70



IMMORTAL BATTLE-FIELDS

THE battle-fields
Where you have fought for liberty
Shall be immortal,
For by your courage and heroic sacrifice
You have ennobled them,
And consecrated them forever.
Upon their storm-swept wastes of agony and glory,
During the long tumultuous years of war,
You offered all that you had to give
In the great cause of freedom and democracy.
The glory of your fame shall never die,
And in the years to come,
Upon those fields,
Great monuments of stone and granite
Shall rear their shafts of white against the blue
Of dreamy summer skies:
Memorials to you and your brave deeds.
In those glad future years
The meadows far and wide will be
Fragrant and fair with clover and with flowers.
Children will play along the sunlit lanes
And groves and byways,
And in the fields
Which you have made immortal.

WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR., S.S.U. 9

February, 1919

HAIL!

HAIL to the new-born Peace on Earth!
Hail to the end of War!
Rejoice with me in the Victory
Of the Cause we've been fighting for.
Hold up your heads for you are free!
Won is the cause of Liberty!
Safe is the world for Democracy!
Hail to the end of War!

Great is the age we were born to serve!
Great is the war we've won!
Oh think how tame will be other game
Compared with the hornèd Hun!
For we who have labored through torturous night,
Targets for shells and *Yperite*,
Know what it means to have won a fight
Pitted against the Hun.

Voilà! Voilà! You may say *adieu*,
To the war-worn fields of France,
And return with pride to your own fireside,
Where is warmth and love and romance.
But ere you bow to a Nation's toast
Whisper a prayer for a lonely Ghost
Doomed to remain at his soldier's post
Far afield in France.

G. HINMAN BARRETT, S.S.U. 32

December 3, 1918

THE POILU

HE did n't have hysterics, this doughty Man in Blue
When he learned that in the trenches there was nothing
else to do.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

He did n't take to rum and drink (the one I saw at least)
And he had n't started crabbing on how soon he'd be
released.

He was n't loud or noisy and he did n't boast and taunt,
And he did n't claim the credit for the victory, or vaunt.
He did n't act as one who had been waiting for THE DAY
When upon a given signal he would throw his gun away.

He did n't lose his dignity, his modesty and poise,
In a burst of wild exuberance of ribaldry and noise,
Defeating the predictions of those who *knew* his race
He did n't of his country make a sort of madhouse
place.

But when the word a tortured world had waited for
through years
Was scattered to the four winds, to a world of waiting
ears,
After all those years of fighting, he just turned, and,
with an air
Of great relief, commented, "*C'est fini, donc, la guerre.*"

DAVID DARRAH
Réserve Mallet

THE GLORIOUS DEAD

THE Glorious Dead speak:

O mortal Man, why be so blind:
Searching with eyes that find but tears?
Why ponder with your mundane mind
O'er things that baffle e'en the seers?

"Ghastly" you call us? Nay, not so!
Healed are the earthly wounds and scars;

END OF THE WAR SKETCHES AND VERSES

Passed is our sadness, gone our woe;
Bright are our eyes: no grieving mars.

What mean you: "crimson wrecks of pride"?
Think you our souls fled with our lives?
Our pride but started when we died
The Death for which each soldier strives.

At even when the Sun's last beam
Seems rose-red on the fleecy clouds,
We are the stars that start to gleam,
The golden mists our glorious shrouds.

O Man, rejoice in Victory.
Rejoice with heroes who still live:
He needs no sighs whom God made Free;
Our only sorrow e'er can be
'T was but one life we had to give.

F. W. K., T.M.U. 537
Réserve Mallet

PEACE

Out of the swirl of mist and choking smoke,
Borne on the winds oft burned by bitter flame,
Down through the air where many a young life broke
Fighting for Right, 'gainst Infamy and Shame, —
Comes flying with a singing beat of wings,
With eyes that smile through war-born tears of pain,
With outspread arms, and laugh that softly rings,
A snowy form that heals like gentle rain.

Seared Earth in joy lifts up her head to Heaven,
Mankind rejoices with a happy heart.

The World lays bare its breast to catch the leaven:
The rest and glory of the conqueror's part.
The birds are singing, singing without cease,
Thanks to great God, love songs to precious Peace.

FREDERICK W. KURTH

Réserve Mallet

"SOUVENONS-NOUS"

O GENTLE France, to you we owe the most,
For with unflinching eyes, and unafraid,
You faced the menace that hung o'er us all,
And with your blood for common freedom paid.

You did not cry or murmur 'neath the load,
But only fought, and fought, and fought again,
And faltered not when in the darkest hours
The whisper came that all might be in vain.

High did you hold prized Freedom's torch,
And burning kept it at the cost of tears;
Your dead have paid; yet will their voices sound
Forever down the corridor of years!

ROBERT A. DONALDSON, S.S.U. 70

November 11, 1918

AFTERTHOUGHTS

MUCH as my heart rejoices in surcease
Of War and all its blended griefs that are,
And that its furies now no longer mar
This smiling universe, I seek not peace.
With youth, how can the young heart seek release
From Battles, Strife, or let its idol be
The paltry summit of tranquillity
Till all ambitions' throbs forever cease?

The end of war I craved; now, also this:
The vivid passions of War's red night glare
Of burning towns, the nearness of Death's kiss
Or that of Love if but the maid be fair.
I seek no levels of unstruggling bliss,
But still war's passions, vivid, deep, and rare.

ARMISTICE DAY

As Paris, joy-mad, waved her flags above
The boulevards, nor spared her finest wine,
And London's cheers and dance and song,
New Yorkers' whoops and whistles' whine,
A crazy world, with pent-up spirits rang!
Out there —
A soldier dropped his weary gun and slept,
And cooling cannon by their gunners lay
Untended, when 'cross that martyred field of pain
The long-awaited word arrived to say
Hell's own war was done and men could live again.
Were there hurrahs acclaiming France was saved?
Did deaf'ning cheers and whistles split the air?
Or cannon roar to humor wine and song?
Not so, the *poilus*, — perhaps they knelt in prayer, —
With *silence* welcomed peace the fighting throng.

JOHN B. WHITTON, T.M.U. 133

ON THE RHINE

1870-71

REST gently after these long years, ye dead
Who sacrificed your lives for freedom's sake;
Rest gently now; victorious is thy cause,
No longer lie uneasily awake:

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

Now peacefully above, the old stars shine —
The flag of France once more floats on the Rhine!

1914-18

Rest gently, O ye dead of present time
Who in these murdered fields met death clear-eyed;
O'er thine own graves the truth has taken root,
Thy faith of blood at last is justified;
Humbly we tell before thine unseen shrine:
The flag of France once more floats on the Rhine!

1918

Rest not, ye veterans of the final blow
Who saw the end of all that was begun;
In coming days hold still within your hearts
The old ideals you battled for and won —
Be worthier still of this new trust of thine:
The flag of France once more floats on the Rhine!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

Pont du Rhin, Neuf-Brisach
Haute-Alsace, France
December, 1918

THE GUNS ARE STILLED

THE guns are stilled; how quiet now
The brown-gray heights and misty plain
After the tumult and the pain;
How tranquil is each leaf and bough,
Wet with the mist — there is no breeze
Nor sound of battle-thunder calling,
Only the drops from the wet trees
Drowsily falling.

W. C. S., JR., S.S.U. 9

November 11, 1918

THE PAGE IS TURNED

GONE are the years that came with fevered strife
Sweeping us into war's strange unknown ways;
Gone is the tenseness, and the struggling life,
Gone is the tedium of the waiting days.

As now our former course seems distant, far,
A wondrous life beyond a wondrous sea,
So will these years seem of another star,
Lost in the poignant world of memory.

We scarce believe these episodes are through,
Yet gone are they, part of a passing age;
Ahead there lies a future unknown, new:
The Book of Life has turned another page!

R. A. D., S.S.U. 70

March, 1919





REDUCED FROM THE DIPLOMA, DESIGNED BY BERNARD NAUDIN AND PRINTED
 IN THE IMPRIMERIE NATIONALE, WHICH WAS GIVEN TO EACH FIELD SERVICE
 MAN WHO COMPLETED HIS ENGAGEMENT AS A VOLUNTEER

Appendices

- A. ROLL OF HONOR
- B. DECORATIONS
- C. COLLEGES REPRESENTED
- D. FIELD SERVICE MEN AS OFFICERS
- E. ORGANIZATIONS OF FRENCH ARMY SERVED
- F. SCHEDULE OF EACH SECTION'S ASSIGNMENT
- G. ROSTER OF VOLUNTEERS
- H. VOLUNTEERS ARRIVING IN FRANCE DURING
MILITARIZATION
- I. AMERICAN STAFF
- J. NAMES AND DONORS OF CARS
- K. BIBLIOGRAPHY
- L. GLOSSARY
- M. THE FIELD SERVICE AND THE FUTURE





THIS MEMORIAL SCROLL IN THE STYLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
"ESTAMPES D'ÉPINAL" WAS ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE
PASSY HEADQUARTERS BY GUY ARNOUX

Appendix A

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE ROLL OF HONOR

COMPRISING THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES AS
VOLUNTEERS IN ITS SERVICE BEFORE AMERICA'S ENTRY IN THE WAR
AND OF THOSE WHO LATER DIED OR WERE KILLED IN THE RANKS
OF THE AMERICAN AND ALLIED ARMIES, BEFORE
THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE TREATY

- Anderson, Charles Patrick (T.M.U. 133-526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, near Conflans, France, September 16, 1918. Age, 22.
- Aupperle, Harold Vincent (S.S.U. 10), Member of Red Cross Mission to Serbia. Died of typhus fever, Serbia, June 14, 1919. Age, 24.
- Avard, Percy Leo (S.S.U. 1), U.S. Navy. Died of pneumonia in Naval Hospital, Charleston, S.C., March 26, 1918. Age, 32.
- Bacon, Charles (T.M.U. 184), U.S. Artillery. Killed in action, near Samogneau, Verdun Sector, October 24, 1918. Age, 22.
- Baer, Carlos Willard (T.M.U. 184), U.S. Engineers. Died of pneumonia, Columbus, Ohio, April 6, 1918. Age, 25.
- Bailey, Kenneth Armour (S.S.U. 70-18), U.S. Field Artillery. Killed in action in the Argonne, October 9, 1918. Age, 22.
- Balbani, Roger Marie Louis (S.S.U. 1), French Aviation. Killed in action, June, 1918. Age, 30.
- Banks, Richard Varian (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in motor truck accident, near Nancy, France, October 30, 1918. Age, 24.
- Barclay, Leif Norman (S.S.U. 2), French Aviation. Killed in aerial combat at Chaux, near Belfort, France, June 1, 1917. Age, 20.
- Barker, Robert Harris (T.M.U. 184), U.S. Infantry. Killed in action, in the Marne counter-offensive, August 10, 1918. Age, 24.
- Baylies, Frank Leaman (S.S.U. 1-3), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, region of Onvillers-Rollot, France, June 17, 1918. Age, 22.
- Beane, James Dudley (S.S.U. 9), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, near Bantheville, France, October 30, 1918. Age, 22.
- Benney, Philip Phillips (S.S.U. 12), French Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, near Verdun, France, January 26, 1918. Age, 22.
- Benson, Merrill Manning (T.M.U. 526), U.S.M.T.C. Died of influenza while *en route* to the United States, October 16, 1918. Age, 22.
- Bentley, Paul Cody (S.S.U. 65), Volunteer ambulance driver. Died of wounds, front line hospital, September 16, 1917. Age, 22.
- Bigelow, Donald Asa (S.S.U. 17), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, near Paris, June 3, 1918. Age, 20.
- Bliss, Addison Leech. Died of pneumonia, American Hospital, Neuilly, France, February 22, 1917. Age, 24.
- Blodgett, Richard Ashley (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, near Lagney, France, May 17, 1918. Age, 21.

APPENDIX

- Bluethenthal, Arthur (S.S.U. 3), U.S. Naval Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, at Coivrel, France, June 5, 1918. Age, 26.
- Boyer, Wilbur LeRoy (S.S.U. 4), U.S. Tank Corps. Died of pneumonia, Washington, D.C., October 19, 1918. Age, 24.
- Brickley, Arthur Joseph (S.S.U. 71-32), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died of pneumonia, Appilly, Oise, France, December 9, 1918. Age, 24.
- Brown, James Snodgrass (S.S.U. 71), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died from the effects of gas, U.S. Embarkation Hospital No. 1, April 26, 1919. Age, 26.
- Brown, Stafford Leighton (S.S.U. 17-19), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, near Nantes, France, September 28, 1918. Age, 22.
- Bruce, Alexander Bern (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane collision, Fère-en-Tardenois on Fismes front, France, August 17, 1918. Age, 24.
- Buckler, Leon Hamlink (S.S.U. 4), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died of pneumonia, Urbes, Alsace, September 23, 1918. Age, 24.
- Burr, Carleton (S.S.U. 2-9), U.S. Marine Corps. Killed in action, near Soissons, France, July 19, 1918. Age, 26.
- Burton, Benjamin Howell, Jr. (T.M.U. 133), U.S. Field Artillery. Died of laryngeal œdema in Base Hospital No. 45, Toul, France, September 18, 1918. Age, 22.
- Carkener, Stuart, 2d (T.M.U. 133), U.S. Field Artillery. Killed in action, near Ronchères, France, July 30, 1918. Age, 21.
- Clark, Coleman Tileston (S.S.U. 3), French Artillery. Died of wounds, Fontenoy, Aisne, France, May 29, 1918. Age, 22.
- Clover, Greayer (T.M.U. 133), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, Romorantin, France, August 30, 1918. Age, 21.
- Conover, Richard Steven, 2d (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Infantry. Killed in action, Cantigny, France, May 27, 1918. Age, 20.
- Craig, Harmon Bushnell (S.S.U. 2), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in service, Dombasle, Verdun Sector, July 15, 1917. Age, 21.
- Craig, Harry Worthington (S.S.U. 12), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, August 20, 1918. Age, 22.
- Culbertson, Tingle Woods (S.S.U. 1), U.S. Infantry. Killed in action, near Nantillois, Meuse, France, October 4, 1918. Age, 30.
- Cummings, Henry Harrison, 3d (T.M.U. 526). Drowned on Transport *Antilles*, October 17, 1917. Age, 20.
- Davison, Alden (S.S.U. 8), U.S. Aviation. Killed while training, Fort Worth, Texas, December 26, 1917. Age, 22.
- Dix, Roger Sherman, Jr. (S.S.U. 1), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, Le Crotoy, Somme, France, May 15, 1918. Age, 22.
- Donahue, Leon Henton, U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died of pneumonia, Clermont-Ferrand, France, October 12, 1918. Age, 22.
- Dowd, Meredith Loveland (S.S.U. 1), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, north of Verdun, October 26, 1918. Age, 23.
- Dresser, George Eaton (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Tank Corps. Killed in action, Vauquois Woods, France, September 27, 1918. Age, 19.
- Dresser, Stephen Raymond (S.S.U. 2), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died in Paris, March 19, 1919. Age, 20.
- DuBouchet, Vivian (S.S.U. 2-Vos. Det.), U.S. Infantry. Died of wounds, Paris, May 10, 1918. Age, 20.

APPENDIX

- Edwards, George Lane, Jr. (T.M.U. 133-211), U.S.M.T.C. Killed in action, near Berry-au-Bac, France, October 24, 1918. Age, 22.
- Elliott, William Armstrong (T.M.U. 133), Civilian, Engineering Department, U.S. Air Service. Died of typhoid at Pauillac, Gironde, France, September 4, 1918. Age, 22.
- Ellis, Clayton Carey (S.S.U. 28), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Killed in action, Reims Sector, August 7, 1918. Age, 22.
- Emerson, William Key Bond, Jr. (S.S.U. 13-3), U.S. Artillery observer. Killed in action, Toul Sector, May 14, 1918. Age, 24.
- Fales, Hugo Wing (T.M.U. 397), U.S.M.T.C. Killed accidentally by shell explosion, Bourges, France, May 2, 1919. Age, 27.
- Ferguson, Danforth Brooks (S.S.U. 2), U.S. Artillery. Died of pneumonia, front line hospital, October 20, 1918. Age, 24.
- Fiske, Charles Henry, 3d (S.S.U. 3), U.S. Infantry. Died of wounds, Red Cross Hospital No. 3, August 24, 1918. Age, 21.
- Forbush, Frederic Moore (S.S.U. 8), U.S. Navy. Died of pneumonia, Philadelphia, Pa., October 6, 1918. Age, 22.
- Forman, Horace Baker, 3d (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, September 14, 1918. Age, 24.
- Fowler, Eric Anderson (S.S.U. 4), French Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident at Pau, France, November 26, 1917. Age, 22.
- Freeborn, Charles James (S.S.U. 2-Hdqs.), Liaison Officer, U.S. Army, member of American Military Mission at French General Headquarters. Died of pneumonia in Paris, February 13, 1919. Age, 42.
- Frutiger, Theodore Raymond (S.S.U. 12), Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Died of acute nephritis at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., April 19, 1918. Age, 25.
- Gailey, James Wilson (S.S.U. 66), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in service, near Chemin-des-Dames, France, July 29, 1917. Age, 22.
- Gilmore, Albert Frank (S.S.U. 16), U.S. Aviation. Died of pneumonia, Issoudun, Indre, France, October 3, 1918. Age, 23.
- Giroux, Ernest Armand (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, near Laventie, France, May 22, 1918. Age, 22.
- Glorieux, Gilbert Robertson (S.S.U. 9), Field Artillery Training Corps. Died of pneumonia, Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky, October 13, 1918. Age, 21.
- Goodwin, George Waite (S.S.U. 69), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane collision, Châteauroux, Indre, France, July 15, 1918. Age, 23.
- Graham, John Ralston (S.S.U. 2), U.S. Infantry. Killed in action, near Soissons, France, July 18, 1918. Age, 27.
- Hagan, William Becker (S.S.U. 12), Royal Air Force. Died of pneumonia, while training, Toronto, Canada, May 11, 1918. Age, 20.
- Hall, Richard Nelville (S.S.U. 3), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in service, at Hartmannsweilerkopf, December 24, 1915. Age, 21.
- Hamilton, Perley Raymond (S.S.U. 66), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in service, near Chemin-des-Dames, July 29, 1917. Age, 24.
- Hannah, Fred A. (S.S.U. 17), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Killed in air raid, Deuxnouds-aux-Bois, France, September 20, 1918. Age, 33.
- Harrison, Waller Lisle, Jr. (S.S.U. 12-3), U.S. Aviation. Killed in accident while training, near Issoudun, Indre, France, October 3, 1918. Age, 22.

APPENDIX

- Hathaway, Edward Trafton (S.S.U. 17), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident in France, June 25, 1918. Age, 25.
- Hill, Stanley (S.S.U. 28), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died of wounds, La Veuve, France, August 14, 1918. Age, 21.
- Hobbs, Warren Tucker (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, June 26, 1918. Age, 23.
- Holbrook, Newberry (S.S.U. 32), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died of peritonitis, Essey near Nancy, France, February 17, 1918. Age, 28.
- Hollister, George Merrick (S.S.U. 3), U.S. Infantry. Killed in action in the Bois de Forêt, near Cunel, France, October 12, 1918. Age, 22.
- Hopkins, Charles Alexander (T.M.U. 526-184), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, while training, Issoudun, Indre, France, January 30, 1918. Age, 22.
- Hopkins, Frank, Jr., U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died of heart trouble in General Hospital, Fort Ontario, June 5, 1919. Age, 31.
- Houston, Henry Howard, 2d (S.S.U. 12-T.M.U. 133), U.S. Artillery. Killed in action, near Arcis-le-Ponsart, August 18, 1918. Age, 23.
- Humason, Howard Crosby (T.M.U. 184), U.S. Aviation. Died of pneumonia, Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas, October 21, 1918. Age, 27.
- Illich, Jerry Thomas (S.S.U. 3), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, Toul, France, April 7, 1919. Age, 25.
- Jopling, Richard Mather, U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died in London, England, March 16, 1919. Age, 24.
- Kelley, Edward Joseph (S.S.U. 4), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in service, Marre, Verdun Sector, September 23, 1916. Age, 27.
- Kendall, Charles Benjamin (S.S.U. 70-16), U.S. Infantry. Died of pneumonia, Base Hospital, No. 53, France, February 15, 1919. Age, 21.
- Kent, Warren Thompson (T.M.U. 251), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, near Thiaucourt, France, September 7, 1918. Age, 24.
- Kimber, Arthur Clifford (S.S.U. 14), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, in Sedan offensive, near Bantheville, France, September 26, 1918. Age, 22.
- King, Gerald Colman (S.S.U. 8). Died of pneumonia, New York, September 27, 1918. Age, 38.
- Kurtz, Paul Borda (S.S.U. 1-18), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, near Toul, France, May 22, 1918. Age, 23.
- Leach, Ernest Hunnewell (S.S.U. 18), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident while training, January 21, 1918. Age, 22.
- Lee, Schuyler (T.M.U. 526), French Aviation. Killed in action, east of Montdidier, France, April 12, 1918. Age, 19.
- Lewis, Stevenson Paul (S.S.U. 17), U.S. Artillery. Killed in action, near Verdun, France, October 31, 1918. Age, 25.
- Lindsley, Paul Warren (T.M.U. 184), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident at Instruction Center, Issoudun, Indre, France, October 5, 1918. Age, 21.
- Lines, Howard Burchard (S.S.U. 1-8), Volunteer ambulance driver. Died of pneumonia, La Grange-aux-Bois, France, December 24, 1916. Age, 25.
- MacKenzie, Gordon Kenneth (S.S.U. 10-2), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died of wounds, Beauvais, Oise, France, June 14, 1918. Age, 30.
- MacMonagle, Douglas (S.S.U. 3-8), French Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, near Verdun, Forêt de Hesse, France, September 24, 1918. Age, 25.

APPENDIX

- McConnell, James Rogers (S.S.U. 2), French Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, near Ham, France, March 19, 1917. Age, 28.
- Meacham, Robert Douglas (S.S.U. 16), U.S. Aviation. Died of pneumonia, Louisville, Kentucky, December 14, 1917. Age, 34.
- Miller, Walter Bernard (Vosges Detachment), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aerial combat over the front, August 3, 1918. Age, 25.
- Myers, Arthur (S.S.U. 15), Volunteer ambulance driver. Died as result of shell shock, New York, July, 1917. Age, 30.
- Newlin, John Verplanck (S.S.U. 29), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in service, Montzéville, France, August 5, 1917. Age, 19.
- Nichols, Alan Hammond (S.S.U. 14), French Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, Compiègne, France, June 1, 1918. Age, 21.
- Norton, George Frederick (S.S.U. 1), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in air raid, near Ludes, Champagne Sector, France, July 12, 1917. Age, 41.
- Osborn, Paul Gannett (S.S.U. 28), Volunteer ambulance driver. Died of wounds at Mourmelon-le-Grand, France, June 26, 1917. Age, 22.
- Palmer, Henry Brewster (S.S.U. 3), French Aviation. Died of pneumonia, Pau, France, November 12, 1917. Age, 29.
- Porter, Albert Augustus, Volunteer ambulance driver. Died of pneumonia. Paris, France, April 25, 1917. Age, 20.
- Potter, William Clarkson (S.S.U. 1), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, October 10, 1918. Age, 22.
- Rhineland, Philip Newbold (S.S.U. 9-10), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, south of Longuyon, France, September 26, 1918. Age, 23.
- Robertson, Malcolm Troop (S.S.U. 1), U.S. Infantry. Liaison work. Killed in action, in the Ourcq sector, July 30, 1918. Age, 23.
- Rogers, Randolph (S.S.U. 8), U.S. Infantry. Killed in action, near Coni-gis, France, July 15, 1918. Age, 22.
- Root, George Welles (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Tank Corps. Died of pneumonia, Salisbury Court, England, December 25, 1918. Age, 22.
- Sambrook, Walter Laidlaw (T.M.U. 397), U.S.M.T.C. Died of pneumonia, Paris, France, September 6, 1918. Age, 24.
- Sargeant, Grandville LeMoyne (S.S.U. 16), U.S. Aviation. Died of pneumonia, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 16, 1918. Age, 21.
- Sayre, Harold Holden (S.S.U. 10), U.S. Aviation. Killed in action, near Conflans, France, September 14, 1918. Age, 23.
- Sortwell, Edward Carter (S.S.U. 8-3), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in motor accident, Salonica, November 11, 1916. Age, 28.
- Stewart, Gordon (S.S.U. 18), U.S. Aviation. Died of meningitis, near Tours, France, January 9, 1918. Age, 21.
- Suckley, Henry Eglinton Montgomery (S.S.U. 3-10), Volunteer ambulance officer. Killed in air raid, Zemlak, Albania, March 19, 1917. Age, 29.
- Taber, Arthur Richmond (S.S.U. 4), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, at Orly, France, February 11, 1919. Age, 25.
- Tabler, Kramer Core (T.M.U. 184), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, near Colombey-les-Belles, May 16, 1919. Age, 24.
- Taylor, William Henry, Jr. (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, near St. Mihiel, September 18, 1918. Age, 19.
- Tinkham, Edward Ilsley (S.S.U. 3-4 and T.M.U. 526), U.S. Naval Aviation. Died of meningitis, Ravenna, Italy, March 30, 1919. Age, 25.

APPENDIX

- Tutein, Chester Robinson (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, November 17, 1918. Age, 23.
- Tyson, Stuart Mitchell Stephen (S.S.U. 1), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aerial combat, near Château-Thierry, July 19, 1918. Age, 20.
- Wallace, William Noble (S.S.U. 1), U.S. Marine Corps. Killed in action, near St. Etienne, Champagne, France, October 9, 1918. Age, 23.
- Ward, Galbraith (Vosges Detachment), U.S. Infantry. Died of pneumonia, Château Vilain, France, December 17, 1918. Age, 26.
- Ware, Edward Newell, Jr. (S.S.U. 13), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. With Hoover Commission after Armistice. Died of smallpox, Bucharest, Roumania, May, 1919. Age, 26.
- Warner, Goodwin (T.M.U. 184-133), U.S.M.T.C. Died of pneumonia, Meaux, France, June 28, 1918. Age, 31.
- Watkins, Osric Mills (Headquarters), U.S. Aviation. Died of pneumonia, Bar-le-Duc, France, October 23, 1918. Age, 21.
- Westcott, John Howell, Jr. (S.S.U. 9), U.S. Infantry. Killed in action, near Cambrai, France, September 29, 1918. Age, 22.
- Whyte, William Jewell (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane accident, Cazana, France, March 20, 1918. Age, 21.
- Winsor, Philip (S.S.U. 4), U.S.A.A.S. with the French Army. Died of pneumonia, Bussang, France, October 24, 1918. Age, 25.
- Woodward, Henry H. Houston (S.S.U. 13), French Aviation. Killed in aerial combat in the Somme, France, April 1, 1918. Age, 22.
- Woodworth, Benjamin Russell (S.S.U. 1), Volunteer ambulance driver. Killed in aeroplane accident, near La Grange aux Bois, June 15, 1917. Age, 30.
- Wright, Jack Morris (T.M.U. 526), U.S. Aviation. Killed in training, France, January 24, 1918. Age, 19.



Appendix B

FRENCH ARMY DECORATIONS

RECEIVED BY SECTIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN FIELD
SERVICE WHILE SERVING AS VOLUNTEERS BEFORE AMERICAN
TROOPS HAD REACHED THE FRONT

LÉGION D'HONNEUR

Andrew, A. Platt, Inspecteur Général
Sleeper, Henry D., American Representative

MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE

Barber, Wm. M. S.S.U. 3
Lamont, Robert P. T.M.U. 133
Newlin, John V. S.S.U. 29
Pearl, Wm. A. S.S.U. 1
Sanders, Roswell. S.S.U. 4

CROIX DE GUERRE

NAME	SECTION	CITED TO
Agar, Wm. M.	S.S.U. 16	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Aldrich, Ellwood H.	S.S.U. 27	Ordre 132° Division
Allen, Julian B. L.	S.S.U. 4-29	Ordre Service Santé Groupe A.B.C., 2° Armée Ordre 120° Div.
Ames, John W., Jr.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Anderson, Wm. F.	S.S.U. 27	Ordre 132° Div.
Andrew, A. Platt	S.S.U. 1 & Hdqrs.	Ordre D.S.A.
Armour, Donald C.	S.S.U. 8-3	Ordre Service Santé 57° Div.
Ashton, Chas. M., Jr.	S.S.U. 28	Ordre 134° Div.
Atwater, Richard M., 3d.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Baird, Charles, Jr.	S.S.U. 2-3	Ordre 57° Div.
Balbiani, R. M. L.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre 36° C.A.
Ballou, Paul H.	S.S.U. 64	Ordre Service Santé 7° C.A.
Barber, Wm. M.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre de l'Armée.
Bartlett, Edward O.	S.S.U. 4	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Baylies, Frank L.	S.S.U. 1-3	Ordre 57° Div.
Belcher, Donald	S.S.U. 19	Ordre 58° Div.
Bentley, Paul C.	S.S.U. 65	Ordre 121° Div.
Bigelow, Herbert E.	S.S.U. 19	Ordre 203° Rgt. 65° Div.
Bigelow, Wm. De F.	S.S.U. 4	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Bixby, Joseph	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Serv. Santé Div. Maroc.
Bluethenthal, Arthur	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 57° Div.
Boit, John E.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Bowie, R. H. B., Jr.	S.S.U. 16	Ordre 64° Div.
Bowman, R.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre 11° C.A.
Burton, Benjamin H., Jr.	T.M.U. 133	Ordre D.S.A.
Burton, Julian Y.	S.S.U. 70	Ordre Service Santé 38° Div.
Buswell, Leslie	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Butler, Benjamin F., Jr.	S.S.U. 13	Ordre Service Santé 10° C.A.
Campbell, Joshua G. B.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre Service Santé 1° C.A. Col.
Carey, A. Graham	S.S.U. 3	Ordre Service Santé 57° D.I. and Ordre 66° Div.
Cassady, Thomas G.	S.S.U. 13	Ordre 10° C.A.

APPENDIX

NAME	SECTION	CITED TO
Chew, Oswald	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Clark, Coleman T.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 57° Div.
Clark, C. E. F.	S.S.U. 15	Ordre 32° Div.
Clark, John W.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 129° Div.
Colter, Lloyd O.	S.S.U. 27	Ordre 132° Div.
Conquest, R. F. W.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre 65° Div.
Craig, Harmon B.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre 16° C.A.
Craig, Harry W.	S.S.U. 12	Ordre 132° Div.
Croke, Raymond R.	S.S.U. 18	Ordre Service Santé 15° C.A.
Curley, Edmund J., Jr.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 66° Div.
Curtis, Edward P.	S.S.U. 15	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Dallin, Arthur M.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre Service Santé 32° C.A.
Dawson, Benj. F.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre Service Santé 129° Div.
Day, Harwood B.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre 69° Div.
Dell, William S.	S.S.U. 4	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
D'Este, John N.	S.S.U. 8-3	Ordre Service Santé 76° Div.
Diemer, Edward J. M.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Dock, George, Jr.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Dock, William	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Dodge, Arthur D.	S.S.U. 8	Ordre Service Santé 15° C.A.
Douglas, David B.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 66° Div.
Doyle, Luke C.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 66° Div.
Dresser, Stephen R.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre 48° Div.
Edwards, Leonard B.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre 127° Div.
Ellingston, John R.	S.S.U. 10	Ordre Armée Orient
Elliott, Hugh	S.S.U. 1	Ordre Service Santé 2° C. Cav.
Emerson, William K. B., Jr.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre de la Brig. Arm. Orient
English, Edwin H.	S.S.U. 9-3	Ordre de la Brig. Arm. Orient
English, Richard B.	S.S.U. 29	Ordre du Rgt. de la 120° Div.
Evans, James A.	S.S.U. 4	Ordre 20° Div.
Farnham, Frank A.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre Service Santé 32° Div.
Fenton, Powel	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 66° Div. and Ordre de la Brig. 57° Div. Arm. Orient
Fischhoff, Pierre	S.S.U. 2-14	Ordre Service Santé 30° C.A.
Fitzsimons, Frank F.	S.S.U. 10	Ordre 76° Div.
Flynn, Robert J.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre de la Brigade 42° Div.
Franklyn, Giles B.	S.S.U. 1-3	Ordre 11° C.A.
Freeborn, Charles J.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre 73° Div.
Frick, Frederick C.	S.S.U. 70	Ordre Service Santé 11° C.A.
Gailey, James W.	S.S.U. 66	Ordre 9° C.A.
Gamble, R. Howard	S.S.U. 1	Ordre Serv. Santé 2° C. Cav.
Galatti, Stephen	S.S.U. 3	Ordre Service Santé 66° Div.
Gauld, Brownlee B.	S.S.U. 13	Ordre Service Santé 10° C.A.
Geibel, Victor B.	S.S.U. 26	Ordre 10° C.A.
Gillespie, James P.	S.S.U. 12	Ordre 132° Div.
Gilmore, Wm. B.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Glover, J. Halcott	S.S.U. 2	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Greenhalgh, Charles G.	S.S.U. 4	Ordre Service Santé 15° C.A.
Grierson, John M.	S.S.U. 13	Ordre Service Santé 10° C.A.
Hale, H. Dudley	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 66° Div.
Hall, Charles B.	S.S.U. 29	Ordre 120° Div.
Hall, Richard N.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 66° Div.
Hamilton, Perley R.	S.S.U. 66	Ordre 9° C.A.
Hanna, John C.	S.S.U. 1	Ordre de la Brigade 42° Div.
Hansen, Sigurd	S.S.U. 4	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Harle, James W., Jr.	S.S.U. 1-2-10	Ordre 76° Div.
Harper, Raymond	S.S.U. 8-2	Ordre 65° Div.
Harrison, Benj. V., Jr.	S.S.U. 64	Ordre Service Santé 7° C.A.
Heilbuth, John R.	S.S.U. 2	Ordre 65° Div.
Hibbard, Lyman C.	S.S.U. 1-67	Ordre 32° Div.
Hill, Lovering	S.S.U. 3	Ordre 11° Armée, Ordre 66° Div., Ordre 66° Div., and Ordre Armée d'Orient
Hitt, Laurance W.	S.S.U. 3	Ordre Service Santé 129° Div.

APPENDIX

NAME	SECTION	CITED TO
Hollister, George M.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre Service Santé 129° Div.
Holt, William S.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre Service Santé 32° C.A.
Hope, Herbert H.	T.M.U. 133.	Ordre D.S.A.
Houston, Henry H., 2d.	S.S.U. 12.	Ordre 132° Div.
Huffman, Wm. F.	S.S.U. 27.	Ordre 132° Div.
Hughes, Wm. D. F.	S.S.U. 29.	Ordre 120° Div.
Imbrie, Robert W.	S.S.U. 1-3.	Ordre 57° Div.
Isbell, Charles W.	S.S.U. 28.	Ordre 134° Div.
Iselin, Henry G.	S.S.U. 2-12-4.	Ordre S.S. 20° Div. and Ordre 65° Div.
Jackson, Everett.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre 129° Div.
Janes, John V. M.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre 48° Div.
Jepson, Walter.	S.S.U. 9.	Ordre 11° Div.
Jouvenat, Victor F.	S.S.U. 27.	Ordre 132° Div.
Kelley, Edward J.	S.S.U. 4.	Ordre 31° C.A.
Kenan, Owen.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre 65° Div.
Kenney, Wm. H.	S.S.U. 29.	Ordre 120° Div.
Keogh, Grenville T.	S.S.U. 8-3.	Ordre Service Santé 15° C.A.
Keyes, Joseph B.	S.S.U. 16.	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Kreutzberg, John.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre Service Santé 32° C.A.
Kurtz, Paul B.	S.S.U. 1-18.	Ordre 32° Div.
Lamont, Robert P.	T.M.U. 133.	Ordre de l'Armée
Lewis, Philip C.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 3° Div. Coloniale
Liddell, James A.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre 32° Div.
Lines, Howard B.	S.S.U. 1-8.	Ordre 32° Div.
Long, Hilton W.	S.S.U. 18.	Ordre Service Santé 126° Div.
Lovell, Walter.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
MacDonald, Norman W.	S.S.U. 64.	Ordre Service Santé 7° C.A.
MacIntyre, Ewen.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
MacMonagle, Douglas.	S.S.U. 3-8.	Ordre 16° Div.
Macy, Valentine E., Jr.	T.M.U. 133.	Ordre 11° C.A.
Magnin, Jacques.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre de la Brigade Arm. Orient
Martin, Townsend.	S.S.U. 29.	Ordre 120° Div.
Martin, William T.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Mason, Austin B.	S.S.U. 8.	Ordre Service Santé 6° C.A. Ordre Service Santé 15° C.A.
McConnell, James R.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
McDougal, Robert D., Jr.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre 32° Div.
McLane, Allen, Jr.	S.S.U. 12.	Ordre 132° Div.
McMurry, Ora R.	S.S.U. 17.	Ordre 97° Div.
Meadowcroft, William.	S.S.U. 8.	Ordre Service Santé 10° C.A.
Mellen, Joseph M.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre Service Santé 66° Div.
Miles, Theodore.	S.S.U. 27.	Ordre 132° Div.
Miller, Mortimer J.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre 32° Div.
Milne, James R.	S.S.U. 28.	Ordre 134° Div.
Montgomery, Rodman B.	S.S.U. 2-4-3.	Ordre 134° Div.
Morton, Charles I.	S.S.U. 18.	Ordre Service Santé 126° Div.
Muhr, Allan.	S.S.U. 14.	Ordre Service Santé 55° Div. Ordre 8° Div.
Munroe, John.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre 57° Div.
Myers, Arthur.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Neftel, Basil K.	S.S.U. 8-17.	Ordre 97° Div. (twice)
Nelson, Henry W.	S.S.U. 9-26.	Ordre 10° C.A.
Newlin, John V.	S.S.U. 29.	Ordre 120° Div.; Ordre de l'Armée
Norton, G. Frederick.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre de l'Armée
Ogilvie, Francis D.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Olmstead, Chauncey L.	S.S.U. 18.	Ordre Service Santé 15° C.A.
Osborn, Earl D.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre 32° Div.
Osborn, Paul G.	S.S.U. 28.	Ordre 4° Armée
Overstreet, Harry M.	S.S.U. 17.	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Paine, Lansing M.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre 32° Div.
Palmer, Henry B.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre de la Brig. Arm. Orient
Paradise, Robert C.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre 32° Div.

APPENDIX

NAME	SECTION	CITED TO
Patten, John L.	S.S.U. 29.	Ordre 120° Div.
Paxton, Charles F.	S.S.U. 29.	Ordre 120° Div.
Pearl, Wm. A.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 32° C.A.
Peirce, Waldo	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre Service Santé 129° Div.
Penfield, W. E.	S.S.U. 70.	Ordre Service Santé 38° Div.
Perkins, Frederick P.	S.S.U. 13.	Ordre Service Santé 4° C.A.
Plow, Richard H.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 69° Div.
Potter, Lars S.	S.S.U. 27.	Ordre 132° Div.
Potter, Russell H., Jr.	S.S.U. 28.	Ordre Service Santé 30° C.A.
Potter, Thomas W.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre 129° Div.
Purdy, Harold E.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre Service Santé 32° C.A.
Putnam, A. J.	S.S.U. 19-70.	Ordre Service Santé 38° Div.
Putnam, Tracy J.	S.S.U. 1-3.	Ordre Service Santé 66° Div.
Rantoul, Beverley	S.S.U. 4.	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Rice, Durant	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre 66° Div.
Rice, Philip S.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 69° Div.
Rice, Wm. G.	S.S.U. 1-66.	Ordre Service Santé 17° Div.
Rich, Dominic W.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre Service Santé 76° Div.
Rich, Vincent L.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Riggs, Carroll G.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre 32° Div.
Roberts, George W.	S.S.U. 8-3.	Ordre 65° Div.
Roeder, George H.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Rothermel, John G.	S.S.U. 66.	Ordre Service Santé 17° Div.
Rowland, Durbin W.	S.S.U. 66.	Ordre Service Santé 17° Div.
Rubinkam, Wynkoop H.	S.S.U. 13-3.	Ordre Service Santé 10° C.A.
Russell, Scott	S.S.U. 8-3.	Ordre Service Santé 76° Div.
Salisbury, Edward Van D.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre 73° Div.
Samuel, Edward, Jr.	S.S.U. 70.	Ordre Service Santé 11° C.A.
Sanders, Roswell S.	S.S.U. 4.	Ordre de l'Armée
Sargent, Daniel	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre Service Santé 57° Div.
Scannell, Robert H.	S.S.U. 13.	Ordre 60° Div.
Schroder, Bernard M. P.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Scully, Rees T.	T.M.U. 133.	Ordre 11° C.A.
Sherrerd, Henry D. M.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre 48° Div.
Shober, Samuel L.	S.S.U. 26.	Ordre 10° C.A.
Shreve, Charles U., 3d.	S.S.U. 4.	Ordre Service Santé 15° C.A.
Slidell, Wm. J.	S.S.U. 18.	Ordre 126° Div.
Sponagle, James M.	S.S.U. 1-65.	Ordre Service Santé 6° C.A.
Stevenson, Richard D.	S.S.U. 26.	Ordre 10° C.A.
Stevenson, W. Yorke	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre Service Santé 2° C. Cav. Ordre 2° Armée
Stockwell, Roy	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre de la Brigade 42° Div.
Stout, Richard H.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre Service Santé 32° C.A.
Struby, George B.	S.S.U. 2 &	Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
	T.M.U. 397	
Stuart, Kimberly	S.S.U. 4-10.	Ordre 76° Div.
Suckley, Henry E. M.	S.S.U. 3-10.	Ordre 66° Div.
Swan, William D.	S.S.U. 10.	Ordre 76° Div.
Tapley, Russell W.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre de la Brig. 42° Div.
Taylor, John C.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Thompson, Henry B., Jr.	T.M.U. 133.	Ordre 11° C.A.
Thompson, James L.	S.S.U. 13-65.	Ordre 10° C.A.
Tinkham, Edward I.	S.S.U. 3-4 &	Ordre Service Santé 129° Div.
	T.M.U. 526	
Townsend, Edward D.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 32° Div. Ordre 69° Div.
Townsend, Herbert P.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 16° C.A.; Ordre C.A. Group D.E.; Ordre 11° C.A. Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Van Alstyne, David, Jr.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre 32° Div.
Walden, Donald M.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Walker, Croom W., Jr.	S.S.U. 12-68.	Ordre 132° Div.
Walker, J. Marquand	S.S.U. 3-2.	Ordre Service Santé 66° Div. Ordre Brig. Armée d'Orient

APPENDIX

NAME	SECTION	CITED TO
Walker, W. H. C.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre 65° Div.
Wallace, William H., Jr.	S.S.U. 4-28.	Ordre 134° Div. Ordre Service Santé 31° C.A.
Warren, Henry B.	S.S.U. 70.	Ordre 11° C.A.
Webster, Herman A.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre 65° Div.
Weeks, Francis D.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Westwood, Richard W.	S.S.U. 64.	Ordre Service Santé 7° C.A.
Wheeler, Berkeley.	S.S.U. 2-27.	Ordre 132° Div.
Wheeler, Walter H.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre 129° Div.
White, James M.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre de la Brig. 42° Div.
White, Victor G.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 2° Div. Col. Ordre Serv. Santé 1° C.A. Col.
Whitney, Raymond J.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Wick, Myron C., Jr.	S.S.U. 15.	Ordre Service Santé 16° C.A.
Wilder, Amos N.	S.S.U. 2-3.	Ordre 76° Div.
Willis, Harold B.	S.S.U. 2.	Ordre Service Santé 73° Div.
Winant, Cornelius.	S.S.U. 3.	Ordre 57° Div.
Woodbridge, John S.	S.S.U. 66.	Ordre Service Santé 17° Div.
Woodworth, Benjamin R.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 32° Div.
Woolverton, Wm. H.	S.S.U. 1.	Ordre 121° Div.

SECTION CITATIONS

S.S.U. I.	16° Corps d'Armée; Corps d'Armée, Groupement D.E.; Service de Santé, 6° C.A.; 2° Armée.
S.S.U. II.	73° Division (twice).
S.S.U. III.	66° Division.
S.S.U. VIII.	Service de Santé, 6° C.A.; Service de Santé, 8° C.A.; Service de Santé, 11° C.A.
S.S.U. IX.	11° Division.
S.S.U. XIII.	4° Armée.
S.S.U. XIV.	8° Division; 55° Division.
S.S.U. XVII.	97° Division.
S.S.U. XVIII.	126° Division.
S.S.U. XXVI.	10° Corps d'Armée.
S.S.U. LXV.	68° Division.
T.M.U. 133.	3° Peloton, C.A., 6° Armée.



Appendix C

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES REPRESENTED IN THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE WITH NUMBER OF MEN FROM EACH¹

Harvard.....	325	Hamilton.....	8
Yale.....	187	Iowa State.....	8
Princeton.....	181	Minnesota.....	8
Dartmouth.....	118	Haverford.....	7
Cornell.....	105	Johns Hopkins.....	7
California.....	68	Miami.....	7
Leland Stanford.....	54	Nebraska.....	7
Columbia.....	48	New York.....	6
Massachusetts Institute of Tech- nology.....	47	Ohio.....	6
Michigan.....	35	Trinity.....	6
Williams.....	35	Colorado.....	5
Chicago.....	34	Oxford.....	5
Pennsylvania.....	33	Utah.....	5
Syracuse.....	32	Wabash.....	5
Amherst.....	30	Washington & Jefferson.....	5
Illinois.....	30	Western Reserve.....	5
Wisconsin.....	29	Hobart.....	4
Missouri.....	28	Indiana.....	4
Bowdoin.....	22	Kansas.....	4
Virginia.....	21	North Carolina.....	4
Tufts.....	20	Stevens Institute Technology..	4
Brown.....	18	Texas.....	4
Washington.....	18	Union.....	4
Wesleyan.....	16	University of Washington.....	4
Northwestern.....	15	Carnegie Institute Technology.	3
Beloit.....	15	Colgate.....	3
Marietta.....	13	Fordham.....	3
Boston.....	10	George Washington.....	3
Oberlin.....	9	Kenyon.....	3
Pomona.....	9	Pittsburgh.....	3
Lehigh.....	9	Rochester.....	3
		Rutgers.....	3

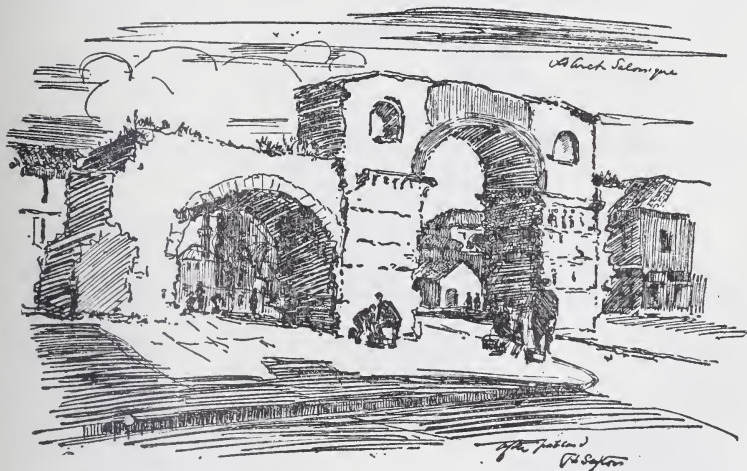
Each of the following were represented by two men in the Service: Arizona, Case, Cincinnati, Clark, Colby, Davidson, Georgetown, Georgia, Lafayette.

¹ The above list includes only students or graduates of the higher institutions of learning. Many schools and academies were also represented by youths who were preparing themselves for colleges which they had not yet entered. Phillips Academy, Andover, for instance, sent a unit of more than twenty men. These are not included in the foregoing table.

APPENDIX

Manhattan, Maryland, Nevada, New Hampshire State, Purdue, Rhode Island State, St. Louis, St. Stephens, Sewanee, University of Paris, Washington, and Lee.

The following had one man each in the Service: Alfred, Annapolis, Baylor, Carleton, Catholic University of America, Coe, Delaware, Denison, Duquesne, Elon, Emporia, Florida, Hanover, Hillsdale, Holy Cross, Kalamazoo, Lake Forest, Loyola, Maine, Marquette, McGill, Middlebury, Millsaps, Montana, Newberry, North Dakota, Notre Dame, Randolph-Macon, Rock Hill, South Carolina, Swarthmore, Temple, University of Alabama, University of California, University of the South, Vanderbilt, Villa Nova, Whitworth, William Jewell, Wilmington, West Virginia, Wiconia, Wyoming.



Appendix D

FORMER FIELD SERVICE MEN AS OFFICERS

Of the former Field Service men who entered the United States Forces, 784 received commissions as officers in Aviation, Infantry, Artillery, and other branches. The ranks obtained were as follows:

2 Lieutenant-Colonels	267 First Lieutenants
12 Majors	376 Second Lieutenants
87 Captains	40 Ensigns

Upon completing their engagement, 150 Field Service men entered French Aviation or Artillery. In this group the following ranks were attained:

1 <i>Capitaine</i>	54 <i>Sous-Lieutenants</i>
1 <i>Lieutenant</i>	48 <i>Aspirants</i>

From the Field Service 48 men went into the British Army, serving chiefly in the Royal Air Force. By this group commissions were received as follows:

	2 Captains	
2 First Lieutenants		18 Second Lieutenants

Commissions in the following branches of the United States Forces were received by former members of the Field Service during the war.

Aviation.....	222
Artillery.....	156
U.S.M.T.C.....	130
Infantry.....	70
U.S.A.A.S.....	69
Naval Aviation.....	31
Navy.....	21
Tank Corps.....	15
Engineers.....	14
Sanitary Corps.....	12
Chemical Warfare Service.....	8
Ordnance.....	7
Medical Corps.....	7
Q.M. Dept.....	6
Signal Corps.....	6
Marine Corps.....	4
Military Intelligence.....	2
Interpreter.....	2
Balloon Corps.....	2



WILLIAM DE F. BIGELOW



ARTHUR D. DODGE



JOHN R. FISHER



ROBERT T. W. MOSS



PHILIP K. POTTER

FIELD SERVICE CHIEFS OF STAFF

Appendix E

FRENCH ORGANIZATIONS SERVED BY THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE AMBULANCE SECTIONS

THE following fifty-eight French Infantry divisions were, at one time or another, served by sections of the American Field Service. A section, so assigned to a division, did the entire evacuation and transportation of wounded for that division, and in many instances did additional work at the same time for the corps or army to which the division was attached:

I	46	76
3	48	87
7	52	97
8	53	120
11	55	121
12	57	123
14	58	124
16	60	126
17	61	129
18	63	130
19	64	131
20	65	132
22	66	134
25	67	151
26	68	154
32	69	156
34	71	158
38	73	164
41	74	169
45		

In addition, Field Service sections served four Colonial divisions: the 2d, 3d, 38th, and 48th; also the 2d Dismounted Cavalry and the 2d Serbian Divisions.



Appendix F

SCHEDULE OF EACH FIELD SERVICE AMBULANCE SECTION'S ASSIGNMENT TO FRENCH FORMATIONS

The following abbreviations in this list may need explanation; they are the phrases in common use in the armies:

C.A. — *Corps d'Armée* — Army Corps.

C.C.P. — *Corps de Cavalerie à Pieds* — Dismounted Cavalry Corps; several Cavalry divisions and corps in France were dismounted for the war.

D.C. — *Division Coloniale* — Colonial Division; recruited from the French colonies.

D.C.P. — *Division de Cavalerie à Pieds* — Dismounted Cavalry Division.

Division de Maroc — Moroccan Division.

D.I. — *Division d'Infanterie* — Infantry Division.

G.Q.G. — *Grand Quartier Général* — General Headquarters.

- Section 1. Left Paris January, 1915; became Section 625, September, 1917.
Detached unit in Flanders, January to April, 1915; attached 45^e D.I., April to December, 1915; 3^e D. Coloniale, January to July, 1916; 32^e D.I., July, 1916, to March, 1917; Division Russe, 5^e Armée, March to May, 1917; 2^e C.C.P., May to August, 1917, 69^e D.I., August, 1917, to February, 1919.
- Section 2. Left Paris April, 1915; became Section 626, September, 1917.
Attached 73^e D.I., April, 1915, to February, 1916; Hopitaux, Monthairon, Vadelaincourt, Bar-le-Duc, February to September, 1916; 65^e D.I., September, 1916, to June, 1917; 73^e D.I., June to August, 1917; 48^e D.I. (Zouave), August, 1917, to March, 1919.
- Section 3. Left Paris April, 1915.
Attached 66^e D.I., April, 1915, to January, 1916; 20^e C.A. and *repos*, February to April, 1916; 129^e D.I., April to September, 1916; to Salonica, October, 1916; 57^e D.I., Armée d'Orient, November, 1916, to May, 1917; Division Provisoire en Grèce, June to July, 1917; 2^e D. Serbe, July to August, 1917; 156^e D.I., Armée d'Orient, August to October, 1917; October, Section returned to France and was dissolved.
- Section 4. Left Paris November, 1915; became Section 627, September, 1917.
Attached 64^e D.I., January, 1916, to May, 1917; 20^e D.I., May, 1917, to March, 1918; G.Q.G. and 10^e Armée, March to June, 1918; 1^e D.I., June, 1918, to February, 1919.
- Section 8. Left Paris May, 1916; became Section 628, September, 1917.
Attached 12^e D.I., May to July, 1916; 18^e D.I., July to September, 1916; 16^e D.I., September, 1916, to January, 1917; 126^e D.I., January to May, 1917; 60^e D.I., May to August, 1917; 169^e D.I., August, 1917, to January, 1919.
- Section 9. Left Paris August, 1916; became Section 629, September, 1917.
Attached 52^e D.I., August, 1916, to January, 1917; 123^e D.I., January, 1917; 130^e D.I., January to February, 1917; 63^e D.I., February to June, 1917; 11^e D.I., June to December, 1917;

APPENDIX

also 67° D.I. at this time; 41° D.I., December, 1917, to January, 1919.

Section 10. Left Paris for Salonica, December, 1916.

Attached 76° D.I., Armée d'Orient, serving in Albania, February to October, 1917, when the Section returned to France and was dissolved.

Section 12. Left Paris February, 1917; became Section 630, October, 1917.

Attached 132° D.I., February to April, 1917; 71° D.I., April, 1917, to February, 1918; 1° Armée, February to May, 1918; 60° D.I., May, 1918, to February, 1919.

Section 13. Left Paris March, 1917; became Section 631, September, 1917.

Attached 169° D.I., March to August, 1917; also during May to the 48° D.I. Coloniale; 60° D.I., August to October, 1917; 63° D.I., November, 1917, to June, 1918; 34° D.I., June, 1918, to February, 1919.

Section 14. Left Paris March, 1917; became Section 632, December, 1917.

Attached 55° D.I., March to August, 1917; 8° D.I., September, 1917, to February, 1919.

Section 15. Left Paris April, 1917; became Section 633, November, 1917.

Attached 32° D.I., April to October, 1917; 124° D.I., October, 1917, to February, 1919.

Section 16. Left Paris April, 1917; became Section 634, November, 1917.

Attached 64° D.I., April to October, 1917; 164° D.I., November to December, 1917; 2° Armée, December, 1917, to January, 1918; 3° D.I., January to September, 1918; 53° D.I., October, 1918, to March, 1919.

Section 17. Left Paris April, 1917; became Section 635, November, 1917.

Attached 97° D.I., May, 1917, to February, 1918; 2° D.C.P., February, 1918, to March, 1919.

Section 18. Left Paris May, 1917; became, with men from Section 70, Section 636, November, 1917.

Attached 126° D.I., May to September, 1917; 87° D.I., January, 1918 to February, 1919.

Section 19. Left Paris May, 1917; became Section 637, September, 1917.

Attached 65° D.I., May to October, 1917; 58° D.I., November, 1917, to March, 1919.

Section 26. Left Paris May, 1917; became Section 638 with men of Section 69, October, 1917.

Attached 19° D.I., June to August, 1917; 7° D.I., August, 1917, to March, 1919.

Section 27. Left Paris June, 1917; became Section 639 with Section 72, November, 1917.

Attached 132° D.I., June, 1917, to March, 1918; 18° D.I., March, 1918, to March, 1919.

Section 28. Left Paris June, 1917; became Section 640, September, 1917.

Attached 134° D.I., June, 1917, to August, 1918; 91st American Division, August to November, 1918; 8° Armée, November, 1918; 76° D.I., November, 1918, to March, 1919.

Section 29. Left Paris June, 1917; became Section 641, with men of Section 71, November, 1917.

Attached 120° D.I., November, 1917, to May, 1918; 17° D.I., May, 1918, to February, 1919.

APPENDIX

- Section 30. Left Paris July, 1917; became Section 642, with men of Section 18, October, 1917.
Attached 2^e and 10^e Armées, July to November, 1917; 22^e D.I., December, 1917, to February, 1919.
- Section 31. Left Paris July, 1917; became Section 643, September, 1917.
Attached 25^e D.I., August, 1917; 14^e D.I., September, 1917, to January, 1918; 20^e D.I., March, 1918, to March, 1919.
- Section 32. Left Paris August, 1917; became Section 644, November, 1917.
Attached 48^e Division de Maroc, August, 1917, to February, 1919.
- Section 33. Left Paris August, 1917; became Section 645, November, 1917.
Attached 26^e D.I., September, 1917, to March, 1919.
- Section 64. Left for the Front June, 1917; ceased to exist upon the militarization of the Service.
Attached 19^e D.I., August to October, 1917.
- Section 65. Left for the Front June, 1917; became Section 622, September, 1917.
Attached 68^e D.I., July to August, 1917; 157^e D.I., August to September, 1917; 121^e D.I., December, 1917, to January, 1919.
- Section 66. Left for the Front July, 1917; became Section 623, September, 1917.
Attached 17^e D.I., July to August, 1917; 46^e Division, Chasseurs Alpins, August to November, 1917; 61^e D.I., November, 1917, to March, 1919.
- Section 67. Left for the Front July, 1917; became Section 624, September, 1917.
Attached 154^e D.I., July, 1917, to February, 1918; 5^e C.A., March to May, 1918; 33^e C.A., May, 1918; 53^e D.I., May to October, 1918; 15^e C.A., October to November, 1918; 12^e D.I., January to March, 1919.
- Section 68. Left for the Front July, 1917; became Section 621, September, 1917.
Attached 74^e D.I., September, 1917, to March, 1919.
- Section 69. Left for the Front July, 1917, became Section 638 with the Ford cars of Section 26.
Attached 131^e D.I., September to October, 1917; 7^e D.I., October, 1917, to March, 1919.
- Section 70. Left for the Front July, 1917; became Section 636 with the Ford cars of Section 18, November, 1917.
Attached 53^e D.I., July to August, 1917; 38^e Division Coloniale, August to November, 1917; 87^e D.I., January, 1918, to February, 1919.
- Section 71. Left for the Front August, 1917; became Section 641 with Section 29, November, 1917.
Attached 158^e D.I., August to November, 1917; 120^e D.I., November, 1917, to May, 1918; 17^e D.I., May, 1918, to March, 1919.
- Section 72. Left for the Front August, 1917; became Section 639, with cars of Section 27, November, 1917.
Attached 132^e D.I., November, 1917, to March, 1918; 18^e D.I., March, 1918, to February, 1919.



LA CROIX DE LA LÉGION
D'HONNEUR

Appendix G

ROSTER OF VOLUNTEERS OF THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE, 1915-16-17

Names of Officers are printed in heavy type; names of men who died or were killed during the War in italics.
*The decorations indicated (Croix de Guerre †, Légion d'Honneur *, Médaille Militaire ††) were those received by the members while still volunteers of the Field Service. Decorations subsequently received are not included.*

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Abbot, John Radford	S.S.U. 26 months	1916.....Andover, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Abbott, Frederic Kimpton	S.S.U. 721 "	1917.....Braintree, Mass.	Andover	U.S.A.A.S.-Sig. C.
Abbott, Paul	T.M.U. 1336 "	1917.....New York City	Yale	Asp. Fr. Art.
Acheson, Alexander Glencairn, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 526-184	6 "	1917.....Arlsey-on-Hudson	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Ackerman, Edwin Banta	S.S.U. 324 "	1917.....Passaic, N.J.	Bordentown Mil. Inst.	A.R.C.
Adams, Austin Lockwood	S.S.U. 645 "	1917.....Hanover, N.H.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Adams, Charles Wesley, Jr.	S.S.U. 305 "	1917.....Franklin, N.H.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Adams, Chauncey Allen	S.S.U. 285 "	1917.....Danville, Vt.	McGill	Y.M.C.A.
Adams, Elbridge, 2nd	S.S.U. 266 "	1917.....Williamstown, Mass.	Andover	Williams R.O.T.C.
Adams, Eustace Lane	S.S.U. 33 "	1915.....Newtonville, Mass.	St. Lawrence Univ.	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Adams, Frederick Dibble, Jr.	S.S.U. 675 "	1917.....New Haven, Conn.	Yale	Sgt. U.S. Eng.
Adams, James Greenleaf	S.S.U. 84 "	1917.....Brattleboro, Vt.	Tufts	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Adams, George Dent	T.M.U. 1845 "	1917.....Manassas, Va.	Trinity	U.S.F.A.
Adams, Harry	S.S.U. 45 "	1917.....Pittsfield, Mass.	Trinity	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Adrian, Edwin Holmes, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 1335 "	1917.....Englewood, N.J.	Williams	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Agar, William Macdonough, Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 166 "	1917.....New York City	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Agramonte, Jules	S.S.U. 655 "	1917.....New York City	Columbia	Cadet U.S. Nav. Av.
Alberts, Harold	T.M.U. 1845 "	1917.....Dorchester, Mass.	Harvard	U.S. Eng.
Aldrich, Ellwood Harmon †	S.S.U. 276 "	1917.....Beloit, Wisc.	Beloit	A.R.C. U.S. Nav. Av.
Alexander, Kenneth Deedes	S.S.U. 9-34 "	1917.....Spring Station, Ky.	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Alexander, Stirling Campbell	S.S.U. 195 "	1917.....Chestnut Hill, Pa.		U.S.A.A.S.
Alkire, Arthur Davis	T.M.U. 3973 "	1917.....East Orange, N.J.		U.S.M.T.C.
Alkire, Charles Wesley	T.M.U. 3973 "	1917.....East Orange, N.J.		U.S. Tank Corps
Allen, Gordon Hewes	T.M.U. 3975 "	1917.....Reading, Mass.	Bowdoin	

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Allen, Howard Brigham	T.M.U. 526	5 months	1917.....Mexico City	M.I.T.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Allen, James Thomas	S.S.U. 29-18	3 "	1917.....New York City	A.R.C.	2nd Lt. Brit. Inf.
Allen, Julian B. L., Cdt. Adj. t.	S.S.U. 4-29	1 yr. 3 mos.	1915-17.....New York City	Virginia & M.I.T.	S Lt. Fr. Art.
Allen, Robert McClanahan	T.M.U. 526	1 yr. 3 months	1917.....Roanoke, Va.	Columbia	Fr. Av.
Allen, Sidney Thayer	S.S.U. 4	5 "	1917.....Saint Louis, Mo.	Univ. of Pa.	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Allen, Wharton	S.S.U. 12	9 "	1917.....Philadelphia	Univ. of Pa.	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Ailing, Harold Munger	S.S.U. 29	4 "	1917.....Evanston, Ill.	Armour I.T.	U.S.A.A.S.
Allison, George Homer	S.S.U. 28	6 "	1917.....Worcester, Mass.	Dartmouth	Cadet U.S. Nav. Av.
Almy, Samuel Cabot	S.S.U. 4	2 "	1916.....Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Ames, Charles Burton	S.S.U. 8	6 "	1916-17.....West Newton, Mass.	Amherst	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Ames, John Worthington, Jr. t.	S.S.U. 2	1 yr.	1916-17.....Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	Asp. Fr. Art.
Ames, Lawrence Coffin	S.S.U. 68	3 months	1917.....West Newton, Mass.	Wesleyan	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Amick, George Ellsworth	T.M.U. 184	3 "	1917.....Scipio, Ind.	Hanover	U.S.M.T.C.
Amsteden, Charles Avery	S.S.U. 3	6 "	1917.....Farmington, N. Mex.	N. Mexico & Harv.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Anderson, Charles Patrick	T.M.U. 133-526	4 "	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Anderson, Charles William, Jr.	S.S.U. 28	5 "	1917.....Upper Montclair, N.J.	Amherst	Sgt. U.S. Ord.
Anderson, Donald Kennedy	S.S.U. 13	5 "	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	Sgt. U.S. Ord.
Anderson, William Frederic t.	S.S.U. 27	5 "	1917.....Evanston, Ill.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Andrew, A. Platt, Inspector-General *	S.S.U. 1 & Hdqs	3 yrs. 1914-15-16-17	Gloucester, Mass.	Princeton & Harv.	Lt. Col. U.S.A.A.S.
Andrews, Francis Stuart Fitch	T.M.U. 526	6 months	1917.....Stamford, Conn.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Annan, David Hugh	S.S.U. 65	4 "	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	U.S. Nav. Tr. Sch.
Anthony, Edward Augustine	S.S.U. 30	5 "	1917.....Attleboro, Mass.	Boston Univ.	Civ. Av.
Appleton, William Channing, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917.....Colhasset, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Armour, Donald Cochrane t.	S.S.U. 8-3	1 yr. 2 mos.	1916-17.....Evanston, Ill.	Yale S.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Armstrong, Rogers Newton	T.M.U. 184	4 months	1917.....Buffalo, N.Y.	Univ. of Pa.	A.R.C.
Arthur, Frank Thomas	T.M.U. 537	3 "	1917.....Trinity, N.C.	Princeton	U.S.M.T.C.
Ash, Harold James	S.S.U. 67	3 "	1917.....New York City	Princeton	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt. U.S. Eng.
Ashkins, Nathan Thomas	T.M.U. 184	4 "	1917.....Nova Scotia, Canada	Univ. of Mich.	2nd Lt. U.S. Eng.
Ashley, Dexter David, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917.....New York City	Columbia	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Ashton, Charles Maybury, Jr. t.	S.S.U. 28	4 "	1917.....Philadelphia, Pa.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Askam, Oliver Perry	T.M.U. 526	4 "	1917.....San Francisco, Cal.	Santa Clara	A.R.C.
Atkerton, Bedford Gregory	S.S.U. 65	4 "	1917.....Champaign, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	U.S. Av.
Atkinson, Belford Pickering	S.S.U. 16	3 "	1917.....Newark, Ohio	Ohio & Wesleyan	U.S. Sig. C.
Atwater, David Hay	T.M.U. 526 S.S.U. 2	6 "	1917.....New York City	Andover	Royal A. F.
Atwater, John Jacob, Cdt. Adj. t.	T.M.U. 526-397	6 "	1917.....New York City	Amherst	Ensign U.S. Navy

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Atwater, Richard Mead, 3rd ↑	S.S.U. 2	6 months	Scarsdale, N.Y.		2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Atwell, Charles Albert, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	4	Sewickley, Pa.	Williams	Cadet U.S. Av.
Audperle, Harold Vincent	S.S.U. 10	5	Grand Junction, Colo.	Leland Stanford	A.R.C.
Austin, Kenneth Le Roy	S.S.U. 4-8	2 yrs. 4 mos.			
<i>Aud, Percy Leo</i>	S.S.U. 1	10 months	Lausanne, Switz.		2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Axelsson, Iver Julius	S.S.U. 64	3	New York City		U.S. Navy
Axtell, Frank Donovan	S.S.U. 28	5	New Britain, Conn.	Yale	U.S. Navy
Ayers, Charles Haines Austin	T.M.U. 242	5	Newark, N.J.	Dartmouth	
			New York City	Yale	U.S.M.T.C.
<i>Bacon, Charles</i>	T.M.U. 184	5	Waltham, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S.F.A.
Bacon, Roger Terry	S.S.U. 9	6	Bronx, N.Y.	Yale	U.S.F.A.
<i>Baer, Carlos Willard</i>	T.M.U. 184	6	Oxford, Ohio	Univ. of Miami	U.S. Eng.
Bagley, Roswell Park	T.M.U. 184	4	Buffalo, N.Y.		U.S. Av.
Bailey, Charles Lukens, 3rd	T.M.U. 526	5	Hartisburg, Pa.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Bailey, John Snodgrass	T.M.U. 184	6	Williamstown, W. Va.	Marletta	U.S. Eng.
<i>Bailey, Kenneth Armour</i>	S.S.U. 70-18	2	Glen Ridge, N.J.	Stevens Tech.	U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt.
					U.S.F.A.
Bailey, Luther Romana	S.S.U. 15	7	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Bailey, Marshall Henry, Jr.	S.S.U. 15	4	Cambridge, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Baird, Charles, Jr. ↑	S.S.U. 2-3	1 yr. 2 mos.	New York City	Harvard	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Baird, Edgar Wright, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	6 months	Philadelphia, Pa.	Princeton	1st Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Baird, William Torrey, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	5	S. Orange, N.J.	Yale S.	1st Lt. U.S. Ord.
<i>Baker, Alton Fletcher, Cdt. Adjt.</i>	T.M.U. 526-184	6	Gates Mill, Ohio	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Baker, Andrew Alvord	T.M.U. 526	5	Freeville, N.Y.	Cornell	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Baker, Charles William	T.M.U. 526	6	Muscatine, Iowa	Northwestern	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Baker, Ingham Chamberlain	S.S.U. 68	3	Springfield, Mass.	Amherst	U.S.A.A.S.
Baker, John Adams	T.M.U. 184	5	Buffalo, N.Y.	Harvard	Asp. Fr. Art.
<i>Balbani, Roger Marie Louis, Cdt. Adjt. ↑</i>	S.S.U. 1	1 yr. 2 mos.	Paris		Fr. Av.
Baldrige, Cyrus LeRoy	T.M.U. 184	6 months	San Diego, Cal.	Univ. of Chicago	U.S. Inf.
Baldwin, Donald Robinson	S.S.U. 68	3	E. Orange, N.	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Baldwin, Fredrus Losey	S.S.U. 68	4	New York City		U.S.A.A.S.
Baldwin, John Cowl	T.M.U. 133	5	Garden City, L.I., N.Y.	Harvard	Sgt. U.S. Eng.
Ball, Charles Allis	S.S.U. 29	4	Evanston, Ill.		U.S.A.A.S.
Ball, Laurence Randall	S.S.U. 9	5	New York City		
Ball, Lionel Eugene	T.M.U. 184	3	S. Berwick, Me.	Tufts	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Ball, Robert Randolph	S.S.U. 69	4 months	Biltmore, N.C.	Univ. of Va.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Ballou, Paul Holton †	S.S.U. 64	5 "	Chester, Vt.	Yale	U.S. Mil. Ac.
Bancroft, Herbert Edward	T.M.U. 397	3 "	Newton Falls, Mass.		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Bangs, Edward Geoffrey Van Dyke, Cdt. Adj.	T.M.U. 133-159	6 "	Oakland, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Banister, William Bush	T.M.U. 397	2 "	Worcester, Mass.	Wor. Ac.	U.S.M.T.C.
Banks, Richard Varian	T.M.U. 526	5 "	Ossining, N.Y.	Rensselaer Poly.	2d Lt. U.S. Av.
Barber, William Maltby ††	S.S.U. 3	3 "	Toledo, Ohio	Oberlin	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Bardeley, Leif Norman	S.S.U. 2	1 yr. 2 mos.	New York City	Yale	Fr. Av.
Barkley, Julius Ashley	T.M.U. 537	1 month	Redlands, Cal.		2d Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Barker, Arthur Livingston	S.S.U. 65	4 "	Chicago, Ill.		
Barker, Robert Harris	T.M.U. 184	6 "	W. Bridgewater, Mass.	State College, R.I.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C. Pvt. U.S. Inf.
Barnett, William L'Engle	S.S.U. 70	4 "	Jacksonville, Fla.	Princeton	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Barnum, Phelps	S.S.U. 33	4 "	Mamaroneck, N.Y.	Yale & Columbia	U.S.A.A.S.
Barrett, Gurnee Hinman	S.S.U. 32	3 "	New York City	Columbia	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Barrett, Ralph Neylon	S.S.U. 12	4 "	Hanover, N.H.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Barry, Carlos, Jr.	T.M.U. 537	5 "	New London, Conn.		A.R.C.
Bartlett, Augustus George	S.S.U. 9	1 "	Manchester, Mass.	Harvard	
Bartlett, Edward O. †	S.S.U. 4 & Hdqts.	1 yr. 6 mos.			
Bartlett, John Foster	T.M.U. 184	2 months	Florence, Italy	Brown	A.R.C.
Barton, Frank Emmet	T.M.U. 397	4 "	Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Barton, Harold Blake, Cdt. Adj.	S.S.U. 15	4 "	Wabash, Ind.		U.S.M.T.C.
Bartow, Charles	T.M.U. 184	7 "	Worcester, Mass.	Harvard	2d Lt. U.S.F.A.
Bass, Carl Faye	S.S.U. 14-3	5 "	Englewood, N.J.	Penn. Mil.	2d Lt. R.A.F.
Bass, John Foster, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	2 "	Louisiana, Mo.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Bassett, Harmon Sheldon	Hdqts.	4 "	Chicago, Ill.	Williams	2d Lt. U.S. Av.
Batchelor, Henry Augustus	T.M.U. 526	4 "	Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.	Columbia	Sgt. Heavy Tank C.
Bates, Chester Alley	S.S.U. 2-10	10 "	Detroit, Mich.	Brown	Fr. Av. — A.R.C.
Bates, Harold Stanley	T.M.U. 526	4 "	Pawtucket, R.I.	Andover	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Battershell, Charles Chester, Cdt. Adj.	T.M.U. 526	5 "	Mt. Vernon, N.Y.	Yale	Asp. Fr. Art.
Battles, Joseph Porter	S.S.U. 13-31	8 "	Milton, Ill.	Illinois	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Battles, Richard Oliver	S.S.U. 71	2 "	Wollaston, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Baum, George Lockhart	S.S.U. 71	1 "	Boston, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
				M.I.T.	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Baumer, Louis James	S.S.U. 72	1 month	Syracuse, N.Y.	Hamilton Col.	U.S.A.A.S.
Baumgartner, Philip Thurston	S.S.U. 4	"	Ashburnham, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Baylies, Frank Leaman †	S.S.U. 1-3	1 yr. 3 mos.	1916-17. New Bedford, Mass.		Sgt. Fr. Av. — 2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Bayly, Charles Edward, Jr., Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 26	6 months	1917. Denver, Colo.	Princeton	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Bayly, Charles Houghton	T.M.U. 397	"	1917. Los Angeles, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Beales, Henry De Soto	Hdqs.	2	1917. Greenwich, Conn.		1st Lt. Q.M.D.
Beall, Edward Clark	T.M.U. 133	"	1917. Union Town, Pa.	Princeton	Fr. Art.
Beane, James Dudley	S.S.U. 9	1 yr.	1916-17. Concord, Mass.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Beardsley, George Earl	S.S.U. 69	4 months	1917. Geneseo, N.Y.	Gen. State Normal	U.S.A.A.S.
Beatty, Francis Joseph	S.S.U. 4	"	1917. Greenville, S.C.		Capt. U.S. Inf.
Beatty, Vernon David	S.S.U. 9	"	1917. Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Beaumont, William Nessmith	T.M.U. 526	"	1917. Ridgefield Park, N.J.	Columbia	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Beauvais, Octave Peterson	T.M.U. 397	"	1917. Boston, Mass.	Brown	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Beche, Junius Oliver	S.S.U. 30	"	1917. Wakefield, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S. & 2nd Lt. U.S. San. C.
Belcher, Donald †	S.S.U. 19	"	1917. Newtonville, Mass.	M.I.T.	U.S. Chem. Dept.
Belden, Arthur Bevan	S.S.U. 72	"	1917. Marcellus, N.Y.	Williams	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Bell, John Thomas	T.M.U. 184	"	1917. Punksutawney, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Benham, Frederick Darius	T.M.U. 397	"	1917. Glen Cove, L.I., N.Y.		Asp. Fr. Art.
Bennett, Arthur John	S.S.U. 8	"	1917. Fairfield, Conn.		U.S.A.A.S. & 2nd Lt. U.S. San. C.
Bennett, Bartholomew	S.S.U. 14	"	1917. Fairfield, Conn.		U.S.A.A.S.
Bennett, William Besant	S.S.U. 26	"	1917. Frederick, Md.	Rock Hill Coll.	U.S.A.A.S.
Benney, Philip Phillips	S.S.U. 12	"	1917. Pittsburgh, Pa.		Fr. Av.
Benson, Merrill Manning	T.M.U. 526	"	1917. Sterling, Ill.	Univ. of Ill. & Wisc.	U.S.M.T.C.
Bentley, Paul Cody † (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 65	"	1917. Chicago, Ill.	Harvard	
Bentley, William Hubert	T.M.U. 526	"	1917. Los Angeles, Cal.	Pomona & Colorado	
Berger, John, Jr.	T.M.U. 397	"	1917. Great Falls, Mont.	Cornell	U.S.M.T.C.
Birmingham, Arch. Nisbet	S.S.U. 32	"	1917. New York City		A.R.C.
Besse, Harry William	T.M.U. 184	"	1917. Wareham, Mass.	Tufts	C.A.C.
Best, Tharratt Gilbert	T.M.U. 526	"	1917. Utica, N.Y.	Princeton & M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Bigelow, Donald Asa	S.S.U. 17	"	1917. Colchester, Conn.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Bigelow, Donald Fairchild	T.M.U. 133	"	1917. St. Paul, Minn.	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Bigelow, Herbert Edwin †	S.S.U. 19	"	1917. Cherry Valley, Mass.		Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Bigelow, Horace Ransom	Hdqs.	2	1917. Oxford, England	Oxford	1st Cl. Int. Int.S.U.S.A.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Bigelow, Joseph Smith, Jr.	S.S.U. 2.	6 months	1917..... Cohasset, Mass.	Harvard.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Bigelow, William De Ford, Cdt. Adj. f.	S.S.U. 4.	1 yr. 3 mos.	1916-17..... Cohasset, Mass.	Harvard.	Major U.S.A.A.S.
Bill, Edward Lyman.	S.S.U. 4.	6 months	1917..... New Rochelle, N.Y.	Univ. of Wis.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Billings, Dwight Brinkerhoff.	S.S.U. 68.	3 "	1917..... Amherst, Mass.	Amherst.	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Billings, John Shaw, 3rd	T.M.U. 133.	6 "	1917..... Douglaston, L.I., N.Y.	Harvard.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Bingham, Mason Lewis.	S.S.U. 31.	3 "	1917..... Washington, D.C.	Harvard.	U.S.A.A.S.
Bingham, William John, Sous-Chef.	S.S.U. 30.	4 "	1917..... Methuen, Mass.	Harvard.	U.S.A.A.S.
Birch, Stanley Wadsworth.	T.M.U. 184.	5 "	1917..... Belmont, Mass.	Harvard.	Corp. U.S.M.T.C.
Birkhead, Malbone Hunter.	S.S.U. 8.	6 "	1916..... New York City.	Harvard.	
Birkin, Kenneth Walter.	T.M.U. 184.	5 "	1917..... Elmhurst, Ill.	Cornell.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Bisbee, Frank Doan.	S.S.U. 2.	6 "	1916-17..... Jacksonville, Fla.	Univ. of Pa.	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Bixby, Joseph f.	S.S.U. 2.	10 "	1916-17..... Lowell, Mass.	Univ. of Va.	U.S.A.A.S.
Black, Barron Foster.	S.S.U. 72.	1 "	1917..... Norfolk, Va.	Univ. of Va.	U.S.A.A.S.
Black, John Baxter.	T.M.U. 133.	5 "	1917..... Mansfield, Ohio.	Princeton.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Black, William Thompson, 2nd	S.S.U. 67.	5 "	1917..... Detroit, Mich.	Univ. of Mich. & Princeton.	U.S. Sig. C. El. Div.
Black, William Westcott.	T.M.U. 184.	6 "	1917..... Toledo, Ohio.	Princeton.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Blackwell, Charles Addison, Sous-Chef.	S.S.U. 64.	5 "	1917..... St. Louis, Mo.	Yale.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Blair, Percy Alexander.	S.S.U. 4.	2 "	1916..... Littlebourne, Kent, Eng.	Harvard.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Blake, Charles Raymond.	S.S.U. 8.	6 "	1917..... Westerly, R.I.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Blake, Gilman Dorr.	S.S.U. 9.	3 "	1917..... Madison, Wisc.	Univ. of Wisc.	2nd Lt. U.S.C.A.C.
Bleakley, George Rogers.	S.S.U. 67.	3 "	1917..... Yonkers, N.Y.	Princeton.	U.S.A.A.S.
Blecker, Lyman Cox.	S.S.U. 13-3.	9 "	1917..... Garden City, L.I., N.Y.	Princeton.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Blecker, Leonard Lispenard.	S.S.U. 67.	3 "	1917..... Bloomfield, N.J.	Princeton.	U.S.A.A.S.
Blessing, Albert VanderVeer.	T.M.U. 526.	3 "	1917..... Albany, N.Y.	Union Coll.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Bliss, Addison Leach.		1 "	1917..... Boston, Mass.	Harvard.	
Bliss, Arthur Lorraine.	S.S.U. 8.	6 "	1916-17..... Washington, D.C.		U.S. Tank C.
Block, Maurice Floyd.	S.S.U. 66-71.	2 "	1917..... Paragould, Ark.	Wash. Univ.	Corp. U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt. U.S. San. C.
Blodgett, Clarence Ernest.	S.S.U. 9.	6 "	1917..... Springfield, Mass.		Cadet U.S. Av.
Blodgett, Richard Ashley.	T.M.U. 526.	4 "	1917..... W. Newton, Mass.	Williams.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Bloom, Elmer Jacques.	T.M.U. 537.	4 "	1917..... Peoria, Ill.	Dartmouth.	U.S. Navy
Bloom, Frederick Eller.	T.M.U. 133.	6 "	1917..... Peoria, Ill.	Princeton.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Blote, Harold Carl.	S.S.U. 14-10.	9 "	1917..... Oakland, Cal.	Leland Stanford	Cadet, U.S. Av.
Blue, Edward Browning.	T.M.U. 526.	4 "	1917..... Pittsburgh, Pa.	Cornell.	U.S. Nav. Av.
Bluelenthal, Arthur f.	S.S.U. 3.	1 yr.	1916-17..... Wilmington, N.C.	Princeton.	Fr. Av. — U.S. Nav. Av.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Blum, Walter	S.S.U. 18	4 months	New York City	Univ. of Chicago	A.R.C.
Bluntschli, Hans Arthur	S.S.U. 66	"	Paterson, N.J.	Princeton	Sgt. U.S. Eng.
Boardman, Derrick Lane	S.S.U. 8	"	Troy, N.Y.	Williams	U.S.A.A.S.—U.S. Art.
Boggs, Walter Spencer	S.S.U. 33	"	Chicago, Ill.	Carnegie Tech. Sch.	Civ. U.S. Ord. Dept.
Boit, John Edward, Sous-Chief †	S.S.U. 2	1 yr. 4 mos.	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Bolling, Douglass Townshend	S.S.U. 4	6 months	University, Va.	Univ. of Va.	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Bolling, Robert Hill	S.S.U. 12	"	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	U.S. Av.
Bollmeyer, Fred James	T.M.U. 526	"	Richmond, Ind.	Tufts	A.R.C.
Bond, Raymond Linscott	T.M.U. 184	"	Revere, Mass.	Revere, Mass.	Bugler, U.S. Engrs.
Bontz, Raymond Karnagham	T.M.U. 133	"	Sacramento, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Boorde, John Rosslyn	S.S.U. 12	"	Hoopeston, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	U.S. Aerial Photography
Bosworth, Thomas Shaw	S.S.U. 1-Hdqs	"	New York City	Harvard & Oxford	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Bothwell, Melvin Thomas McTigue	T.M.U. 397	.9	Atlantic City, N.J.	Bordentown Mil. Inst.	U.S.M.T.C.
Bottomley, Howland William	T.M.U. 184	"	Merchantville, N.J.	Evansston Acad.	Q.M.C. Civ. Service
Boulé, Leroy Louis	S.S.U. 66	"	Chicago, Ill.	Chicago, Ill.	U.S.A.A.S.
Bourland, Theodore Preston	S.S.U. 30	"	Newton, Mass.	Pontiac, Ill.	"
Bourne, Edward Walter	T.M.U. 526	"	Pontiac, Ill.	Pontiac, Ill.	"
Bovey, William Harbaugh	S.S.U. 64	"	New Haven, Conn.	New Haven, Conn.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Bowers, Charles Dwight	S.S.U. 67	"	Hagerstown, Md.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Boullé, David Martin	T.M.U. 184	"	Springfield, Mass.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Bowles, Richard Henry Bayard, Jr. †	T.M.U. 526	"	Bath, N.Y.	Cornell	Y.M.C.A.
Bowman, Robert †	S.S.U. 16	"	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Paul's School	1st Lt. U.S. Tank C.
Bown, William Edwin	S.S.U. 1	"	Lake Forest, Ill.	Yale	Sgt. U.S. Tank C.
Boyd, Charles Parker	T.M.U. 397	"	E. Aurora, N.Y.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Boyd, Frank Hamilton, Sous-Chief	T.M.U. 526	"	Laundowne, Pa.	A.R.C.	"
Boyd, Jackson Herr	S.S.U. 18	"	Chicago, Ill.	Chicago, Ill.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Boyd, John Duffield, Jr.	T.M.U. 537	"	Harrisburg, Pa.	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Boyer, Joseph	Hdqs	"	Philadelphia, Pa.	Princeton	"
Boyer, Wilbur LeRoy	Hdqs	"	Wesson, Miss.	Millsaps College	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Boyle, Playford	S.S.U. 4	"	Boston, Mass.	A.R.C.	"
Brace, Alfred MacArthur	T.M.U. 526	"	Chicago, Ill.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Tank Ser.
Bradbury, Kenneth Livermore	S.S.U. 9-10	1 yr.	Uniontown, Pa.	Andover	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Bradford, Thomas Garrett	T.M.U. 133	"	Green Bay, Wisc.	Beloit	"
Bradley, Edward Holbrook	S.S.U. 9-10	1 yr.	Providence, R.I.	Providence, R.I.	U.S. Ammunition Train
	S.S.U. 67	5 months	New Haven, Conn.	Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
	T.M.U. 133	"	New Haven, Conn.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Bradley, George Washington	T.M.U. 397	4 months	1917	Woodylyne, N.J.	Y.M.C.A.
Bradley, Lloyd Payne	S.S.U. 12-	"	1917	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.
Brand, Henry Norman	T.M.U. 133	6	1917	Toledo, Ohio	Univ. of Mich.
Bray, Robert Claxton	S.S.U. 69	2	1917	Newton Center, Mass.	U.S.A.A.S.
Breckenridge, Donald Edward	T.M.U. 526	3	1917	Franklin, Pa.	1st Lt. Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Breed, Amos Francis	S.S.U. 8	6	1916-17	Brookline, Mass.	2nd Lt. U.S.C.A.C.
Breed, Franklin Nelson	T.M.U. 526	5	1917	Boston, Mass.	Harvard
Brehaut, Wilfred Hawkins	T.M.U. 526	5	1917	Boston, Mass.	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Brennan, Mark Vincent	S.S.U. 10-1	10	1916-17	Manchester, N.H.	Trinity & M.I.T.
Brewer, Leighton	S.S.U. 1	2	1917	Newark, N.J.	1st Lt. U.S. Engrs.
Bridley, Arthur Joseph	S.S.U. 71-32	2	1915	New York City	1st Lt. U.S.C.A.C.
Bridgers, Robert Rufus	S.S.U. 19	6	1915	Charlestown, Mass.	Duquesne
Bridgman, Hugh	S.S.U. 19	6	1917	Boston, Mass.	Harvard
Briggs, John Logan	S.S.U. 68	3	1917	Salem, Mass.	U.S. Av.
Bright, Edward Hamilton	S.S.U. 9	3	1917	Upper Nyack, N.Y.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Brine, Arthur Nelson	S.S.U. 15	5	1917	Sandwich, Mass.	Amherst
Bristol, William McLaren, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	4	1917	Boston, Mass.	Wor. Acad.
Brock, Bertram Miller	S.S.U. 12	4	1917	Brooklyn, N.Y.	U.S. San. C.
Brooks, Gaylord, Jr.	S.S.U. 67	3	1917	New Britain, Conn.	Hamilton
Brown, Chandler Woolson	S.S.U. 66	3	1917	Arlington, Mass.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Brown, Charles Harrower, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	5	1917	Buxton, Md.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Brown, Charles Louis	S.S.U. 4	5	1917	Montpelier, Vt.	2nd Lt. U.S.C.A.C.
Brown, Edmund Graves	T.M.U. 397	4	1915-16	New York City	U.S.A.A.S.
Brown, Frederick Warner	T.M.U. 133	3	1917	Gardner, Mass.	Dartmouth
Brown, Hugh Farrington Johnston	S.S.U. 66	4	1917	Newburyport, Mass.	Univ. of Va.
Brown, James Snodgrass	T.M.U. 526	4	1917	Chicago Junction, Ohio	Univ. of Va.
Brown, John Herbert, Cdt. Adj.	S.S.U. 71	2	1917	St. Louis, Mo.	Univ. of Wis.
Brown, John F., Jr.	T.M.U. 133	6	1917	New York City	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Brown, John Paulding	S.S.U. 1	4	1917	Los Angeles, Cal.	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Brown, Joseph Frank	S.S.U. 1	8	1915-16	Readville, Mass.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Brown, Linfoord Eugene	S.S.U. 16	6	1914-15	Montclair, N.J.	Harvard
Brown, McClary Hazelton	T.M.U. 397	4	1917	Boston, Mass.	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Brown, Sylvester	S.S.U. 15	3	1917	Allston, Mass.	U.S.A.A.S.
Brown, Stafford Leighton	T.M.U. 184	3	1917	Scottsville, N.Y.	A.R.C.
	S.S.U. 17-19	6	1917	Williams	U.S.A.A.S.
			1917	Wollaston, Mass.	
			1917	Newton Center, Mass.	Dartmouth
			1917		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Browne, Alan Stewart, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 526-184	7 months	Chestnut Hill, Mass.	Brown.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Browning, Robert Abraham, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 526	"	Buffalo, N.Y.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Bruce, Alexander Bern	T.M.U. 526	"	Lawrence, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Bruce, Matthew Linn, Jr.	T.M.U. 397	"	New York City		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Brumback, Theodore Berdell	S.S.U. 66	"	Kansas City, Mo.	Cornell	A.R.C.
Bruns, Walter Emil	S.S.U. 10	"	Oakland, Cal.	Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.
Brunson, Stiles Mellichamp	T.M.U. 184	"	Roanoke, Va.	Davidson Coll. & Charleston Coll.	Fr. Art.
Bryan, Julien Hequembourg	S.S.U. 12	"	Titusville, Pa.		2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Bryan, Mahlon Philip	S.S.U. 8	"	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Buck, Norman Sydney	T.M.U. 133	"	Wilmington, Mass.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. C.W.S.
Buckingham, Winthrop	T.M.U. 133	"	Pasadena, Cal.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Buckler, Leon Hamlink	S.S.U. 4	"	Rochester, N.Y.	Univ. of Rochester	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Buckler, Leslie Hepburn	T.M.U. 526	"	Baltimore, Md.	Johns Hopkins, Univ. of Md. & Harvard Law	1st Lt. U.S. Tank C.
Buckley, Harold Robert	T.M.U. 526	"	Agawam, Mass.	Andover	Capt. U.S. Av.
Budd, Otto Williams, Jr.	S.S.U. 1	"	San Antonio, Tex.		1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Buel, Richard Van Wyck	S.S.U. 30	"	New York City	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Buell, Robert Lewis	S.S.U. 15	"	Rochester, N.Y.	Harvard	Asp. Fr. Art.
Buell, William Hart	S.S.U. 1	"	Newington, Conn.	Univ. of Syracuse	A.R.C.
Buffington, Joseph, Jr.	S.S.U. 68	"	Hartford, Conn.	Trinity Coll.	U.S.A.A.S.
Buffum, Thomas Bradley	S.S.U. 8-3	1 yr 3 mos.	New York City	Harvard	Fr. Av.
Bull, Wilfrid Douglas	S.S.U. 12	1 month	Santa Barbara, Cal.	G. Washington	U.S.A.A.S., 1st Lt. U.S. Mil. Int.
Bundy, Mahlon Cook	S.S.U. 15	"	Newton Center, Mass.	Phillips Exeter	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Bunn, Charles Horatio, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	"	E. Orange, N.J.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Burgess, Lyman Taylor	S.S.U. 2	"	Sioux City, Ia.	Dartmouth	Lt. U.S. Av.
Burnett, Thomas Lewis	S.S.U. 4	"	Jacksonville, Fla.	Univ. of N.C.	U.S.A.A.S.
Burns, John Hamilton, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	"	Wichita, Kan.	Princeton	
Burns, Walter John, Jr.	S.S.U. 15	"	Portland, Ore.	Yale	Off. Train. Camp Brit. Army
Burnside, Karl Ackerman	S.S.U. 26	"	Orleans, Iowa		2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Burr, Carleton, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 2-9	"	Boston, Mass.	Univ. of Illinois	2nd Lt. U.S. Marine C.
Burr, Robert Towle	S.S.U. 68	"	Dorchester, Mass.	Bowdoin Coll.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Burrell, Roger Allen	S.S.U. 14	"	Butte, Montana	Univ. of Wisc.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
<i>Burton, Benjamin Howell, Jr.</i> †	T.M.U. 133	1917.....6 months	Collusa, Cal.	Uni. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Burton, Julian Young †	S.S.U. 70	".....2	Salt Lake City, Utah	Univ. of Utah & Le-land Stanford	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Burton, Van Duzer	S.S.U. 13-8	".....6	New York City	Harvard	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Buswell, Leslie †	S.S.U. 2	".....4	Gloucester, Mass.	Cambridge	Civ. Employee
Butler, Benjamin Franklin, Jr., Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 13	".....7	New York City	Kansas St. Agric.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Butler, Charles Allen, Cdt. Adj.	S.S.U. 13-69	".....8	New York City	Columbia	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Butler, Freeman Prescott	T.M.U. 397	".....4	Waltham, Mass.	Worcester Polytech. Inst.	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Butler, Thomas Olding	T.M.U. 526	".....4	Lynn, Mass.		U.S. Sig. C.
Buzby, George Carroll	T.M.U. 184-133	".....5	Philadelphia, Pa.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Marine C.
Byers, William Bartolett	S.S.U. 65	".....4	Philadelphia, Pa.	Penn. State Coll.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Byrd, Edward Russell	T.M.U. 133	".....6	San Antonio, Texas	Wash. Univ.	U.S. Nav. Av.
Cable, John Lucien	S.S.U. 8	".....2	Brooklyn, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt. U.S. Gas S.
Cadbury, Earl Shinn, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 17	".....6	Haverford, Pa.	Haverford Coll.	Capt. U.S. Av.
Cadman, Paul Fletcher, Cdt. Adj.	S.S.U. 8	".....7	San Francisco, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Cady, Loris Vaughan	S.S.U. 14	".....6	Los Altos, Cal.	Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Caesar, Charles Unger	T.M.U. 184	".....6	Princeton, N.J.	Princeton	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Cahill, Harry Sylvester	S.S.U. 8	".....4	Cincinnati, Ohio	Notre-Dame	U.S.F.A.
Cahill, Lawrence Blair, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	".....4	Cincinnati, Ohio	M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Cahill, Paul Ambrose	T.M.U. 184	".....3	Akron, Ohio		
Cahill, William Lytle	T.M.U. 184	".....4	Cincinnati, Ohio		Asp. Fr. Art.
Calden, Guy Cecil, Jr., Cdt. Adj.	T.M.U. 133-108	".....6	Oakland, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Caldwell, Frank Trane	S.S.U. 66	".....2	Marion, Ind.	Wabash Coll.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Caldwell, Louis Goldsborough	S.S.U. 65	".....4	Oak Park, Ill.	Amherst & Northwestern	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Caldwell, Victor B., Jr.	S.S.U. 3	".....3	Omaha, Nebr.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Call, Donald Marshall	S.S.U. 32	".....3	Larchmont Manor, N.Y.		2nd Lt. Tank Corps
Calloway, Charles Henshey	T.M.U. 397	".....3	Baltimore, Md.	Ind. State Normal	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Cameron, William Brodaux	S.S.U. 3	".....6	Petersburg, Va.	Princeton	Instr. U.S. Av. Sch.
Campbell, Dewey Muscott	S.S.U. 65	".....4	San Bernardino, Cal.	Univ. of Illinois	U.S.A.A.S.
Campbell, Donald Lincoln	S.S.U. 69	".....4	S. Deerfield, Mass.	Mass. Agric. Coll.	A.R.C.
Campbell, Harry Gordon	T.M.U. 184	".....4	Wollaston, Mass.		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.



HERBERT P. TOWNSEND, S.S.U. 1



EDWARD VAN D. SALISBURY
S.S.U. 2



LOVERING HILL, S.S.U. 3



OLIVER H. PERRY, S.S.U. 4



AUSTIN B. MASON, S.S.U. 8



CARLETON BURR, S.S.U. 9
Killed in action

SECTION LEADERS

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Campbell, Joshua G. B., Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 1	1914-16	New York City	Univ. of Chicago	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Campbell, Rowland	T.M.U. 133	2 yrs.	Chicago, Ill.	Dartmouth	
Campbell, Thomas Patterson	S.S.U. 66	6 months	Denver, Colo.	Tenn. Mil. Inst.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Canby, William Cameron	T.M.U. 133	3	St. Paul, Minn.		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Caney, Robert Davidson	T.M.U. 526	3	Cooperstown, N.Y.	A.R.C.	
Canney, James Herbert, Jr.	S.S.U. 4	4	Dorchester, Mass.	Harvard	Asp. Fr. Art.
Carb, David	S.S.U. 1	3	Boston, Mass.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.	
Carbaugh, Horace Fuller	T.M.U. 397	4	Wheaton, Ill.	Winona	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Carey, Arthur Graham, Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 3	2 yrs. 7 mos.			U.S.A.A.S.
Carey, Charles Edwin	S.S.U. 65	4 months	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
<i>Carlander, Stuart, 2nd</i>	T.M.U. 133	6	Crystal Lake, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	Corp. U.S. Tank C.
Carlisle, Averill Dailey	S.S.U. 9	1	Kansas City, Mo.	Princeton	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Carll, Charles Taylor	T.M.U. 526	6	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Carothers, Thomas Abbott	T.M.U. 526	4	Indianapolis, Ind.	Wabash	U.S. Av.
Carpenter, Benjamin, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	4	Chicago, Ill.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Carr, Walter Dinsmoor, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 66	3	Chicago, Ill.	Dartmouth	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Carrington, John Bennett, Jr.	S.S.U. 67	5	Wellesley Hills, Mass.	Westminster School	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Carson, Chester Warner	S.S.U. 16	6	New Haven, Conn.	Princeton	Cadet U.S. Av.
Carson, James LeRoy	S.S.U. 1	6	Evanston, Ill.	Hillsdale Coll., Mich.	Cadet R.A.F.
Carter, John Scott, Jr.	S.S.U. 2	4	Chicago, Ill.		U.S.A.A.S.
Carter, Philip van Gelder	S.S.U. 67	3	Bridgehampt., L.I., N.Y.	U.S.A.A.S.	
Cary, Donald Bush	T.M.U. 526	3	Baltimore, Md.	Haverford Coll.	
Cary, Frank Wing	T.M.U. 526	5	Baltimore, Md.	M.I.T.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Case, Winthrop Warren	T.M.U. 133	4	Hubbard Wood, Ill.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Cassady, Thomas Gantz †	S.S.U. 13	6	Spencer, Ind.	Univ. of Chicago	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Cassatt, Gardner	S.S.U. 16	3	Philadelphia, Pa.		2nd Lt. R.T.C.N.A.
Casson, Kenneth Hodgson	T.M.U. 184	5	Rosindale, Mass.	Tufts	Transp. Dept.
Cate, Philip T.	S.S.U. 3	5	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	Ord. Dept.
Caulghill, Vernon Eldridge	S.S.U. 14-10	9	Fresno, Cal.	Leland Stanford	Lt. U.S.N.R.F.
Cave, Harold Sergius	T.M.U. 133	4	Moberly, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S. Av.
Cavis, George Chandler	S.S.U. 64	5	Concord, N.H.	Yale	U.S. Navy
Cerf, Louis Amadée, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	5	Montclair, N.J.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Chafee, John Sharpe	T.M.U. 397	5	Providence, R.I.	Brown	Ensign U.S. Navy

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Chamberlain, Samuel Vance	S.S.U. 14	3 months	1917.....W. Aberdeen, Wash.	Univ. of Wash. & M.I.T.	U.S.A.A.S.
Chambers, Robert Notman	S.S.U. 16	6 "	1917.....New York City		U.S.A.A.S.
Champlin, Walter Budd	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917.....Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Chandler, Robert Kirdland	S.S.U. 8	6 "	1916-17.....New Haven, Conn.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Chapman, Harry Valentine	S.S.U. 18	6 "	1917.....New York City		Capt. U.S.F.A.
Chappell, Delos Allen	S.S.U. 70	1 "	1917.....Denver, Colo.		
Chappell, Paul Russell	T.M.U. 526	6 "	1917.....Cayuga, N.Y.	Princeton & Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.
Chase, Charles Robinson	S.S.U. 70	2 "	1917.....Potosky, Mich.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Chase, Trevett Coburn	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917.....Grand Rapids, Mich.	Amherst	U.S.A.A.S.
Chauvenet, Louis	S.S.U. 12-3	7 "	1917.....Esmont, Va.	Yale	U.S.F.A.
Chew, Oswald†	S.S.U. 2	6 "	1917.....Philadelphia, Pa.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Childs, William Henry Harrison	S.S.U. 67	3 "	1917.....Brooklyn, N.Y.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.Q.M.C.
Chipman, John Hale	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917.....Medford, Mass.	Dartmouth	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Chittenden, Vernon Brace	S.S.U. 10	5 "	1917.....Brooklyn, N.Y.	Harvard	A.R.C.
Christian, Early Bickham	S.S.U. 26	6 "	1917.....Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	U.S. Av.
Christie, Walter, Jr.	S.S.U. 9	9 "	1916-17.....Bryn Mawr, Pa.	Penn. State Coll.	A.R.C.
Clapp, John Sutherland	T.M.U. 397	5 "	1917.....Auburndale, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Clark, Blake Everett	S.S.U. 68	3 "	1917.....Milton, Mass.	Milton Acad.	U.S.F.A.
Clark, Buford Alanson	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917.....Chicago, Ill.		1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Clark, Carolus	T.M.U. 397	4 "	1917.....Westfield, N.J.	Yale	U.S.M.T.C.
Clark, Charles Elliot Frazer†	S.S.U. 15	7 "	1917.....Detroit, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Clark, Coleman Tieslow†	S.S.U. 3	1 yr. 4 mos.	1916-17.....Westfield, N.J.	Yale	Asp. Fr. Art.
Clark, Coleman Goldsmith	S.S.U. 72	1 month	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	U.S.A.A.S.
Clark, Cyrus	T.M.U. 133	5 "	1917.....Great Neck, L.I.	Princeton	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Clark, Ernest Sargent	S.S.U. 13	4 "	1917.....Chester, Pa.	Univ. of Rochester	
Clark, Harold Richard	S.S.U. 72	1 "	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	U.S.A.A.S.
Clark, Irving Marshall	T.M.U. 397 & 526.3	1 "	1917.....Seattle, Wash.	Yale & Univ. of Wash.	A.R.C.
Clark, James Albert Warren	S.S.U. 15	7 "	1917.....Oberlin, Ohio	Oberlin	U.S.A.A.S.
Clark, John Warwick†	S.S.U. 3	1 yr. 9 mos.	1915-16-17.....Flushing, L.I.	Yale	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Clark, Robert Dean	T.M.U. 133	5 months	1917.....St. Paul, Minn.	Princeton	U.S.M.T.C.
Clark, Robert Hawley	S.S.U. 10	8 "	1916-17.....Grand Rapids, Mich.	Univ. of Wis.	U.S. Nav. Av.
Clark, Samuel Atherton	S.S.U. 72	1 "	1917.....Mattapan, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.-U.S.
Clark, Walter Leighton, Jr., Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 12	9 "	1917.....Stockbridge, Mass.	Milton Acad.	Capt. U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Clark, William Dearborn	S.S.U. 15	3 months	San Francisco, Cal.	Williams	U.S.A.A.S.
Clark, William Lawrence	T.M.U. 184	5 "	Harford Co., Md.	Johns Hopkins	U.S. Inf.
Clarke, Oliver Lyons	S.S.U. 64	5 "	New Orleans, La.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Clee, Frederick Raymond	T.M.U. 526	5 "	Lawrence, Mass.	Clark Coll.	U.S. Av.
Cleveland, Bruce	S.S.U. 13-65	6 "	Worcester, Mass.	Harvard	Cadet U.S. Av.
Clinch, Nicholas Bayard, Jr.	S.S.U. 30	5 "	Montclair, N.J.		A.R.C.
Clisbee, George Howard	T.M.U. 526	5 "	Cleveland, Ohio		
Clover, Greayer	T.M.U. 133	6 "	Richmond, Va.	Yale	
Clowney, Frank Sherman	T.M.U. 133	4 "	Atlantic City, N.J.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Coan, Howard Radcliffe	S.S.U. 27	6 "	Minneapolis, Minn.	Williams	Fr. Art. Sch.
Coan, Raymond Church, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 12	7 "	New York City	Cornell	Y.M.C.A.
Cobb, Melville Robert	Hdqts.	3 "	Highland Park, Ill.		1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Codman, Charles Russell, 2nd	S.S.U. 3	10 "	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	O.T. Sch.
Cody, William Clark	T.M.U. 184	6 "	Chicago, Ill.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Coe, Robert Howe	T.M.U. 397	3 "	Worcester, Mass.	Harvard	Sgt. U.S. Tank C
Cogswell, Charles Herbert	S.S.U. 4	6 "	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Univ. of Iowa	U.S.M.T.C.
Cogswell, George Russell, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 9	1 yr.	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	Major, M.R.C.
Cohn, Ross Alexander	S.S.U. 69	4 months	Baltimore, Md.	Lehigh	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Coleman, John Harvard	S.S.U. 31	3 "	Kalamazoo, Mich.	Kalamazoo Coll.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Colford, Sidney Jones, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 13	6 "	New York City		U.S.A.A.S.
Colie, Frederic Runyon	Vos Det. S.S.U. 284	4 "	Newark, N.J.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Marines
Collier, Christopher Walter	Hdqts.	6 "	Lexington, Mass.	Williams, Harvard & Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
Collins, Bernard Clinton	T.M.U. 184	4 "	Orleans, Mass.		Y.M.C.A.
Collins, De Witt Clinton	T.M.U. 133	4 "	Lathrop, Mo.	Univ. of Mo. & Univ. of Chicago	1st Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Collins, Edward Harrington	T.M.U. 526	5 "	Turner's Falls, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S.T.M.C.
Collins, Paul Gregory	T.M.U. 397	2 "	Scranton, Pa.	Harvard	U.S. Tank C.
Collinson, Alfred Edward	T.M.U. 526	5 "	Greenwood, Mass.	Harvard	
Collom, John Augustus	S.S.U. 27	6 "	Stamford, Conn.	Dartmouth	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Colter, Lloyd Osbourne T.	S.S.U. 27	6 "	Marquette, Wisc.	Bowdoin	Sgt. Med. Dept.
Colton, Samuel Horton, Jr.	S.S.U. 1	3 "	Worcester, Mass.	Bowdoin	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Colwell, Robert Carpenter	T.M.U. 184	5 "	New Rochelle, N.Y.	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Commerford, Leo	T.M.U. 537	3 "	Newark, N.J.	Rutgers	U.S.M.T.C.
Comstock, Charles Ward	T.M.U. 526	4 "	Yorkville, Onondaga Co., N.Y.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Conant, John Kennard	T.M.U. 526	6 "	Upper Montclair, N.J.	Cornell	Y.M.C.A.-Corp. U.S. Inf.
					Capt. U.S.F.A.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Conant, Roger.....	S.S.U. 71.....	2 months	Cambridge, Mass.....	Beloit and Univ. of Wisc.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Conard, Harold Mead.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4	River Forest, Ill.....		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C., Y.M.C.A.
Condell, George Harper.....	S.S.U. 66.....	4	Chicago, Ill.....	Haverford Coll.....	A.R.C.
Conklin, Frank Roland.....	S.S.U. 8.....	6	New York City.....		
Conklin, Harry Adams.....	S.S.U. 8.....	5	New York City.....		
Conover, Harvey.....	S.S.U. 17.....	6	Hinsdale, Ill.....	Univ. of Wisconsin.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Conover, Richard Stevens, and.....	T.M.U. 526.....	6	Newport, R.I.....	St. Paul's School.....	Corp. U.S. Inf.
Conquest, Robert Folger Westcott f.....	S.S.U. 2.....	8	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Univ. of Penn.....	
Conroy, Homer.....	S.S.U. 64.....	5	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	Yale.....	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Conway, Aloysius Francis.....	T.M.U. 397.....	4	W. Phil. Pa.....	Villanova Coll.....	U.S.Q.M.C.
Conway, Charles Joseph.....	S.S.U. 19.....	1	Walham, Mass.....		
Cook, Charles Beckwith.....	S.S.U. 67.....	3	Hartford, Conn.....	Yale.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Cook, Freeman Waldo.....	S.S.U. 72.....	1	Georgiaville, R.I.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Cook, Harvey Weir.....	S.S.U. 16.....	6	Anderson, Ind.....	Wash. & Jeff. Coll.....	Capt. U.S. Av.
Cook, Malcolm Orr.....	T.M.U. 184.....	6	Oxford, Ohio.....	Miami.....	
Cook, Robinson.....	S.S.U. 12.....	5	Portland, Me.....	Dartmouth.....	U.S. Navy
Cook, Sherburne Friend.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5	Springfield, Mass.....	Harvard.....	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Cook, Sidney Albert.....	S.S.U. 2.....	6	New Haven, Conn.....	Yale & Cornell.....	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Cooke, Chauncey Benjamin.....	S.S.U. 70.....	2	Essex Falls, N.J.....		U.S.A.A.S., U.S. Inf.
Cooke, Joseph Platt, Jr.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6	Honolulu, Hawaii.....	Yale.....	U.S. Av.
Cooley, Richard Levi.....	S.S.U. 28.....	3	Newtonville, Mass.....	Dartmouth.....	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Coombs, Whitney.....	S.S.U. 68.....	3	East Orange, N.J.....	Bowdoin.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Cooper, Henry Noble, Jr.....	S.S.U. 65.....	4	Chicago, Ill.....	Univ. of Illinois.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Cooper, Irving Colgrove.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	Great Falls, Mont.....	Univ of Syracuse.....	
Corboy, Louis William.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	Chicago, Ill.....		U.S.M.T.C.
Corcoran, Paul Joseph.....	S.S.U. 18.....	3	Ridgewood, N.J.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Corry, William Francis.....	S.S.U. 13.....	3	Montpelier, Vt.....	Amherst.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Corson, Ben Bennett.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	Bridgton, Me.....	Harvard.....	Y.M.C.A.
Cory, Benjamin Hyde.....	S.S.U. 13.....	3	Spring Lake, N.J.....	Princeton.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Coughlin, Joseph Aloysius.....	S.S.U. 9.....	3	Van Buren, Ark.....		A.R.C.
Couf, John Dalton.....	S.S.U. 17.....	2	Boston, Mass.....	Yale.....	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Coulston, George Seidel.....	T.M.U. 397.....	4	Pasadena, Cal.....	Pomona Coll.....	Sgt. U.S.Q.M.C.
Coulter, John Gaylord.....	S.S.U. 17.....	6	Chicago, Ill.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	Capt. U.S.Q.M.C.
Cousins, Ralph Edgcomb.....	S.S.U. 19.....	1	Walham, Mass.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Cowan, Albert Milster.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4	Marshall, Mo.....	Univ. of Mo.....	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Coward, Thomas Ridgway.	T.M.U. 526.	2 months	Bronxville, N.Y.	Yale	U.S. Int. Div.
Cowley, Malcolm.	T.M.U. 526.	6 "	Pittsburg, Pa.	Harvard	C.O.T.S. U.S.A.
Cox, Harry Edward, Jr.	T.M.U. 526.	4 "	Winchester, Mass.		Cadet R.A.F.
Cox, Ralph Herbert.	T.M.U. 397.	3 "	Waltham, Mass.		Corp. U.S.M.T.C.
Cox, Warren Rollin.	S.S.U. 32.	5 "	Terre Haute, Ind.	Cornell	U.S. Av.
Crafts, John Gardner Hale.	T.M.U. 133-184	6 "	Oakland, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Civ. Av.
Craig, Harmon Bushnell † (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 2.	5 "	New York City	Harvard	
Craig, Harry Worthington †	S.S.U. 12.	6 "	Cleveland, Ohio	Univ. of Wis.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Craig, James Wallace.	T.M.U. 526.	4 "	Wellesley, Mass.	Amherst	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Craig, John Richard, Jr.	S.S.U. 2.	5 "	New York City	Harvard	Asp. Fr. Art.
Craig, Johnston Gwin.	T.M.U. 133.	6 "	Kirkwood, Mo.	Wash. Univ.	U.S.F.A.
Cram, Paul Perham.	S.S.U. 1.	4 "	Haverhill, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Int. Dept.
Crane, Paul Howard.	T.M.U. 526.	6 "	Montclair, N.J.	Andover	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Crane, William Dwight.	S.S.U. 4.	6 "	New York City	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Crav, Jesse Dayton.	S.S.U. 68.	3 "	Brooklyn, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S.
Crathern, Charles Frank Hill, Jr.	T.M.U. 526.	6 "	Worcester, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S. Inf.
Crawford, Alexander Loller.	S.S.U. 69.	2 "	Ardmore, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Crawford, Vivian Fairchilds.	T.M.U. 184.	6 "	Woodstock, Ohio	Miami	Cadet U.S. Av.
Crease, Alfred Poole.	S.S.U. 72.	1 "	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.—U.S. Tank C.
Cree, Albert Alexander.	T.M.U. 526.	6 "	Tyrone, Pa.	Columbia	Cadet U.S. Av.
Creighton, George Walter.	T.M.U. 397.	3 "	Franklin, Pa.		U.S.F.A.
Cress, Gerald Eugene.	Hdqts.	4 "	Williamstown, Mass.	Williams	Asp. Fr. Art.
Crockford, Joseph Rodney.	T.M.U. 397.	3 "	Winthrop, Mass.		U.S.M.T.C.
Croke, Raymond Randolph †	S.S.U. 186.	5 "	Denver, Colo.		
Crooks, Jackson Bias.	T.M.U. 397.	4 "	San Francisco, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Corp. U.S.Q.M.C.
Crosby, Henry Grew.	S.S.U. 71.	2 "	Boston, Mass.	St. Mark's School	U.S.A.A.S.
Crouse, Wellington Shelton.	S.S.U. 67.	3 "	Los Angeles, Cal.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Crowhurst, Herbert Walter.	S.S.U. 12.	8 "	Philadelphia, Pa.		U.S. Av.
Croxton, Galen Boyle.	T.M.U. 133.	6 "	St. Louis, Mo.	Univ. of Cal.	U.S.A.A.S.—U.S. Tank C.
Cueva, Bert Joseph.	S.S.U. 33.	2 "	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.—U.S. Tank C.
Culbertson, Tingle Woods.	S.S.U. 1.	8 "	Sewickly, Pa.	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Cummings, Henry Harrison, 3rd.	T.M.U. 526.	6 "	Philadelphia, Pa.	Temple Univ.	
Cummings, Lawrence Belding.	S.S.U. 3-4.	6 "	Indianapolis, Ind.	Harvard	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Cunningham, Edward Pusey.	T.M.U. 537.	2 "	Media, Pa.		U.S.M.T.C.
Cunningham, John Earl.	S.S.U. 1.	1 yr.	Boston, Mass.	M.I.T.	U.S. Eng. Dept.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Cunningham, Robert Alexander.	S.S.U. 66.	1917.....4 months	Newton, Mass.	Harvard	A.R.C.
Curler, Ben Vogel.	S.S.U. 10.	"	Elko, Nevada	Leland Stanford	Cadet U.S. Av.
Curley, Edmund Joseph., Jr. †	S.S.U. 3.	"	New York City	Harvard	S/Lt. Fr. Art. U.S.Q.M.C.
Curry, Richard Hall	S.S.U. 30.	"	Allston, Mass.		
Curtice, Norman Burr	T.M.U. 397.	"	Lincoln, Nebr.	Univ. of Nebraska	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Curtin, Enos W.	S.S.U. 2.	"	New York City	M.I.T. & Columbia	Capt. Anti-aircraft Art.
Curtis, Brian Cutler	S.S.U. 9.	"	New York	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Curtis, Edward Peck †	S.S.U. 15.	"	Rochester, N.Y.	Williams	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Curtis, John Morrison.	S.S.U. 1.	"	New York City	Columbia	U.S. Navy
Curtis, Nicholson Few.	S.S.U. 4.	"	Cleveland, Ohio	Western Reserve, Ohio	Major M.R.C. U.S.A.A.S.
Curtis, Roger Arnold.	S.S.U. 14.	"	Marlboro, Mass.	Harvard	
Curtis, Willard Lincoln.	T.M.U. 526.	"	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Wisc.	
Curtiss, Charles Gould.	T.M.U. 526.	"	Buffalo, N.Y.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C. Q.M.C. Civ. Emp.
Cushing, Edwin G.	S.S.U. 4.	"	Neully-s-Seine, France.		U.S.A.A.S.
Cutler, George Ripley	S.S.U. 18.	"	Waban, Mass.	Yale	
Cutler, William Henry.	S.S.U. 9.	"	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Denison Univ.	1st Lt. Chap. U.S. Eng.
Dadmun, Harrie Holland.	S.S.U. 30.	"	Arlington, Mass.	Harvard	Ens. U.S. Navy
Daggett, Neil Eugene.	S.S.U. 27.	"	Milo, Me.	Bowdoin	A.R.C.
Dalley, Arthur Aloysius	S.S.U. 65.	"	Champaign, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Daily, James Marlowe.	S.S.U. 64.	"	Peoria, Ill.	Yale	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Dain, Thomas Avery.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Peekskill, N.Y.	Dartmouth	1st Sgt U.S.M.T.C.
Dallin, Arthur Murray †	S.S.U. 1.	"	Arlington, Mass.	Harvard	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Dally, Ovid Lamont.	S.S.U. 26.	"	W. Mansfield, Ohio	Miami	Cadet U.S. Av.
Dalrymple, Horace Eaton.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Millbury, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S.M.T.C.
Daly, Frederick Joseph, Cdt. Adj.	T.M.U. 526.	"	Cambridge, Mass.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Dana, William Bristol.	Hdqts.	"	New Haven, Conn.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Dann, Alexander Porteous.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Buffalo, N.Y.	Yale	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Darden, Colgate Whitehead, Jr.	S.S.U. 1.	"	Buffalo, Va.	Univ. of Va.	Lt. U.S. Av.
Darling, Mayo Atwood.	T.M.U. 526.	"	Franklin, Mass.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Darrah, David.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Akron, Ohio	Municipal Univ. of Akron	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C. Sgt. U.S.M.T.C. Capt. U.S. San. C. U.S.M.T.C.
Davenport, Kenneth Chapin.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Joplin, Mo.		
Davenport, William Slocum.	S.S.U. 9.	"	Paris, France.		
Davey, Arthur Thomas.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Northport, L.I., N.Y.		

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Davidson, Lucius Henry.	T.M.U. 184.	1917	New Rochelle, N.Y.	Dartmouth.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Davies, Orville.	S.S.U. 29.	5 months	Chicago, Ill.	Northwestern	U.S. Nav. Av.
Davies, Roland Crocker.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Medford, Mass.	Tufts.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Davis, Charles Claffin.	S.S.U. 4.	"	Boston, Mass.	Harvard.	
Davis, Clifford Sedmer.	S.S.U. 70.	"	Salt Lake City, Utah.	Colo. Agric. & Univ. of Utah.	U.S.A.A.S.
Davis, Harold Homer.	S.S.U. 30.	"	Boston, Mass.	Harvard.	A.R.C.
Davis, Lewis Meader.	S.S.U. 27.	"	St. Louis, Mo.		U.S.A.A.S.
Davis, Mahlon Wentworth.	S.S.U. 2.	"	Brookline, Mass.		
Davis, Philip Du Mond.	S.S.U. 10.	"	Palo Alto, Cal.	Maryl. & Stan.	U.S.Q.M.C.
Davis, Philip Sydney.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Somerville, Mass.	Tufts.	2nd Lt. U.S. Ord.
Davis, Russell.	T.M.U. 526.	"	Plymouth, Mass.	Harvard.	A.R.C.
Davison, Alden.	S.S.U. 8.	"	New York City.	Vale.	U.S. Av.
Davison, Henry Pomeroy, Jr.	Hdqt.	"	Locust Valley, L.I., N.Y.	Groton School.	2nd Lt. U.S. Nav. Av.
Davison, Vern Cecil.	S.S.U. 72.	"	Rensselaer, Ind.		U.S.A.A.S.
Dawes, Beman Gates.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Marietta, Ohio.	Marietta.	2nd Lt. U.S. Eng.
Dawes, William Mills.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Evanston, Ill.	Northwestern.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Dawson, Benjamin Frederick †	S.S.U. 3.	1 yr.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Williams & Univ. of Pa.	Capt. U.S. Av.
Dawson, John Collins, Jr.	T.M.U. 184.	6 months	Philadelphia, Pa.	Princeton.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Day, Harold Redfern.	S.S.U. 69.	"	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Mich.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Day, Harwood Brown †	S.S.U. 1.	"	1915 & 1917 Providence, R.I.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Day, Kirkland Hart.	T.M.U. 526.	"	Cambridge, Mass.	M.I.T.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Dayton, Samuel Grey.	S.S.U. 4.	"	Philadelphia, Pa.	Princeton & Univ. of Pa.	
Dean, Louis Sackett.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Lake Mahopac, N.Y.		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Dearborn, Arthur Kent.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Boston, Mass.	U.S. Ord.	
Dearborn, Warren William.	S.S.U. 4.	"	Waltham, Mass.	Wesleyan.	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
De Armon, Rutherford McGregor.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Dayton, Ohio.		Cadet U.S. Av.
De Chenne, Ernest Raymond.	T.M.U. 133.	"	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
De Coster, Donald Williamson.	T.M.U. 184.	"	St. Paul, Minn.	Harvard.	Civilian U.S. Av.
De Courcy, Harold.	S.S.U. 72.	"	Boston, Mass.	Georgetown & Harvard.	U.S.A.A.S.
Deeves, Thomas Milton.	S.S.U. 4.	"	New Rochelle, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S.
Dell, William Stanley †	S.S.U. 4.	"	New York City.	Princeton.	
De Maine, Harry.	Hdqt.	2 yr. 4 mos.	1916-17. Liverpool, Eng.		Rifleman B. E. F.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Demorest, Gilbert Curtis	S.S.U. 66	3 months	1917..... New York City	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Dempsey, Frank Aldridge	S.S.U. 13	6 "	1917..... Chicago, Ill.		
De Neveu, Edward Henry	S.S.U. 3	1 yr. 1 m.	1916-17..... Asnières, Seine		Interp. U.S. Army
Denison, George Kendrick	T.M.U. 184	6 "	1917..... New Haven, Conn	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Denison, Merrill	S.S.U. 4	7 "	1917..... Buffalo, N.Y.	Univ. of Pa.	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Denney, Ellis Houston	S.S.U. 8	3 "	1917..... Beloit, Wisc.	Beloit	U.S.A.A.S.
Dennison, Malcolm McFarlan	S.S.U. 2	7 "	1917..... Denver, Col.	Harvard	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Denny, Clarence Bigelow	S.S.U. 13 Hdqts.	6 "	1917..... Boston, Mass.	Harvard	A.R.C.
Depue, David Ayres	S.S.U. 67	3 "	1917..... Newark, N.J.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
De Roode, Clifford A.	S.S.U. 1	9 "	1915-16..... New York City		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Desloge, Joseph	T.M.U. 526	7 "	1917..... St. Louis, Mo.	M.I.T.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Desmond, Matthew Francis	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917..... Burney, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	S.A.T.C.
D'Esté, John Newport, Cdt. Adj.†	S.S.U. 8-3	1 yr. 1 m.	1916-17..... Salem, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Develin, James Aylward, Jr.	S.S.U. 13	6 months	1917..... Philadelphia, Pa.	Wesleyan	U.S. Navy
De Vore, Weber Gray	S.S.U. 32	3 "	1917..... Brooklyn, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S.
Dexter, Julian Stanley	S.S.U. 64	5 "	1917..... New York City	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Dibert, Grant Armstrong	S.S.U. 67	5 "	1917..... Pittsburgh, Pa.	Princeton	
Dickson, Philip Sidney	S.S.U. 12	5 "	1917..... New York City	Harvard	
Diemer, Edward John Maurice †	S.S.U. 2	1 yr. 6 m.	1916-17..... New York City		U.S.A.A.S.
Dillon, Wilfred	T.M.U. 184	4 months	1917..... Pawtucket, R.I.		U.S. Inf.
Dimond, Douglas Marquand	S.S.U. 8	4 "	1917..... Philadelphia, Pa.		Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Dix, Roger Sherman, Jr.	S.S.U. 1	3 "	1917..... Greenbush, Mass.	Harvard	Cadet U.S. Av.
Dixon, Homer W.	S.S.U. 68	3 "	1917..... Boonton, N.J.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Dock, George, Jr.†	S.S.U. 2	1 yr. 1 m.	1916-17..... St. Louis, Mo.	Dartmouth	Corp. Fr. Av.
Dock, William †	S.S.U. 2	6 months	1917..... St. Louis, Mo.	Wash. Univ.	
Dodge, Arthur Douglas, Cdt. Adj.†	S.S.U. 8	1 yr. 7 m.	1916-17..... Westogue, Conn.	Yale	A.R.C.
Dodson, Rowland Wheeler	T.M.U. 184	5 months	1917..... St. Louis, Mo.	Wash. Univ.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Dolan, Henry Hoffmann	T.M.U. 184	6 "	1917..... Torressdale, Pa.	Princeton	U.S. Navy
Dolan, Thomas, 3rd	T.M.U. 184	3 "	1917..... Torressdale, Pa.	Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
Dole, Robert Alden	T.M.U. 526	6 "	1917..... Bangor, Me.	Andover	Inspt. R. Dept. A.S.
Donahue, William Ross	S.S.U. 69	2 "	1917..... Atlantic City, N.J.		U.S.A.A.S.
Donaldson, Robert Anders	S.S.U. 70	2 "	1917..... Denver, Colo.	Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.
Doolin, Paul Rice	T.M.U. 526	4 "	1917..... St. Albans, Vt.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Doolittle, Sidney Clark	S.S.U. 68	3 "	1917..... Utica, N.Y.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Doud, Martin Thomas	T.M.U. 397	2 "	1917..... Monterey, Cal.		Foreign Legion
Dougherty, Lewis Bissell, Jr.	S.S.U. 19	6 "	1917..... Liberty, Mo.	Wm. Jewell Coll.	U.S. Av.



HENRY E. M. SUCKLEY, S.S.U. 10
Killed in action



HENRY G. ISELIN, S.S.U. 12



BERTWAL C. READ, S.S.U. 13



ALLAN H. MUHR, S.S.U. 14

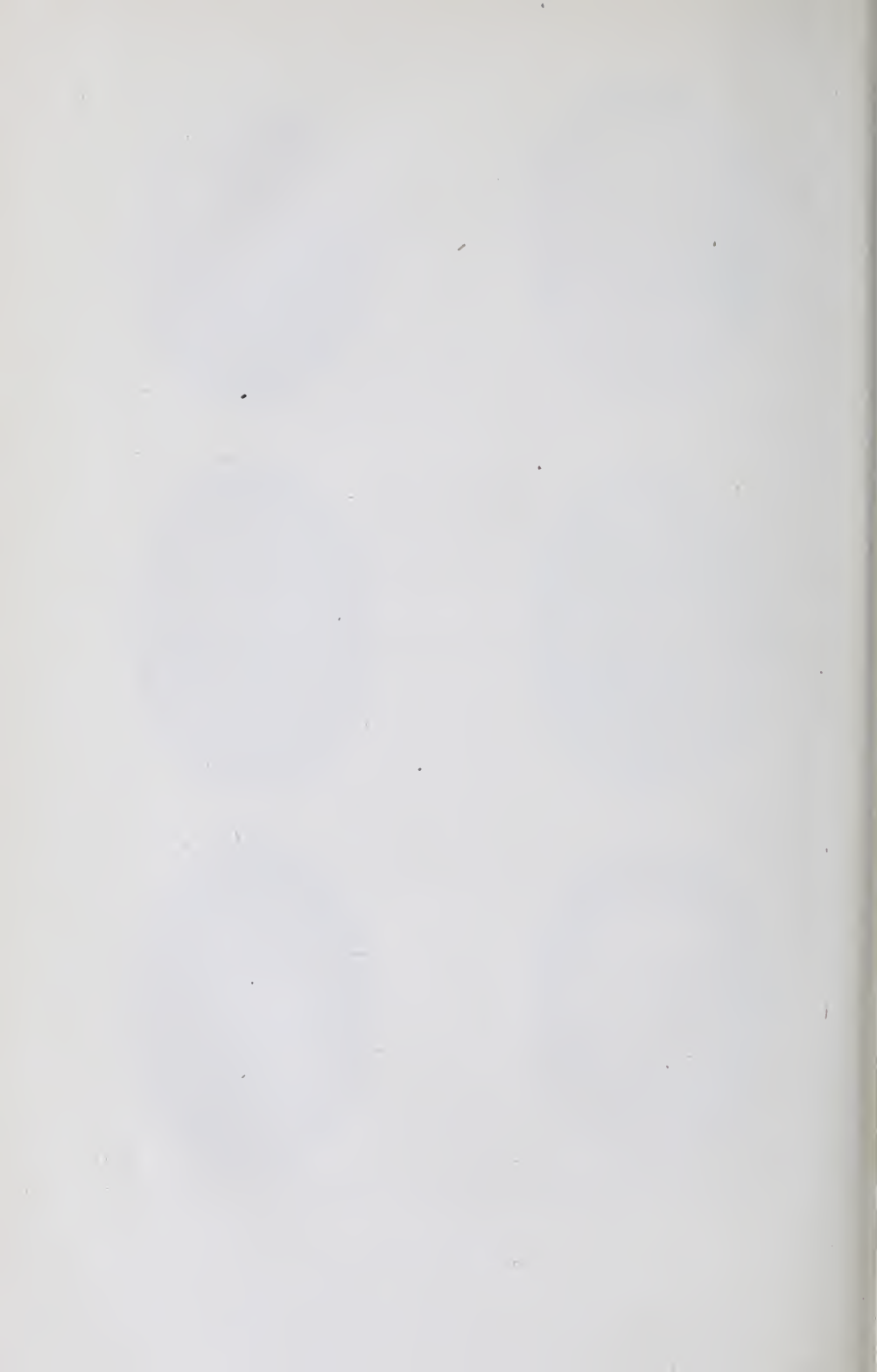


ALEXANDER I. HENDERSON
S.S.U. 15



FRANKLIN D. W. GLAZIER
S.S.U. 16

SECTION LEADERS



NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Dougherty, Thomas Harvey, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 13.....	1917.....	Germantown, Pa.....	Harvard.....	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Douglas, Francis Kenneth.....	T.M.U. 397.....	9 months	New York City.....	Dartmouth.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Douglass, David Bates †.....	T.M.U. 526.....	5 "	West Newton, Mass.....		
Doughlass, Odgen Bond.....	S.S.U. 3.....	1 yr. 3 m.	New Haven, Conn.....		Sgt. U.S. Tank C.
Dow, Lathrop.....	T.M.U. 397.....	4 months	Detroit, Mich.....		A.R.C.
<i>Dowd, Meredith Loveland</i>	T.M.U. 184.....	4 "	Orange, N.J.....	Princeton.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Dowley, Kenneth Chester.....	S.S.U. 1.....	6 "	Worcester, Mass.....		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Downes, Jerome Ireland Howe.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4 "	Brookline, Mass.....	Harvard.....	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Downes, William Lowell.....	S.S.U. 1.....	5 "	Boston, Mass.....	Harvard.....	Sgt. U.S. Sig. C.
Downing, Blatchford.....	T.M.U. 526.....	3 "	Kansas City, Mo.....	Yale, Harvard Law	Civilian U.S. Av.
Doying, Bidwell Cranfill.....	S.S.U. 16.....	5 "	Nashua, N.H.....		Y.M.C.A.
Doyle, Luke Cantwell †.....	T.M.U. 184.....	3 "	Worcester, Mass.....	Yale.....	Major U.S. San. C.
<i>Dresser, George Eaton</i>	S.S.U. 3.....	4 "	Chicopee, Mass.....	Andover.....	A.R.C.—U.S. Tank C.
<i>Dresser, Stephen Raymond †</i>	T.M.U. 526.....	5 "	Westbrook, Me.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Drew, Edwin Hawthorne.....	S.S.U. 2.....	4 "	Boston, Mass.....		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
<i>Du Bouchet, Vivian</i>	T.M.U. 397.....	3 "			
	S.S.U. 2 & Vosges Det.....	1 yr. 11 m.			
Dudgeon, Archibald.....	S.S.U. 14.....	4 months	Paris, France.....		U.S. Inf.
Dudley, Charles Philip, Jr.....	S.S.U. 14.....	4 months	New York City.....	Princeton.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Dudley, Henry Lewis, Jr.....	T.M.U. 184.....	6 "	Madison, N.J.....	Maricetta.....	Cadet U.S. Av.
Duff, Robert Christie.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6 "	Yonkers, N.Y.....	Yale.....	Cadet U.S. Av.
Dunham, Arthur Louis.....	S.S.U. 9.....	9 "	W. Orange, N.J.....		
Dunham, Dows, Cdt. Adjt.....	S.S.U. 20.....	1 "	Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.	Harvard.....	U.S. Av.
	S.S.U. 12—				
Dunlap, Rex W.....	T.M.U. 184—609	10 "	Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.	Harvard.....	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Dunn, Harry Lipincott.....	S.S.U. 4.....	3 "	Kansas City, Mo.....	Yale.....	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Dunn, Lambert Louis.....	S.S.U. 8.....	6 "	Santa Barbara, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.....	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Durant, Douglas.....	S.S.U. 15.....	3 "	Rochester, N.Y.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Durgin, George Arthur.....	T.M.U. 397.....	5 "	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Harvard.....	A.R.C.
Durham, Richard Ferris.....	T.M.U. 537.....	2 "	Evanston, Ill.....		U.S.M.T.C.
Durkin, Emmet James.....	S.S.U. 68.....	3 "	Greenville, S.C.....	Cornell.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Durland, Robert Walcott.....	S.S.U. 26.....	6 "	New York City.....	Harvard.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Dusosoit, Florimond Joseph, Cdt. Adjt.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4 "	Lynn, Mass.....	M.I.T.....	U.S.M.T.C.
	T.M.U. 526.....	6 "	Brookline, Mass.....	Dartmouth.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Duvall, Samuel Oliver.....	S.S.U. 72.....	1 "	Rensselaer, Ind.....		U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Eames, Laurence Frederic.	S.S.U. 65	1917	Gloucester, Mass.	Harvard	U.S. Coast Art.
Earle, Arthur Hinkley	T.M.U. 133	"	Lexington, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S.M.T.C.
Earley, Ernest Howell	S.S.U. 66	"	Medford, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Eastburn, Hugh B.	S.S.U. 9	"	Bristol, Pa.	Univ. of Mich.	U.S.F.A.
Eastman, Joseph Houston	S.S.U. 14	"	Pleasanton, Cal.	Leland Stanford	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Eaton, Charles Newell	T.M.U. 397	"	Winchester, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.F.A.
Eaton, Roland Leonard	T.M.U. 184	"	Sebasco, Me.	Tufts	U.S. Navy
Eckley, Harold James	S.S.U. 26	"	New Rochelle, N.Y.	Cornell	Civ. Employee
Eckman, Edward Samuel	T.M.U. 526	"	Roxbury, Mass.		
Edwards, George Lane, Jr., Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 133-211	"	St. Louis, Mo.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Edwards, John Richard, Jr.	S.S.U. 8	"	Bristol, R.I.	Bowdoin	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Edwards, Leonard Brooke †	S.S.U. 1	"	Philadelphia, Pa.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Egan, William Henry, Jr.	S.S.U. 70	"	St. Paul, Minn.	Univ. of Minn.	U.S. Navy Training School
Egger, Erwin Laurence	S.S.U. 13	"	Elgin, Ill.	Beloit	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Eisenhart, John Richard	T.M.U. 397	"	Horseheads, N.Y.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Eldred, Burdette P.	S.S.U. 66	"	Beloit, Wisc.	Beloit	Asp. Fr. Art.
Ellington, John Rocky †	S.S.U. 10	"	Los Angeles, Cal.	Yale	R.A.F.
Ellinwood, Ralph Everett	T.M.U. 397	"	Bisbee, Ariz.	Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
Elliott, Chester Arthur	S.S.U. 9	"	Akron, Ohio	Amherst	U.S. Av.
Elliott, Hugh †	S.S.U. 1	"	Evanston, Ill.	Northwestern	U.S. Eng.
Elliot, William Armstrong	T.M.U. 133	"	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Civ. U.S. Nav. Av.
Ellis, Clayton Carey	S.S.U. 28	"	Boston, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Ellis, Parker Kingsley	S.S.U. 9	"	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Elmore, Earle Phillips	S.S.U. 70	"	Oneonta, N.Y.	Williams	U.S.A.A.S.—2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Elwell, Fenton Groves	S.S.U. 66	"	Waltham, Mass.	M.I.T.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Emanuelson, Elias Le Roy	S.S.U. 72	"	New Haven, Conn.		U.S.A.A.S.
Embury, Philip Albert	T.M.U. 133	"	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Emerick, John Paul	S.S.U. 9	"	Reading, Mass.	Lincoln Agric. & Harvard	A.R.C.
Emerson, Wm. Key Bond, Jr., Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 3-13	1915 & 1917	New York City	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Emery, Jacob Adams	T.M.U. 526	4 months	Philadelphia, Pa.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Emery, Leland Harrington	T.M.U. 526	"	Lexington, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Emmons, Gardner Gage	S.S.U. 30	"	Concord, N.H.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
End, George Kenneth.	S.S.U. 1-3.	1 yr. 2 m.	1916-17. New York City	Univ. of Swarthmore & Columbia	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S. 2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C. U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt. U.S. San. C.
England, Marshall Jones.	T.M.U. 184	3 months	1917. Winchester, Mass.		Sgt. U.S. Inf.
English, Edwin H. †.	S.S.U. 9-3.	1 yr. 2 m.	1916-17. New Haven, Conn.	Yale	U.S.M.T.C.
English, Richard Betts †.	S.S.U. 29.	5 months	1917. Long Island City, N.Y.	Univ. of Mo.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
English, Samuel Herbert.	T.M.U. 133	4 "	1915-16. New York City	Va. Polyt. Inst.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Eno, Josiah W.	S.S.U. 1	8 "	1917. Christiansburg, Va.	Yale	A.R.C. — 2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Eoff, Robert Grinshaw.	S.S.U. 18.	4 "	1917. New York City	Yale	Sgt. U.S. Tank C.
Eofif, William Tallant.	S.S.U. 18.	4 "	1917. Christiansburg, Va.	Yale	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Erhart, Charles Frederick Huntington.	S.S.U. 67.	5 "	1917. Auburndale, Mass.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Estabrook, Lee Tourjee.	T.M.U. 397.	4 "	1917. Harrisburg, Penn.	Univ. of Texas	U.S.A.A.S.
Etter, Benjamin Franklin.	S.S.U. 2	4 "	1917. Sherman, Tex.	Cath. Univ. of Am.	U.S.M.T.C.
Etter, Leslie Waagener.	S.S.U. 33.	2 "	1917. La Crosse, Wis.	Univ. of Mo.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Evans, Arthur Robert.	S.S.U. 4	5 "	1917. Riverside, Ill.	Univ. of Mo.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Evans, Clinton Buswell, Jr.	T.M.U. 397.	5 "	1917. Joplin, Mo.	Johns Hopkins	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Evans, Harvey Cass.	S.S.U. 9	2 "	1917. Baltimore, Md.	Univ. of Wisc.	U.S.M.T.C.
Evans, Henry Cothel.	T.M.U. 526.	5 "	1917. La Crosse, Wisc.	Tufts	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Evans, James Ambrose.	S.S.U. 4	6 "	1917. Little Falls, N.Y.	Johns Hopkins	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Eveleth, George Simmonds, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917. Paris, France	Yale	2nd Lt. Interp. U.S. Army
Ewell, John Edward.	Hdqts.	4 "	1917. New York City	Harvard	Asp. Fr. Art.
Exton, Frederick.	S.S.U. 8.	6 "	1917. Salem, Mass.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Fabens, Charles Henry.	T.M.U. 526-397	3 "	1917. Chicago, Ill.	Yale	Y.M.C.A.
Faherty, Charles Lewis.	S.S.U. 64.	5 "	1917. Dorset, Vt.	Cornell	Corp. Fr. Av.
Fainestock, Wallace Weir.	S.S.U. 9	3 "	1917. S. Acton, Mass.	Tufts	Fr. Av., 2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Fairbanks, James Madison.	T.M.U. 133.	5 "	1917. Manila, Philippine Isl.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Fairchild, Edwin Bradley.	T.M.U. 526.	4 "	1917. Nahant, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Faith, Clarence Hoggson.	S.S.U. 12.	6 "	1917. Belding, Mich.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Fales, Hugo Wing.	S.S.U. 397.	3 "	1917. Auburndale, Mass.	Brown	U.S.A.A.S.
Farley, Arthur Francis.	T.M.U. 397.	6 "	1917. Auburndale, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Farley, Charles Juds, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 9-16 & T.M.U. 397.	1 yr.	1916-17. Auburndale, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Farlow, John Smith.	S.S.U. 1	6 months	1916-17. Boston, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Farmer, John Clifford.	T.M.U. 133	2 "	1917. Collinsville, Okla.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.A.A.S.
Farnham, Frank Alexander, 2nd †.	S.S.U. 1	4 "	1917. Providence, R.I.	Brown	U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Farr, William Manuel	T.M.U. 184	6 months	Liberty, Mo.	Columbia	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Farris, Fauna Wynne	S.S.U. 10	5 "	Palo Alto, Cal.	Leland Stanford	Cadet U.S. Av.
Farwell, Nathan Allen	S.S.U. 15	3 "	Rockland, Me.	Dartmouth & Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Faulkner, Charles Stearns	S.S.U. 8	6 "	Keene, N.H.		
Fay, Addison Orville	S.S.U. 71	3 "	Orford, N.H.	St. Mark's School	
Fay, Ivan Glen	S.S.U. 16	6 "	Evansville, Wisc.	Univ. of Wisc.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Fay, Samuel Prescott	S.S.U. 1	4 "	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	Capt. U.S. Av.
Fay, Sherblock Andrew	S.S.U. 72	1 "	San Diego, Cal.	Univ. of Minn.	U.S.A.A.S.
Fay, William Pickman	S.S.U. 2	5 "	New York City	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Faye, Hans Peter, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	5 "	Kekaha Kanai, Hawaii	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Fearing, George Richmond, 2nd	S.S.U. 71	2 "	Boston, Mass.	St. Mark's School	U.S.A.A.S.
Featherstone, John Borisow	S.S.U. 65	2 "	Los Angeles, Cal.		A.R.C.
Fenton, Powell	S.S.U. 3	2 yrs. 3 m.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Ferguson, Danforth Brooks	S.S.U. 2	3 months	Brooklyn, N.Y.		U.S.C.A.C.
Ferguson, Fearchar Jan	S.S.U. 1	3 "	New York City		Sgt. Fr. Av.
Ferguson, George	T.M.U. 526	4 "	Kingston, Mass.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Ferguson, Milton Jameson Clifford	S.S.U. 32	4 "	Tracy City, Tenn.		Cadet U.S. Av.
Fiedler, Frank Graves	T.M.U. 184	5 "	Ottumwa, Iowa	Dartmouth	U.S.F.A. — Army Art.
Field, Donald Pierson	T.M.U. 184	4 "	Brookline, Mass.		Hdqts. 1st Army
Fields, Robert Nelson	S.S.U. 13	3 "	New York City		U.S.Q.M.C.
Finney, Eben Dickey	S.S.U. 67	2 "	Baltimore, Md.	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S. Ord. Dept.
Fischhoff, Pierre†	S.S.U. 2-14	1 yr. 5 m.	Paris, France		U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt.
Fish, Howard MacFarland	S.S.U. 67	3 months	Erie, Pa.	Princeton	U.S.F.A.
Fisher, John Redwood, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 2-Hdqts &				U.S.A.A.S.
Fisher, Laurence Glen	S.S.U. 20	1 yr. 5 m.	Arlington, Vt.	Columbia	Capt. U.S.A.A.S.
Fiske, Charles Henry, 3rd	S.S.U. 65-3	6 months	Fresport, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	A.R.C.
Fitts, Stanley Clarke	S.S.U. 3	10 "	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Fitzgerald, Robert John	T.M.U. 526	3 "	Brattleboro, Vt.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Fitzgerald, Robert John	S.S.U. 1	1 "	Ben Avon, Pa.		U.S.A.A.S.
Fitzsimons, Frank Fabian†	S.S.U. 10	10 "	New York City		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Fletcher, Jefferson Butler, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 4-29	4 "	New York City	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Fletcher, John Presley	T.M.U. 133	4 "	Lonohe, Ark.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.A.A.S.
Flickinger, Burt Prentice	T.M.U. 184	4 "	Buffalo, N.Y.	Harvard	U.S.M.T.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Flint, Cuvier Grover	T.M.U. 537	1917	Cambridge, Mass.		A.R.C.
Flynn, Eugene Aloysius	S.S.U. 31	1917	City Island, N.Y.		Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Flynn, Robin Jay†	S.S.U. 1	1916-17	San Anselmo, Cal.		1st Lt. R.A.F.
Fogle, Charles Burnett	Hdqs.	2 months	Toledo, Ohio		U.S. Sig. C.
Fonda, Becher Harold	S.S.U. 72	1917	St. Albans, Vt.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.—U.S. Tank C.
Foot, Elliot Brooks	S.S.U. 1	1916	Tarrytown, N.Y.		Sgt. U.S. Av.
Forbes, Charles Stewart	S.S.U. 4	1916	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Forbush, Frederic Moore	S.S.U. 8	1916	Detroit, Mich.		U.S. Navy
Ford, Norman Waterlow	T.M.U. 133	1917	San Francisco, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Fordyce, Addison	S.S.U. 64	1917	New York City	Yale	Cadet U.S. Av.
Foreman, Herbert Spencer	S.S.U. 2-8	1916-17	White Hall, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago & Northwestern	
Forman, Horace Baker, 3rd	T.M.U. 526	1917	New York City	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Foss, Alden Simonds	T.M.U. 133	1917	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	Capt. U.S. Av.
Foster, Alden Whisen	S.S.U. 64	1917	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Yale	Cadet U.S. Av.
Foster, Arthur Paisley	S.S.U. 17	1917	Detroit, Minn.	Univ. of Chicago	Cadet U.S. Av.
Foster, Evans Ronald	T.M.U. 133	1917	East Auburn, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Fowler, Eric Anderson	S.S.U. 4	1916-17	New York City	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Eng.
Fowler, Oswald	S.S.U. 4	1917	New York City	Princeton	Corp. Fr. Av.
Fowler, Raymond Percival	T.M.U. 184	1917	Buffalo, N.Y.	Colgate	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Fownes, Henry Clay, 2nd	S.S.U. 67	1917	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Fox, Donald Frederic	S.S.U. 14-10	1917	New York City	Pomona, Cal.	U.S.A.A.S.
Fox, Frank Marsden	S.S.U. 71	1917	Rochester, N.Y.	Univ. of Rochester	U.S.A.A.S.
Fox, Ray	T.M.U. 133	1917	Glen, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
France, Robert	T.M.U. 526	1917	Baltimore, Md.	Johns Hopkins	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Franklyn, Giles B†	S.S.U. 1-3	1915-17	Verdunnet, Lausanne		Sgt. U.S.F.A.
Frantz, Angus Macdonald	S.S.U. 18	1917	Princeton, N.J.	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Frantz, Harry Warner	S.S.U. 10	1917	Riverbank, Cal.	Leland Stanford	A.R.C.
Frantz, Samuel Gibson	S.S.U. 18	1917	Princeton, N.J.	Princeton	2nd Lt. Balloon C.
Fraser, William Samuel	S.S.U. 18	1917	Medford, Mass.		
Fravell, James Eldredge Greene	S.S.U. 64	1917	Trenton, N.J.	Yale	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Frazier, John Francis	T.M.U. 184	1917	Oxford, Ohio	Univ. of Miami	U.S. Ord. Sch.
Freeborn, Charles James, Cdt. Adj.†	S.S.U. 2	1917	Paris, France	Yale	(Capt.) Liaison Officer at Fr. G.H.Q.
Freer, Gorham Fulton	S.S.U. 2	1917	Gilbertsville, N.Y.	Harvard	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
French, Clarence Bates	T.M.U. 184	1917	Waltham, Mass.	Tufts	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av. R.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
French, John Taylor	T.M.U. 184	3 months	1917 West Newton, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Frenning, Alfred Bass	S.S.U. 30	5 "	1917 Belmont, Mass.	Harvard	A.R.C.
Frenning, John Jacob	S.S.U. 30	4 "	1917 Belmont, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Frick, Frederick Carlton †	S.S.U. 70	2 "	1917 Kansas City, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.A.A.S.
Friedrich, Robert Emanuel	S.S.U. 68	3 "	1917 Rochester, N.Y.	M.I.T.	U.S. Navy
Frier, Chauncey Pilcher	S.S.U. 28	4 "	1917 Louisiana, Mo.	Wash. Univ.	U.S.A.A.S.
Frizzell, William Schoonmaker	T.M.U. 537	2 "	1917 Redlands, Cal.		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Frost, Guernsey Locke	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917 Belmont, Mass.		Cadet U.S. Av.
Frost, Marvin Hughitt	T.M.U. 184	3 "	1917 Lake Forest, Ill.		U.S. Trans. Service
Frost, Ralph Aldom, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917 Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Frutiger, Theodore Raymond	S.S.U. 12	2 "	1917 Morris, Pa.	Oberlin	R.O.T.C.
Fry, Timsley Carstarphen	T.M.U. 526	4 "	1917 Louisiana, Mo.	St. John's Mil.	
Fryer, Edmond Deats	S.S.U. 10	9 "	1916-17 New Brunswick, N.J.	Stevens Tech.	U.S. Tank C.
Fuller, Glendon Abram	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917 Norwood, N.Y.	Dartmouth	A.R.C.—2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Fuller, Richard Eugene	S.S.U. 64	5 "	1917 New York City	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.C.A.C.
Fullingham, James Fitz-James	S.S.U. 32	2 "	1917 Columbus, Ohio	Ohio State Univ.	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Furbish, Henry Ordway	T.M.U. 397	3 "	1917 Winchester, Mass.	Amherst	U.S.M.T.C. — Corp.
Fussell, Raymond Heim	T.M.U. 397	4 "	1917 Atlantic City, N.J.		U.S. Med. C.
Gage, Homer, Jr.	S.S.U. 31	3 "	1917 Worcester, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Gailley, James Wilson † (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 66	2 "	1917 New Park, Pa.	Princeton	
Gailor, Frank H.	S.S.U. 2	4 "	1916-17 Memphis, Tenn.	Sewanee & Columbia 1st Lt. U.S.F.A.	
Galatti, Stephen, Assist. Inspector-General †	S.S.U. 3 & Hdqts. 2 yr. 2 m.		1915-16 New York City	Harvard	Major U.S.A.A.S.
Gale, Fred Emerson	T.M.U. 526	5 months	1917 Gloucester, Mass.		Sgt. U.S.F.A.
Gallaher, Hugh	T.M.U. 184	3 "	1917 Santa Barbara, Cal.	Harvard & Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Gamble, Robert Howard †	S.S.U. 1	4 "	1917 New York City	Yale	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Gamman, James Arthur	S.S.U. 13	2 "	1917 Tulsa, Okla.		Foreign Legion
Gardner, George Pierre	S.S.U. 70	2 "	1917 Marlin, Texas	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.A.A.S.
Gardner, William King	S.S.U. 70	4 "	1917 Jefferson City, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S. Navy
Garman, Stanley Cortland	T.M.U. 526	6 "	1917 Canisteo, N.Y.	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Garner, Lloyd Milton	S.S.U. 17	6 "	1917 Madison, Wis.	Univ. of Wis.	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Garrett, David Lloyd	S.S.U. 66	4 "	1917 Winthrop, Mass.	Dartmouth	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Garrett, Hurst Frazee	T.M.U. 397-526 2 "		1917 Chicago, Ill.		Y.M.C.A.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Garstin, Dalton Valdemar.....	S.S.U. 67.....	3 months	Redlands, Cal.....	Yale.....	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Garvin, George Kinne, Jr.....	S.S.U. 71.....	"	New York City.....	New York Univ.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Gaston, Kenneth Safford.....	S.S.U. 30.....	"	Somerville, N.J.....	Harvard.....	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Gates, Carroll Weller.....	S.S.U. 13.....	"	New York City.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	U.S. Nav. Av.
Gauger, Raymond Wallace.....	S.S.U. 65.....	"	Champaign, Ill.....	Univ. of Illinois.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Gauld, Brownlee Bensel†.....	S.S.U. 13.....	"	Toledo, Ohio.....	Harvard.....	Canadian Army
Gavit, Albert Howard.....	S.S.U. 18.....	"	Whiting, Ind.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	Cadet U.S. Nav. Av.
Geibel, Victor Budd†.....	S.S.U. 26.....	"	Greenwich, Conn.....	Cornell.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Gelshenen, Walter Dunne.....	T.M.U. 397.....	"	Red Bank, N.J.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	2nd Lt. A.O.B.D.F.
Gemmill, William Billings.....	S.S.U. 65.....	"	Chicago, Ill.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	Cadet U.S. Av.
Gentles, Thomas Turnbull.....	T.M.U. 133.....	"	Chicago, Ill.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	U.S.F.A.
Gentry, William Richard, Jr.....	T.M.U. 526.....	"	St. Louis, Mo.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
George, Roy Robert.....	S.S.U. 68.....	"	Gainesville, Ga.....	Dav. Coll. & U. of Ga.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Gibb, John Richmond.....	T.M.U. 397.....	"	New York City.....	Yale.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Gibson, Raymond Franklin.....	S.S.U. 14.....	"	Macon, Ga.....	Harvard.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Gignoux, Gerard Christmas.....	S.S.U. 10-33.....	1 yr.	Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.....	Harvard.....	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Gilbert, Harold Charles.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6 months	Kankakee, Ill.....	Harvard.....	Cadet U.S. Av.
Gildea, Edward Mac.....	T.M.U. 133.....	"	Elkhart, Ind.....	Columbia.....	Asp. Fr. Art.
Gile, Archie Benjamin, Cdt. Adjt.....	T.M.U. 526 & S.S.U. 28.....	"	Hanover, N.H.....	Dartmouth.....	Capt. U.S.A.A.S.
Gile, Harold H.....	S.S.U. 1.....	"	Colorado Springs, Col.....	Princeton.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Gilger, Lewis Chapman.....	S.S.U. 69.....	"	Norwalk, Ohio.....	Williams.....	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Gilger, William Carroll.....	S.S.U. 69.....	"	Norwalk, Ohio.....	Williams.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Gill, James Watkins, Jr.....	S.S.U. 66.....	"	Stuebenville, Ohio.....	Dartmouth.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Gillespie, James Parke†.....	S.S.U. 12-19.....	"	Orange, N.J.....	Yale.....	A.R.C.
Gillies, Gordon Campbell.....	T.M.U. 526.....	"	Wilmette, Ill.....	Univ. of Wisc.....	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Gilmore, Albert Frank.....	S.S.U. 16.....	"	Madison, Wisc.....	Univ. of Wisc.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Gilmore, William Blair†.....	S.S.U. 2.....	"	Chambersburg, Pa.....	Princeton.....	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Gilmore, William Smith.....	S.S.U. 12.....	"	Florence, Italy.....	M.I.T.....	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Giroux, Archie Ralph.....	T.M.U. 526.....	"	Somerville, Mass.....	Dartmouth.....	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Giroux, Ernest Armand.....	T.M.U. 526.....	"	Somerville, Mass.....	Dartmouth.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Glann, James Everett.....	T.M.U. 397.....	"	Cortland, N.Y.....	Amherst.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Glazier, Franklin D. W., Cdt. Adjt.....	S.S.U. 16.....	"	S. Glastonbury, Conn.....	Yale.....	Capt. U.S. Eng.
Glorieux, Gilbert Robertson.....	S.S.U. 9.....	"	Irrington, N.J.....	Princeton.....	U.S.F.A.
Glorieux, Philip Henry.....	S.S.U. 9.....	"	Irrington, N.J.....	Princeton.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Glover, John Halcott†.....	S.S.U. 2.....	1 yr.	London, Eng.....	Princeton.....	Capt. R.A.F.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Goddard, Conrad Godwin.	T.M.U. 184.	3 months	New York City.	Harvard.	U.S. Av.
Goff, Frank Stevens.	S.S.U. 64.	5 "	Fall River, Mass.	Yale.	U.S. Eng.
Golding, John Emerson.	S.S.U. 72.	1 "	E. Liverpool, Ohio.		U.S.A.A.S.
Gooch, Robert Kent.	S.S.U. 4.	8 "	University, Va.	Univ. of Va.	Capt. U.S.C.A.C.
Goodell, Addison.	S.S.U. 68.	3 "	Loda, Ill.	Knox Coll.	U.S. Av.
Goodrich, Frederick Pabst.	S.S.U. 12.	4 "	Milwaukee, Wisc.	Princeton	Asp. Fr. Art.
Goodspeed, Hayden.	S.S.U. 12.	4 "	Watertown, Mass.	Harvard.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Goodwin, Charles Laracy.	S.S.U. 30.	5 "	New York City.		U.S.A.A.S.
Goodwin, George Watte.	S.S.U. 72.	1 "	Albany, N.Y.	Yale & Harvard.	and Lt. U.S. Av.
Gordon, Edward Blair.	S.S.U. 69.	4 "	San Francisco, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Gordon, John Aubrey.	S.S.U. 14.	7 "	Barre, Vt.	Dartmouth	Asp. Fr. Art.
Gores, Walter Winthrop J., Sous-Chef.	T.M.U. 184.	5 "	Los Angeles, Cal.	Leland Stanford	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Gortner, Harry.	S.S.U. 70.	2 "	Greenfield, Mass.	Dartmouth.	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Goss, Richard Earl.	T.M.U. 133.	4 "	Salt Lake City, Utah.		U.S.A.A.S.
Goss, Frank Albert.	S.S.U. 70.	2 "	Worcester, Mass.	Dartmouth.	and Lt. U.S. Av.
Grafis, Joseph Markley.	T.M.U. 184.	5 "	Chicago, Ill.		Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Graham, John Ralston.	T.M.U. 526.	4 "	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Granata, Walter Harold.	S.S.U. 2.	6 "	Stapleton, N.Y.	Stevens Inst.	U.S.A.A.S.
Grandy, Clayton Curtis.	S.S.U. 72.	1 "	Cleveland, Ohio.	Cornell.	and Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Granger, John McClave.	T.M.U. 397.	4 "	New York City.	Columbia.	U.S. Army
Grant, Charles Hayden.	S.S.U. 1.	3 "	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Grant, Joseph Howard.	T.M.U. 133.	6 "	Elizabeth, N.J.	Cornell.	Cadet U.S. Nav. Av.
Gray, Julian Eliot.	T.M.U. 526.	4 "	Lubec, Me.	Bowdoin.	U.S. Av.
Gray, Paul Holmes.	S.S.U. 68.	3 "	Chicago, Ill.	Iowa State Coll.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Green, Augustus Warner, Jr.	T.M.U. 184.	5 "	Chicago, Ill.		A.R.C.
Green, Julien Hartridge.	S.S.U. 68.	3 "	Paris, France.		
Greene, Alexander Macomb.	S.S.U. 33.	4 "	Merchantville, N.J.	Princeton	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Greene, Russell Davy.	S.S.U. 9.	4 "	Brunswick, Me.	Bowdoin.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Greenwald, Charles Gordon †.	S.S.U. 68.	3 "	Pawtucket, R.I.	Yale.	and Lt. U.S. Av.
Greenwood, Joseph Rudd, Sous-Chef.	S.S.U. 4.	6 "			
	S.S.U. 8 & 13.	8 "			
Gregoire, Ulic Leopold.	Voges Det.	8 "	New York City.	Princeton	Capt. U.S.A.A.S.
Gregory, John Milton.	T.M.U. 184.	5 "	New Bedford, Mass.	Tufts	U.S. Inf.
Grey, Charles Gossage.	S.S.U. 65.	4 "	Kansas City, Mo.	Univ. of Illinois	U.S.F.A.
Grieb, Frederick Harold.	S.S.U. 4.	5 "	Chicago, Ill.	Columbia	Capt. U.S. Av.
Grierson, John Maxwell †.	T.M.U. 133.	4 "	Scarsdale, N.Y.	Yale.	U.S.A.A.S.
	S.S.U. 13.	8 "	Pennington, N.J.		Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Grieco, Charles Henry	S.S.U. 2	1916-17	Lawrence, Kan.	Univ. of Kansas	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Griesemer, Elmer Philip	T.M.U. 526	4	Oak Park, Ill.	M.I.T.	and Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Griffin, Albert Hyder	T.M.U. 397	4	East Aurora, N.Y.		U.S.M.T.C.
Griffin, George Truman	T.M.U. 397	4	East Aurora, N.Y.	Alfred Univ.	U.S.M.T.C.
Griffith, George Webster	S.S.U. 66	4	Elensburg, Pa.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Griggs, Benjamin Glyde	S.S.U. 64	4	St. Paul, Minn.	Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
Grissold, Roger	S.S.U. 2	8	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Gros, Edmund L., Chief Physician	Hdqt.	3 yrs. 1914-15	Paris, France	Leland Stanford	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Gross, Christian	S.S.U. 65	5 months	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Guthrie, Ernest Graham	Hdqt.	5	Boston, Mass.	Univ. of New Zealand & Yale	
Guthrie, Ramon Hollister	S.S.U. 9-3	10	New Haven, Conn.	Princeton	Cadet U.S. Av.
Guy, David Wade	S.S.U. 15	5	St. Louis, Mo.		Corp. Fr. Av., 1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Guy, Jean Emile	T.M.U. 397	4	Providence, R.I.		U.S.M.T.C.
Gwynn, William Martin, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 8	6	Los Angeles, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Haering, Charles Edward	T.M.U. 184	6	Chicago, Ill.		
Hagan, William Becker	S.S.U. 12	5	Brookline, Mass.		R.A.F.
Hagler, Kent Dunlap	S.S.U. 31	2	Springfield, Ill.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Hahn, James Pendleton	T.M.U. 397	5	Greenville, S.C.	Trinity, Hartford	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Hailey, Howard William	T.M.U. 133	5	Columbia, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	Civ. U.S. Av.
Hale, Arthur Crosby	T.M.U. 184	5	Jamaica Plain, Mass.	Dartmouth	
Hale, Herbert Dudley	S.S.U. 3	1 yr. 1 m.	New York City	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Hale, Samuel Whitney	T.M.U. 397-133	5 months	New York City	St. Stephen's	Chaplain U.S. Army
Haley, Harry Bernard	S.S.U. 33	1	Madison, Wisc.	Univ. of Wisc.	U.S.A.A.S.
Hall, Charles Blakely	S.S.U. 29	4	New York City	Williams	
Hall, Edward Cohn	T.M.U. 184	3	Merchantville, N.J.		U.S.A.A.S.
Hall, George William	S.S.U. 70	2	Pasadena, Cal.	Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.
Hall, Irving Gilmore, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	4	Somerville, Mass.	M.I.T.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Hall, Louis Phillips, Jr., Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 3, Parc Vosges Det.	1 yr.	Ann Arbor, Mich.	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Hall, Richard Nebelker (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 3	6 months	Ann Arbor, Mich.	Dartmouth	
Hall, Stephen Otis	S.S.U. 8	6	Revere, Mass.		U.S. Navy
Hall, Walter Phelps	T.M.U. 133	5	Princeton, N.J.	Yale and Columbia	Y.M.C.A.
Halladay, John Stuart	S.S.U. 66	3	Englewood, N.J.		U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Hallwell, Roger Davis	S.S.U. 9	5 months	Bethlehem, Pa.	Lehigh	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Hamerley, Louis Gordon	Voges Det.	6	New York City	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Hamilton, Henry Montgomery	S.S.U. 69	4	Great Falls, Mont.	Dartmouth	Asp. Fr. Art.
Hamilton, James Henry	Hdqts.	1	Greensburg, Ind.	Univ. of Wisc.	A.R.C.
<i>Hamilton, Percy Raymond</i> † (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 66	1	Clinton, Mass.		
Hamilton, Warren Wilmot	T.M.U. 526	3	Cynwyd, Pa.	Wesleyan	A.R.C.
Hamline, John Henry	S.S.U. 64	5	Chicago, Ill.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Hanavan, Maurice Leo	T.M.U. 397	4	East Aurora, N.Y.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Haney, Paul S.	S.S.U. 1	3	Quakertown, Pa.	Rutgers	U.S.N. — U.S.N. Av.
Hanks, Raymond Theodore	T.M.U. 133	3	Cleveland, Ohio	Western Reserve	Asp. Fr. Art.
Hanna, John Clifford †	S.S.U. 1	11	1916-17, Detroit, Mich.		
<i>Hannah, Fred A.</i>	S.S.U. 17	2	Scranton, Pa.		
Hanscom, John Fletcher	S.S.U. 27	4	Savidge, Va.	Beloit	U.S.A.A.S.
Hansen, Hans Stanley	T.M.U. 397	3	Evansston, Ill.	Northwestern	U.S.A.A.S.
Hansen, Sigurd †	S.S.U. 4	1 yr. 1 m.	1915-16, Paris, France		
Harding, George Russell	S.S.U. 4	4 months	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Harding, Le Roy Lowerre, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 67	3	New York City	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Hardon, Henry Knox	S.S.U. 3	3	New York City	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Harkins, Harry Herschel	T.M.U. 133	3	Asheville, N.C.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Harle, James Wyly, Jr. †	S.S.U. 1-2-10	1 yr. 7 mos.	1915 & 1916-17, New York City		Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Harlow, John Stanley, Jr.	S.S.U. 65	4 months	Dixfield, Me.	Harvard	U.S. Nav. Av.
Harml, Morris Henry	S.S.U. 29	4	Waverly, Ill.	McPherson	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Harper, Horatio Joe	T.M.U. 184	4	Oakland, Cal.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Harper, Raymond †	S.S.U. 8-2	1 yr. 3 mos.	1916-17, Paris, France	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Harper, Wendell Phillips	T.M.U. 184	5 months	Kansas City, Mo.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Harrington, George Perkins	T.M.U. 397	2	Watertown, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Harrington, William Chauncey, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 4	9	Worcester, Mass.	Harvard	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Harris, Franklin Mandonhall, 3rd	T.M.U. 526	5	Philadelphia, Pa.		Corp. U.S.M.T.C.
Harris, George de Lancey	S.S.U. 30	4	New York City	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Harrison, Benjamin Vincent, Jr. †	S.S.U. 64	5	Montclair, N.J.	Yale	Cadet U.S. Av.
Harrison, Henry Synnor	S.S.U. 1	4	Charleston, W.Va.	Columbia	Lt. U.S. N.R.F.
Harrison, John Letcher	S.S.U. 9	6	University, Va.	Univ. of Va.	U.S. Inf.
<i>Harrison, Waller Lisle, Jr.</i>	S.S.U. 12-3	9	Oberlin, Ohio	Oberlin	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Hart, John	S.S.U. 29	5	Charleston, W.Va.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Tank C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Harter, Harry Burnett	S.S.U. 70	1917	Tulsa, Okla.	Henry Kendall	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Hartley, John Kirby	T.M.U. 397	"	Muncie, Ind.	"	U.S. Tank C.
Hartnett, Bernard Emmet	T.M.U. 397	"	Chicago, Ill.	Armour Inst.	A.R.C.
Hartwick, Frederic Gregory	T.M.U. 537	"	Clearfield, Pa.	Yale	U.S.M.T.C.
Harvey, Herbert Stanley	S.S.U. 17	"	New York City	"	U.S.A.A.S.
Harvey, Kenneth Austin	S.S.U. 70	"	Wellesley Hills, Mass.	Andover	U.S.A.A.S.
Hasbrook, Edward Francis, Jr.	S.S.U. 28	"	Hinsdale, Ill.	Dartmouth	Ensign U.S. Nav. R.F.
Haskell, Cedric Lawrence	T.M.U. 526	"	Allston, Mass.	"	U.S.C.A.C.
Haskell, Merrill Curtis	S.S.U. 68	"	Brattleboro, Vt.	Amherst	A.R.C.
Hastings, Edmund Albert	T.M.U. 526	"	Oregon, Ill.	Leland Stanford	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
<i>Hathaway, Edward Trufon</i>	S.S.U. 17	"	Houston, Tex.	Va. Mil. Inst.	2nd Lt. USFA.
Haven, George Griswold, Jr.	S.S.U. 12	"	New York City	Yale	Lt. U.S. Av.
Havey, Thomas Harold	T.M.U. 184	"	Everett, Mass.	"	Fr. Av.
Haviland, Willis B.	S.S.U. 2	"	Indianapolis, Ind.	Univ. of Annapolis	Fr. Av.
Hawkins, Herbert Henry	S.S.U. 9	"	Jefferson, Pa.	Harvard	Cadet O.T.S.
Hayes, Leo Sarsfield	T.M.U. 184	"	Charlestown, Mass.	"	U.S.A.A.S.
Hazeldine, Arthur Edgar	S.S.U. 68	"	Windsor Locks, Conn.	Amherst	U.S.A.A.S.
Heartle, Edgar James, Jr.	S.S.U. 12	"	City Island, N.Y.	"	U.S.A.A.S.
Hedin, Conrad Hanson	S.S.U. 66	"	Cambridge, Mass.	M.I.T.	U.S.A.A.S.
Hees, William Rathbun, Jr.	T.M.U. 397	"	New York City	"	Fr. Av.
Heiden, Leo R.	S.S.U. 33	"	New York City	"	Cadet R.A.F.
Heilbuth, John Reynolds †	S.S.U. 2	1 yr.	Paris, France	"	Capt. USFA.
Hellier, Walter Harmon	S.S.U. 2	3 months	Boston, Mass.	Yale	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Henderson, Alexander Iselin, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 3-13-15	"	New York City	Harvard & Camb.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Henderson, Francis Tracy	T.M.U. 526	"	New York City	Columbia	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Henderson, Russell James	T.M.U. 397	"	Akron, Ohio	Univ. of Indiana	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Henry, Andrew Kidder	T.M.U. 397	"	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Henschel, James Edward	T.M.U. 133	"	Kansas City, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Herndon, Coburn	T.M.U. 133	"	Plattsburg, Mo.	U.S. Naval Acad.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Hendon, Seth Woodruff	T.M.U. 133	"	Plattsburg, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Herrick, George Leslie	S.S.U. 13	"	Lynn, Mass.	"	"
Herrington, Francis Hulbert	Vosges Det. & S.S.U. 33	"	Latrobe, Pa.	Washington & Jefferson	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Hess, Merriman	T.M.U. 537	"	Wilmette, Ill.	"	U.S.M.T.C.
Hieywood, Richard	S.S.U. 66	"	Worcester, Mass.	Wor. Acad.	U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Heywood, Vincent Eaton	S.S.U. 17	6 months	Worcester, Mass.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Hibbard, Lyman Charlton, Cdt. Adjt.†	S.S.U. 1-67	"	Plainfield, N.J.	Yale & M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Hicks, Edward Livingston, Jr.	S.S.U. 69	"	Sioux City, Iowa	Univ. of Chicago	U.S.A.A.S.
Higgins, Lawrence Daniel	T.M.U. 133	6	Denver, Colo.	Univ. of Cal.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Higgins, Raymond Alexander	T.M.U. 397	2	Waltham, Mass.		Corp. U.S. Tank C.
Hightower, Wilbur Edward	S.S.U. 29	5	Evanston, Ill.	Northwestern	
Hill, Harold Charlton	S.S.U. 17	6	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	U.S. Tank C.
Hill, Converse	S.S.U. 28	4	Lexington, Mass.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Hill, Lovering, Cdt. Adjt.†	S.S.U. 3	2 yr. 10 m.	New York City	Harvard	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Hill, Ralph Brownell	S.S.U. 65	4 months	Little Rock, Ark.	Wash. Univ.	U.S.A.A.S.
Hill, Stanley	S.S.U. 28	4	Lexington, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Hill, Willard Dimock	T.M.U. 526	3	Cleburne, Texas	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Hills, Edward Ernest	T.M.U. 526	3	San Francisco, Cal.		2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Hilton, Vincent King	S.S.U. 9	6	New York City		2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Hines, Harold	S.S.U. 13	8	Indianapolis, Ind.		U.S.A.C.
Hines, William Daniel	T.M.U. 133	3	Cleveland, Ohio	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Hinrichs, Dunbar Maury	T.M.U. 526	7	Glen Ridge, N.J.		1st Lt. U.S. Eng.
Hitt, Laurence Wilbur†	S.S.U. 3	8	New York City	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Hoagland, Raymond, Jr.	S.S.U. 8	4	New York City	Penn. Mil.	A.R.C.
Hobart, James Calvin, Jr.	T.M.U. 397	3	Cincinnati, Ohio	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Hobbs, Warren Tucker	T.M.U. 526	3	Worcester, Mass.	Yale	U.S. Inf.
Hobson, Francis Thayer	T.M.U. 133	5	New York City		British Art.
Hodges, Sidney Robert	Hdqt.	6	Paris, France		U.S.A.A.S.
Hodgman, Alfred Purdy	S.S.U. 67	3	New York City	Yale	U.S. San. C.
Hodgman, Stephen Theodore, Jr.	S.S.U. 67	5	New York City	Yale	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Hoeverler, William Augustus, Jr.	S.S.U. 2	6	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Univ. of Pittsburgh	A.R.C.
Hoffman, Philip Horn	S.S.U. 32	5	New York City	Lehigh	U.S.A.A.S.
Hohl, Russell Lyon	T.M.U. 184	5	Lakewood, Ohio		A.R.C.
Hohl, Willard Hofman	T.M.U. 184	5	Lakewood, Ohio		A.R.C.
Holbrook, George Merry	S.S.U. 32	3	New York City	Columbia	U.S.A.A.S.
Hollister, Newberry†	S.S.U. 3	1 yr. 2 m.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Holman, Ritter	S.S.U. 70	2 months	Pacific Grove, Cal.	Univ. of Cal. & Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt. F.A.R.C.
Holmes, Aubrey Foster	T.M.U. 526	6	Oakland, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S. Tank Corps
Holmes, Frank William	T.M.U. 526	4	West Medford, Mass.	M.I.T.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.



BASIL K. NEFTEL, S.S.U. 17



PAUL B. KURTZ, S.S.U. 18
Killed in action



LYNN A. MACPHERSON, S.S.U. 19



A. MUSGRAVE HYDE, S.S.U. 26

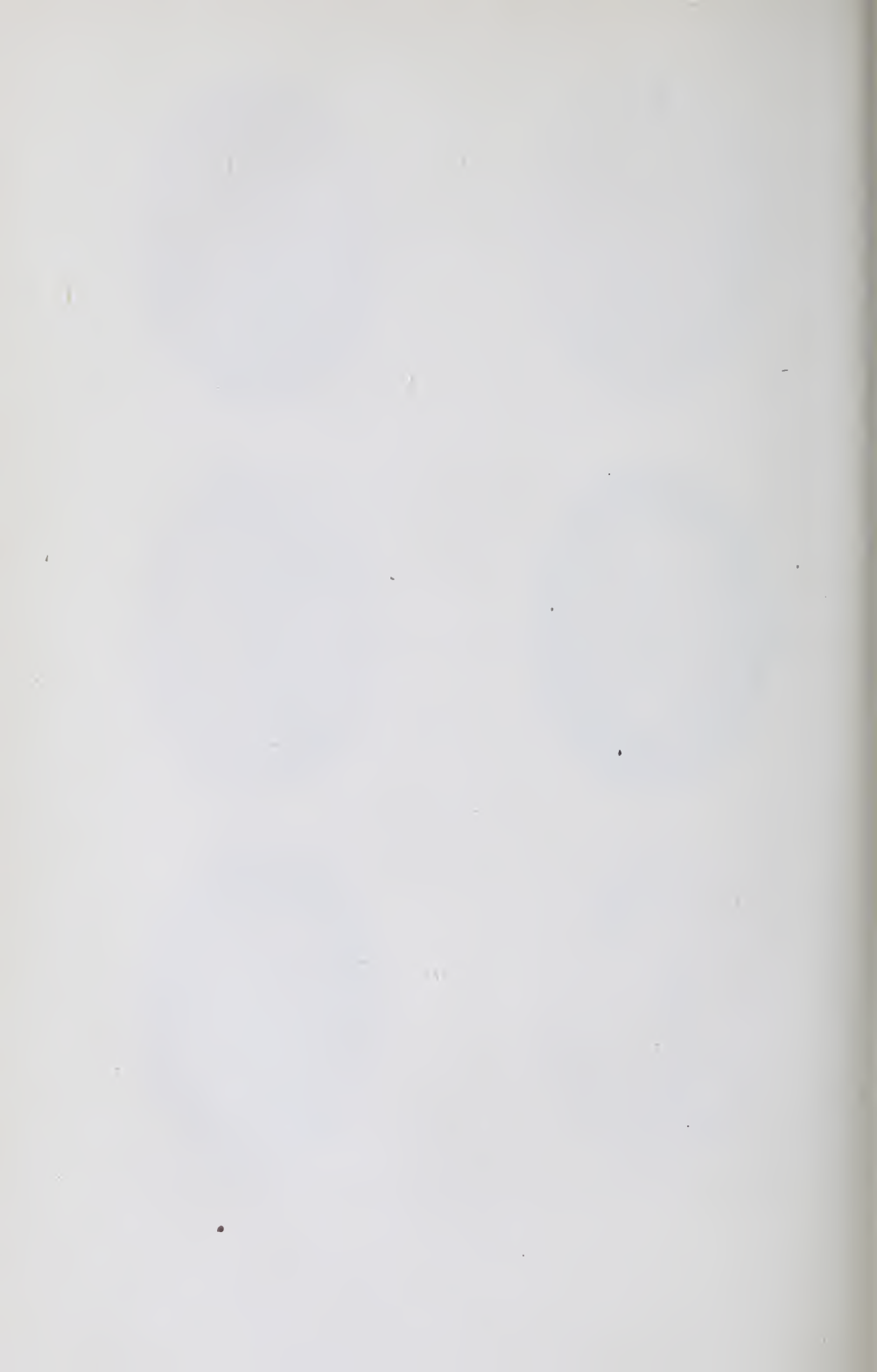


BERKELEY WHEELER, S.S.U. 27



WILLIAM H. WALLACE, JR.
S.S.U. 28

SECTION LEADERS



NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Holmes, Jabish, Jr.	T.M.U. 537	3 months	New York City	Middlesex School	C.O.T.S.
Holt, Carlyle Huntington	SSU. 2	6	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	Corp. U.S. Eng.
Holt, Thomas Gilbert	S.S.U. 2	6	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Holt, William Sull†	SSU. 1	6	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Holton, William Burroughs	SSU. 65	4	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	U.S.F.A.
Holtz, Raymond Victor	SSU. 69	4	Evanston, Ill.		2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Honens, William Harold	SSU. 14-10	9	Calgary, Alberta, Canada	Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.
Honig, Lawrence Daniel	SSU. 71	2	St. Louis, Mo.	Univ. of St. Louis	U.S.A.A.S.
Hood, Chauncey Richards, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 133	6	Beverly, Mass.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf. — 2nd Lt. Engrs.
Hood, George Wells	T.M.U. 184	4	Buffalo, N.Y.	Rensselaer Poly. Inst.	U.S.M.T.C.
Hood, Henry German	SSU. 31	3	Melrose, Pa.		U.S.A.A.S.
Hooker, Richard	SSU. 69	3	Farmington, Conn.		U.S.A.A.S.
Hopkins, Charles Alexander	T.M.U. 526-184	3	Newark, N.J.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Hope, Herbert Hartley†	T.M.U. 133	6	Healdsburg, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Hopper, Bruce Campbell	T.M.U. 526	6	Billings, Mont.	Univ. of Montana & Harvard	
Hosmer, Windsor Arnold	SSU. 26	6	Bergen, N.Y.	Harvard	Capt. U.S. Av.
Hough, Arthur Daniell	SSU. 9	6	Oakland, Cal.		S.A.T.C.
Hough, Leonard Brainard	T.M.U. 397	5	Collinsville, Conn.	Amherst	A.R.C.
Houghton, Andrew Russell	SSU. 12	5	Brookline, Mass.		U.S. Nav. Av.
Houghton, John Reed	SSU. 16	8	Bath, Me.	Bowdoin	U.S. Av.
Houston, George Goodwin	T.M.U. 397	5	Brunswick, Me.	Bowdoin	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Houston, Henry Howard, 2nd, Cdt. Adjt.†	SSU. 12 & T.M.U. 133	6	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Howard, Harlan Hilton	T.M.U. 133	6	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	A.R.C.
Howard, Henry Temple	T.M.U. 133	6	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Howard, Sidney Coe	SSU. 9-10	1 yr.	Oakland, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Fr. Av. 1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Howe, Burr	SSU. 69	4 months	Berlin, Wisc.	Amherst	Ensign U.S. Navy
Howe, John Farwell	T.M.U. 133	6	Belmont, Mass.	Harvard	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Howe, Julian Bigelow	Voges Det.	6	Princeton, N.J.	Williams	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Howell, Arthur Llewelyn	SSU. 2	6	Toledo, Ohio	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Howett, Lester Valentine	T.M.U. 184 & SSU. 2	4	Dayton, Ohio	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Howland, Frederick Arthur	SSU. 66	3	Hudson Falls, N.Y.	Williams	U.S.A.A.S.
Howland, Gordon Edward	SSU. 16	4	Elmwood, Mass.		U.S. Navy

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Hoyt, Anson Phelps Stokes.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6 months	New York City.....	Yale.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Hoyt, Henry Hamilton.....	S.S.U. 26.....	5 "	New York City.....	Princeton.....	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Huey, Horace Edmund.....	T.M.U. 526.....	4 "	Indianapolis, Ind.....		
Huey, Leland Cooper.....	T.M.U. 526.....	4 "	Indianapolis, Ind.....		
Hurfer, Edward Leopold, Controller.....	Idtts.....	4 "			Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Huffer, John Francis William.....	S.S.U. 2.....	9 "	Paris, France.....	Univ. of Paris.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Huffman, William Ferdinand.....	S.S.U. 27.....	6 "	Beloit, Wisc.....		Fr. Av. — Major U.S. Av.
Hughes, William Dudley Foulket.....	S.S.U. 29.....	5 "	Beloit, Wisc.....	Beloit.....	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Hulbert, J. Cowan.....	S.S.U. 4.....	1 yr.	Newport, R.I.....	Princeton.....	S.A.T.C.
Hull, Chester Arthur.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5 months	St. Louis, Mo.....	Wash. Univ.....	
Humason, Howard Crosby.....	T.M.U. 184.....	6 "	Belmont, Mass.....		
Humphreys, Harold Llewellyn.....	S.S.U. 66.....	4 "	New Britain, Conn.....		
			Van Wert, Ohio.....	Princeton & Univ. of Mich.....	U.S. Av.
Hunkins, Charles Herman.....	S.S.U. 4.....	4 "	Providence, R.I.....	Dartmouth.....	U.S.F.A.
Hunt, William Parmenter.....	S.S.U. 13.....	3 "	Cambridge, Mass.....	Harvard.....	Censorship U.S. Army U.S.A.A.S. — U.S. Art. Sch.
Hunt, William Willard.....	S.S.U. 72.....	1 "	Boston, Mass.....	Univ. of Indiana.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Hunter, Raymond Leslie.....	S.S.U. 33.....	2 "	New York City.....	Lawrenceville School.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Hurd, Ralph Emerson.....	Idtts.....	2 "	Boston, Mass.....	Boston Univ.....	
Hurlbut, John Browning.....	S.S.U. 28.....	5 "	Hartford, Conn.....	Dartmouth.....	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Hurlbut, John Rogers, Cdt. Adjt.....	T.M.U. 526.....	4 "	Boston, Mass.....	Harvard.....	Capt. U.S. Av.
Huston, Walter Amos.....	S.S.U. 67.....	5 "	Saltillo, Pa.....	Princeton.....	U.S.Q.M.C.
Hutchinson, Arthur Emlen.....	S.S.U. 9.....	6 "	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Harvard.....	2nd Lt. Adj. Gen. Off.
Hutchinson, Buel Eldredge.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4 "	Chicago, Ill.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	S.A.T.C.
Hutchinson, James Dana.....	S.S.U. 30.....	5 "	Dorchester, Mass.....	Harvard.....	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Hutchinson, Roy Melbourne.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5 "	Chicago, Ill.....		2nd Lt. U.S.T.M.C.
Hyde, Albert Musgrave, Cdt. Adjt.....	S.S.U. 16-26.....	6 "	New York City.....	Harvard.....	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Hyde, Ira Barnes, Jr.....	T.M.U. 133.....	3 "	Princeton, Mo.....	Univ. of Mo.....	O.T.C.
Hyman, Robert Rushnell.....	T.M.U. 397.....	4 "	Chicago, Ill.....		Asp. Fr. Art.
Hynes, John Henry.....	S.S.U. 68.....	3 "	New York City.....	Manhattan.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Iasig, Oscar Anthony, Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 1-8.....	10 "	Brookline, Mass.....	M.I.T.....	
Ihard, Lee Davis.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5 "	Henrietta, Texas.....	Univ. of Texas.....	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Illich, Jerry Thomas.....	S.S.U. 3.....	5 "	San Diego, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Ilisley, Richard Mather.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6 "	Evanston, Ill.....	Yale.....	U.S.F.A.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Imbrie, Robert Whitney †	S.S.U. 1-3	1 yr. 5 mos. 1915-16-17	Washington, D.C.	George Washington Univ. & Yale.	Vice-Consul, Petrograd and Lt. C.A.R.C.
Imlay, Robert	T.M.U. 526.	6 months	Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Cornell	2nd Lt. C.A.R.C.
Inge, Arthur Montgomery	T.M.U. 526.	"	Jackson, Miss.		U.S. Nav. Av.
Ingersoll, Jonathan	T.M.U. 397.	"	New York City	Yale	Civ. U.S. Av.
Ingham, Edward Stebbins	T.M.U. 397-526.	"	Hartford, Conn.	Rutgers	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Ingraham, Alton Carter	S.S.U. 70.	"	Watertown, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Inness-Brown, Alwyn	S.S.U. 3.	"	Charleston, S.C.	Univ. of Va.	Capt. U.S. San. C.
Irish, Franklin Cadwallader	S.S.U. 16.	"	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Irwin, Edwin Floyd	S.S.U. 67.	"	Philadelphia, Pa.	Princeton	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Irwin, James Matthew	S.S.U. 70.	"	Evanston, Ill.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. San. C.
Isbell, Charles Winchell †	S.S.U. 28.	"	North Adams, Mass.	Dartmouth	Aero Dept. U.S.A.
Iselin, Henry George, Cdt. Adj. †	S.S.U. 2-12-4	1 yr. 9 mos.	Genets, Manche, France		1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Iselin, Jean Pierre	S.S.U. 2.	6 months	Genets, Manche, France		U.S.A.A.S.
Ives, Anson Jesse, Jr.	S.S.U. 68.	"	Savannah, Ga.	Princeton	Cadet U.S. Av.
Ives, Frederick Parson	S.S.U. 10-3	"	Scranton, Pa.	Dartmouth	U.S. Av.
Ives, Walter, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 32.	"	New York City		1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Jack, Andrew	S.S.U. 70.	"	Newark, N.J.	Cornell	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Jackson, Everett †	S.S.U. 3-8.	1 yr.	Colorado Springs, Colo.	Colorado Coll.	Capt. U.S. C.A.C.
Jacobs, Leslie Price	S.S.U. 8.	6 months	Laramie, Wyoming	Univ. of Wyoming & Harvard	Lt. U.S. Nav. Av.
James, Emerson Wallace	S.S.U. 71.	"	Port Henry, N.Y.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Jameson, Creighton Hamilton	T.M.U. 397.	"	New York City		
Jameson, Willard	S.S.U. 4.	"	Evanston, Ill.		
James, John Vallé Marson †	T.M.U. 526 & S.S.U. 2	"	Webster Groves, Mo.	Univ. of St. Louis	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Jatho, Charles Conrad	S.S.U. 19.	"	Albany, N.Y.	Hobart & Epis. Theo. School	U.S.A.A.S.
Jennings, Alfred Homer	T.M.U. 184.	"	Seattle, Wash.		
Jennings, Allyn Ryerson	S.S.U. 3.	"	Cresco, Pa.	Harvard	Lt. U.S. N.A.R.F.
Jensen, Allan Ludvig Gustav	T.M.U. 133.	"	Portland, Me.	Harvard	A.R.C.
Jepson, Walter, Cdt. Adj. †	S.S.U. 9.	1 yr. 1 mo.	Sparks, Nevada	Univ. of Nevada	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Jewett, Henry Dana	S.S.U. 4.	9 months	West Newton, Mass.	Mass. Agric.	Canadian Eng.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Jewett, Robert Rollin	S.S.U. 72	1 month	Shenectates, N.Y.	Williams	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Johnson, Ralph Thure	S.S.U. 65	"	St. Charles, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	Ensign U.S. Navy
Johnson, Crompton Tuttle	T.M.U. 537 & S.S.U. 18	"	Hartford, Conn.	Yale & Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Johnson, Elmer Marker	T.M.U. 397	3	Melville, Mont.	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S.Q.M.C.
Johnson, Francis Kirk	S.S.U. 13	3	Olds, Alberta, Canada	Univ. of Chicago	U.S. Nav. Av. Tr. Sch. A.R.C.
Johnson, Herbert Sandusky	S.S.U. 14	6	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Louis	A.R.C.
Johnson, Hosmer Ayer	T.M.U. 397	5	Chicago, Ill.	Harvard	U.S. San. C.
Johnson, James Wood	S.S.U. 19	4	Philadelphia, Pa.	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Johnson, Murdoch Porter	T.M.U. 526	6	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.C.A.C.
Johnson, Norman Lewis	S.S.U. 29	4	Evansville, Ind.	Harvard	U.S. Eng.
Johnson, Ralph Burbank	S.S.U. 17	2	Oswego, N.Y.	Univ. of Wis.	U.S.A.A.S.
Johnson, William McKinley	T.M.U. 133	5	Columbus, Ohio	Ohio State	U.S.F.A.
Johnson, Wilbur Wallace	S.S.U. 28-3	6	East Orange, N.J.	Yale	U.S.M.T.C.
Johnston, Archibald Burr	S.S.U. 3	3	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Cornell	Capt. Fr. Av.
Johnston, Earl Taylor	S.S.U. 14-10	9	Cottonwood Falls, Kan.	Leland Stanford	U.S. Sig. C.
Johnston, Norwood Paxton	S.S.U. 64	5	Pittsburgh, Pa.	M.I.T.	U.S. Av.
Johnston, Terence Roy	S.S.U. 2-9-Parc.	1 yr. 9 mos.	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Texas	2nd Lt. U.S. Sig. C.
Jones, Cilius	S.S.U. 15	7 months	Waco, Texas	Univ. of Texas	U.S.A.A.S.
Jones, Fontaine Maury	T.M.U. 397	5	Kirkwood, Mo.	Wash. Univ. & Univ. of South	A.R.C.
Jones, Francis Cantine	T.M.U. 133	5	New York City		
Jones, George Marshall, Jr.	S.S.U. 9	6	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Penn. Mil.	U.S. Navy
Jones, Henry Sweet	S.S.U. 1	6	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Lehigh	Fr. Av.
Jones, Russell Kennedy	S.S.U. 28	6	Pleasantville, N.Y.	Dartmouth	
Jones, Stanley Burt	S.S.U. 66	3	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Jones, Thomas Calvin	T.M.U. 526	6	Pleasantville, N.Y.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf. A.R.C.
Jones, Willard Clayton	T.M.U. 133	3	Philadelphia, Pa.	Yale	
Jordan, Clarence Lumpkin	T.M.U. 133	4	Monticello, Ga.	Georgia Tech.	U.S. Ord. Dept.
Jouvenat, Victor Frank †	S.S.U. 27	6	Lincoln, Nebr.	Univ. of Nebr.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Joyce, Thomas Haskins	S.S.U. 12	5	Pasadena, Cal.		Cadet U.S. Av.
Judd, David Edward	S.S.U. 4	4	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	Fr. Av.—Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Judson, Frederick Sheldon	S.S.U. 3	4	New York City		
Kahn, Howard	S.S.U. 72	1	St. Paul, Minn.	Univ. of Indiana	A.R.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Kaiser, Millard Prunier	T.M.U. 526	6 months	St. Louis, Mo.	Univ. of Mich.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kaiser, Stuart Berwin	S.S.U. 71	"	Clifton, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Kane, Charles Edward	T.M.U. 133	"	Maryville, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.A.A.S.
Kann, Norman King	S.S.U. 12	"	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Carnegie Tech.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Karnaghan, Harry Renwick	S.S.U. 14	"	Akron, Ohio	Univ. of Akron	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Kaufman, Ira Mose	T.M.U. 397	"	Great Falls, Mont.		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kautz, John Iden	T.M.U. 184	"	Indianapolis, Ind.	Univ. of Chicago	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kearfoot, Franklin Clarence	S.S.U. 17	"	Chicago, Ill.	Northwestern	U.S.F.A.
Keatley, David J.	S.S.U. 18	"	Somerville, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Keck, Arthur Christian	T.M.U. 184	"	New York City	Harvard	A.R.C.
Keck, Thomas	S.S.U. 67	"	E. Hampton, L.I., N.Y.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Keefe, Paul Dewey	T.M.U. 133	"	Elkhart, Ind.		U.S.M.T.C.
Keefer, Earl Donald	T.M.U. 133	"	Fresno, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Kelleher, Hugh Joseph	S.S.U. 12-3	"	New York City	Harvard	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Kellett, William Wallace	T.M.U. 133	"	Germantown, Pa.	Princeton	Corp. Fr. Av.
Kelley, Edward Joseph † (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 4	"	Philadelphia, Pa.		U.S.A.A.S.
Kelley, Hazen Charles	S.S.U. 66	"	Syracuse, N.Y.	Univ. of Syracuse	U.S.A.A.S.
Kellogg, Curtis Romeyn	T.M.U. 184	"	Toledo, Ohio	Univ. of Mich.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kenan, Owen †	S.S.U. 2	"	Kenansville, N.C.	Univ. of North Carolina	Major M.R.C.
Kendall, Charles Benjamin	S.S.U. 70-16	"	Cambridge, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S., U.S. Inf.
Kendall, Cabot Devoll	T.M.U. 184	"	Phenix, R.I.	Dartmouth	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kendall, Edward Dana	S.S.U. 2	"	Holden, Mass.	Mass. Agric. Coll.	U.S.A.A.S.
Kendall, Francis Paton	S.S.U. 10-2	1 yr.	Holden, Mass.	Harvard	U.S. Av.
Kendall, Herbert Raymond	T.M.U. 133	6 months	Santa Ana, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Kendrick, Nathaniel Cooper	S.S.U. 26	"	Irondequoit, N.Y.		
Kennedy, Horton Parmelee, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 526	"	Anacoda, Mont.	Dartmouth	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kenney, William Howland †	S.S.U. 29	"	Leominster, Mass.	Harvard	Y.M.C.A.
Kent, Le Roy	T.M.U. 397	"	White Plains, N.Y.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kent, Peter Lorillard	Hdqts.	2 yrs. 10 mos. 1014-			
Kent, Warren Thompson, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 526	6 months	New York City	Columbia	2nd Lt. U.S. Eng.
Kenyon, Hugo Alden	S.S.U. 1	"	Clifton Heights, Pa.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Kenyon, Richmond Wallace	S.S.U. 26	"	Peace Dale, R.I.	Brown	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Keogh, Grenville Temple †	S.S.U. 8-3	1 yr. 5 m.	Kenilworth, Ill.		Lt. U.S. Av.
			New Rochelle, N.Y.	All Hallows Inst.	S/Lt. Fr. Av.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Keogh, John Michael	S.S.U. 8	4 months	New Rochelle, N.Y.	Newman Sch.	U.S.A.A.S.
Keplinger, Samuel Miller, Jr.	S.S.U. 71	2	Franklin, Pa.	Ohio State Univ.	U.S.A.A.S.
Kerr, Harry Bonner	T.M.U. 133	5	Lathrop, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.M.C.
Keyes, Joseph Boyden†	S.S.U. 16	6	Concord, Mass.		Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.— 2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kielty, Ralph John	S.S.U. 31	3	Brighton, Mass.	Harvard	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Kilby, Oscar Marchant	S.S.U. 29	3	Anniston, Alabama	Princeton	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Killeen, James Michael	S.S.U. 8	6	Concord, N.H.	Dartmouth	U.S.F.A.
Kimber, Arthur Clifford	S.S.U. 14	4	Palo Alto, Cal.	Leland Stanford	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Kimber, Frank Hughes	T.M.U. 184	3	Cambridge, Mass.	Dartmouth	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kinder, Charles Edwin	T.M.U. 133	5	Findlay, Ohio	Kenyon Coll.	U.S. Navy
Kinder, William Randall	T.M.U. 133	5	Findlay, Ohio	Kenyon & Bexley	
King, Gerald Colman	S.S.U. 8	2	New York City		
King, John Devine	S.S.U. 66-71	3	Wynne, Ark.	Christian Bros. Coll.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
King, Leslie Biddle	T.M.U. 397	3	San Francisco, Cal.		U.S.M.T.C., U.S. Av.
King, Lester James	T.M.U. 397	3	Allston, Mass.		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Kingsbury, Frederick John, Jr.	S.S.U. 16	6	New Haven, Conn.	Williams	Sgt. U.S. Chem. W.S.
Kingsland, Arthur	S.S.U. 3	4	Paris, France	Cambridge Coll., Eng.	A.R.C.
Kingsland, Harold N., Sous-Chief	S.S.U. 1	10	Paris, France		2nd Lt. U.S. Sig. C.
Kinsley, Alan Duncan, Sous-Chief	S.S.U. 13	3	Newton, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Kinsolving, Arthur Barksdale	S.S.U. 4	4	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Va.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Kinsolving, Charles McIlvaine	S.S.U. 4	5	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Va.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Kip, John Flower	T.M.U. 526	3	S. Orange, N.J.		Asp. Fr. Art.
Kirk, Clifford Bailey	T.M.U. 397	4	Macomb, Ill.		U.S.M.T.C.
Kirkwood, William Francis	S.S.U. 4	4	Boston, Mass.		Ensign U.S.N.R.F.
Kitchel, Lloyd, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 64	5	Bronxville, N.Y.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Kline, Benjamin Gordon	T.M.U. 133	4	Savannah, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.M.T.C.
Kline, Franklin Latimore	T.M.U. 526	4	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Univ. of Va. & M.I.T.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kloober, Robert	T.M.U. 184	5	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	
Kneass, Edward Daniel, Jr.	S.S.U. 10	5	San Jose, Cal.	Leland Stanford	Asp. Fr. Art.
Knedland, Frank Edward	S.S.U. 69	3	Northwood, Iowa	Oberlin	U.S.A.A.S.
Knight, Lewis Hubert	S.S.U. 66	4	Princeton, N.J.	Princeton	Y.M.C.A.
Knight, Randolph Lee	S.S.U. 70	2	Manchester, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Knight, William, Jr.	S.S.U. 64	5	New York City	Yale	Cadet U.S. Av.
Knowles, Raymond Hicks	S.S.U. 16	6	Upper Montclair, N.J.		U.S. Inf.
Knowles, Robert Treat	S.S.U. 13	6	West Newton, Mass.	Andover	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Knowlton, Philetus Clarke, Jr.	S.S.U. 65	1917	Memphis, Tenn.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Knox, William Boardman	T.M.U. 526	1917	Andover, Mass.	Andover	
Kohlhepp, Norman	T.M.U. 526	1917	Louisville, Ky.	Univ. of Cincinnati	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Krafft, Benjamin Franklin	S.S.U. 66	1917	Titusville, Pa.	Princeton	
Kreider, George Fashfield	T.M.U. 526	1917	Springfield, Ill.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Kreutzberg, John A. †	S.S.U. 1	1917	Lake Bluff, Ill.		
Krusi, Le Roy Farnham	T.M.U. 133	1917	Alameda, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kuesch, Julius Frederic	T.M.U. 397	1917	Brattleboro, Vt.	Dartmouth	U.S.M.T.C.
Kuhn, James Speer	T.M.U. 184	1917	San Francisco, Cal.		U.S.M.T.C.
Kuhn, Jerome Hill	S.S.U. 29	1917	San Francisco, Cal.		U.S.M.T.C.
Kurth, Frederick William	T.M.U. 537	1917	Roxbury, Mass.	Harvard	Amer. Records Service
Kurtz, Paul Borde, Cdt. Adj. †	S.S.U. 1-18	1915-16			Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Kuykendall, Clark Porter	S.S.U. 68	1917	Germantown, Pa.	Harvard	Fr. Av.—1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Kyburg, Henry Ely	S.S.U. 64	1917	Towanda, Pa.	Columbia	U.S.A.A.S.
Kyle, George Marion	S.S.U. 14	1917	Springfield, Mass.	Yale	Capt. U.S. Inf.
			Portland, Ore.	Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Lafamme, Frank Xavier	S.S.U. 13	1917	Manchester, N.H.	N.H. State Univ.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lamade, George Robinson	T.M.U. 133	1917	Williamsport, Pa.	Univ. of Mo.	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Lamade, Ralph Max	T.M.U. 133	1917	Williamsport, Pa.	Penn. State Coll.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Lamb, William Horton	S.S.U. 64	1917	New Britain, Conn.	Univ. of Syracuse	2nd Lt. Inf. U.S.A.
Lambert, John Holme	S.S.U. 8	1917	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	Capt. U.S. Av.
La Moine, Frank Berthyl	T.M.U. 133	1917	Berkeley, Cal.		Sgt. U.S. Av.
Lamond, Roy Douglas	S.S.U. 69	1917	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Mich.	U.S. Nav. Av.
Lamont, Robert Patterson, Jr. † †	T.M.U. 133	1917	Evanson, Ill.	Princeton	Phys. Dbld. in A.F.S.
La Montagne, Edward Clinton	T.M.U. 397	1917	San Francisco, Cal.		2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
La Motte, Louis Howell, Jr.	S.S.U. 30	1917	New York City	Morristown School	
Lance, Lucien Charles	T.M.U. 526	1917	Kenosha, Wisc.		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Landon, Daniel Seth	S.S.U. 70	1917	Hartford Conn.		2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Landon, William Grinnell	T.M.U. 184	1917	New York City		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Lane, J. Welling	S.S.U. 4	1917	New York City		2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Lane, Travis	S.S.U. 9	1917	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Lane, Lauriat Pollard	T.M.U. 133	1917	Angels, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	U.S. Av. Sch.
Langfeld, Alfred	S.S.U. 72	1917	Port Jefferson, N.Y.		Asp. Fr. Art.
Lanpher, Henry Coe	T.M.U. 397	1917	Glen Ridge, N.J.	Brown	U.S.A.A.S.
Lansing, Frank Elmer	T.M.U. 397	1917	Albany, N.Y.		Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
					2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Larwill, George Richard.	S.S.U. 69.	1917.	Adrian, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	U.S.A.A.S.
Latham, James Hoblit.	T.M.U. 133.	3 months	New York City.	Princeton	and Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Lathrop, Frederic William.	S.S.U. 65.	"	Mount Carmel, Conn.	Brown.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lathrop, Julian Langson.	S.S.U. 1.	"	New Hope, Pa.	Harvard.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Lattimer, Emile	S.S.U. 1.	"	Wilmington, N.C.	Princeton	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Laughlin, Francis Bailey, Jr.	S.S.U. 15.	"	New Haven, Conn.	U.S.A.A.S.	U.S.A.A.S.
Law, Malcolm Campbell.	S.S.U. 14.	"	Springfield, Mass.	Yale.	U.S.A.A.S.
Law, Stuart Grafton.	S.S.U. 14.	"	Springfield, Mass.	Yale.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lawrence, Blake Leigh.	S.S.U. 64.	"	Short Hills, N.J.	Yale.	Cadet Inf. Eng. Army
Lawrence, Edwin Cummings.	S.S.U. 13.	"	Darlington, S.C.	Harvard.	Corp. U.S.A.F.
Lawrence, George Edward Roberts.	T.M.U. 526.	"	Binghamton, N.Y.	Andover Academy.	Cadet R.A.F.
Lawrence, Richard, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 3.	"	Groton, Mass.	Harvard.	
Lawrence, Warren Francis	T.M.U. 526.	"	Brookline, Mass.	Holbrook Sch.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Leach, Ernest Hunnewell.	S.S.U. 18.	"	Reading, Mass.		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Lebon, George.	S.S.U. 4-10-33	1 yr.	Great Neck, L.I.		U.S.A.A.S.
Lee, Noble Wishard.	S.S.U. 65.	4 months	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Wisc. & Harvard.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lee, Schuyler.	T.M.U. 526	"	New London Conn.	Andover Academy.	Fr. Av.
Lee, Schuyler Carteret.	S.S.U. 69.	"	Allendale, N.J.	Univ. of Syracuse.	U.S.A.A.S.
Le Fevre, Louis Du Bois.	T.M.U. 133.	"	Forest Glen, N.Y.	Harvard.	
Legler, Fredric Mills.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Wisc.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Leidgen, Charles Oliver.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Milwaukee, Wisc.	Marquette.	1st Lt. Dental Serv.
Leidgen, Nicholas Clarence.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Milwaukee, Wisc.	St. John's Mil.	and Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Lentell, Prescott Welnarth.	T.M.U. 133.	"	Canton, Mass.		U.S.M.T.C.
Leonard, Charles Curtis.	S.S.U. 71.	"	Binghamton, N.Y.	Cornell.	U.S.A.A.S.
Leopold, James Morris, Jr.	S.S.U. 14.	"	Deal Beach, N.J.	Princeton.	U.S.M.T.C.
Lepper, Reginald Heber.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Buffalo, N.Y.	St. Andrew's Coll.	U.S.M.T.C.
Lester, Robert Ridenor.	S.S.U. 9-10	1 yr. 2 m.	Kansas City, Mo.	Princeton.	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Le Tarte, Albert Charles	T.M.U. 397.	4 months	Brunswick, Me.		U.S.M.T.C.
Le Tourniau, Leon Jay.	T.M.U. 133.	"	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Lewine, Archibald E.	S.S.U. 8.	"	New York City.	Williams.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lewis, David Wilber.	S.S.U. 3.	"	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Harvard.	and Lt. U.S. Av.
Lewis, Frank Archibald.	S.S.U. 66.	"	Philadelphia, Pa.	Dartmouth.	
Lewis, Harold Wilcox.	S.S.U. 31.	"	Quincy, Ill.	Beloit.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lewis, Isaac Chauncey	S.S.U. 64.	"	Stratford, Conn.	Yale.	U.S. Av.
Lewis, James Henry.	S.S.U. 16.	"	Eastport, Me.	Harvard.	U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Lewis, Philip Curtis†	S.S.U. 1	6 months	Indianapolis, Ind.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Lewis, Stevenson Paul	S.S.U. 17	"	Cleveland, Ohio	Univ. of Wisc.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Lewis, Theodore Weed	S.S.U. 71	4 "	New York City	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Lewis, Virgil Abraham	S.S.U. 4	6 "	St. Louis, Mo.		
Lidbury, Arthur Charles	Hdts.	1 yr.	Richmond, England		
Liddell, James Austin†	S.S.U. 15	6 months	Newton Center, Mass.		Cadet R.A.F.
Lillenthal, Theodore Max	T.M.U. 397	4 "	New York City	Cornell	A.R.C.
Lillie, Walter Hamilton	S.S.U. 10-4	1 yr.	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Lind, Muir Whillas	S.S.U. 69	3 months	Detroit, Mich.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Lindeman, Charles Walter Bernard	T.M.U. 133	5 "	Seattle, Wash.	Univ. of Wash.	
Lindsay, Clark Epting	S.S.U. 1	6 "	Charlottesville, Va.	Hamp-Sidn. (Va.)	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Lindsey, Leon Mason	Vosges S.S.U. 33	5 "	Onarga, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Lindsay, Paul Warren	T.M.U. 184	6 "	Marietta, Ohio		A.R.C.-2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Lines, Ernest Howard† (died as volunteer)	S.S.U. 1-8	6 "	Paris, France	Dartmouth & Harvard	
Litchfield, Reuben Lloyd	Hdts.	1 yr. 4 mos.	San Francisco, Cal.	Dartmouth	
Littell, Robert	S.S.U. 14	6 months	New York City	Harvard	Corp. U.S.Q.M.C.
Little, John Dutton	Hdts.	2 "	Malden, Mass.		
Littlefield, Charles Grant	S.S.U. 1	6 "	Toronto, Canada	Andover Academy	Corp. U.S. Sig. C.
Livingston, John Walter	T.M.U. 526	6 "	Moline, Ill.	Northwestern	Cadet R.A.F.
Livingstone, John Stanley	S.S.U. 17	6 "	Arlington Heights, Mass.	Univ. of Fla.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Lloyd, John Thomas	T.M.U. 397	5 "	Cincinnati, Ohio	Cornell	
Lobdell, Harrison	S.S.U. 12	6 "	Chicago, Ill.	Wash. Univ.	
Lodell, Horatio Austin	T.M.U. 397	5 "	Cambridge, Mass.		Cadet U.S. Av.
Locke, Horatio Austin	T.M.U. 397	4 "	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Lockwood, Frederic Gray	S.S.U. 68	3 "	St. Louis, Mo.	Wash. Univ.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lockwood, Preston, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 3 Hdts.	7 "	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Logan, George Bryan, Jr.	S.S.U. 3	8 "	Waverley, Mass.	Tufts	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Logan, Wendell Ross	T.M.U. 184	4 "	Worcester, Mass.		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Long, Hilton Welbourn†	S.S.U. 18	5 "	Ann Arbor, Mich.	Wash. & Lec. M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Long, Perrin Hamilton	S.S.U. 69	3 "	Evanston, Ill.	Univ. of Mich.	U.S.A.A.S.
Loomis, Jo Gilbert	S.S.U. 29	5 "	Janesville, Wisc.	Univ. of Wisc.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Loomis, Orson Earl	S.S.U. 31	3 "	Lynn, Mass.	Beloit	U.S.A.A.S.
Lord, Francis	S.S.U. 29	4 "	Newton, Mass.		
Lord, Kenneth Andrew	T.M.U. 133	3 "	Wellesley Hills, Mass.	Harvard	A.R.C.
Loring, Seiden Melville	T.M.U. 587	4 "	San Francisco, Cal.	Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Losh, William Jackson, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 14-10	9 "			1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Lott, George McClelland.	S.S.U. 1.	1916-17	Denver, Colo.	Iowa State & Dart-	Sgt. U.S.F.A.
Lougee, Eldin Dewitt	T.M.U. 184.	6 months	Plymouth, N.H.	mouth.	
Loughlin, John Donald.	S.S.U. 19.	"	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Cornell.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Love, Ethelbert Wickes.	S.S.U. 69.	"	Cambridge, Mass.	Trinity Coll.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lovell, Walter, Cdt. Adit.†	S.S.U. 2.	1 yr. 4 mos.	Newtonville, Mass.	Harvard.	Fr. Av.—Capt. U.S. Av.
Lovering, Reuben Wilcox.	T.M.U. 397.	4 months	St. Paul, Minn.	Univ. of Minn.	U.S.M.T.C.
Lovett, Paul Dudley.	S.S.U. 16.	"	Brookline, Mass.	Colby.	A.R.C.
Low, Emerson.	S.S.U. 27.	"	Detroit, Mich.	Harvard.	U.S.A.A.S.
Low, Richard Wadsworth.	T.M.U. 133.	"	Roselle, N.J.		U.S. Navy
Lowe, Russell James.	T.M.U. 397.	"	Woodland, Cal.	Cal. & Columbia.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Lowes, John Wilbur.	S.S.U. 65.	"	St. Louis, Mo.	Harvard.	R.A.F.
Lowrie, William Arthur.	S.S.U. 67.	"	Sewickley, Pa.	Princeton.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lowry, Edgar Kingston.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Buffalo, N.Y.	N.Y. Univ.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Lowry, Thomas Harvey.	S.S.U. 3.	"	Royal Oak, Mich.		Corp. U.S.F.A.
Luckey, Charles Pinckney.	S.S.U. 64.	"	New Haven, Conn.	Taft Sch.	U.S.F.A.
Lumsden, Arthur E.	S.S.U. 8.	"	Paris, France.		
Lundquist, Sven John.	S.S.U. 12 Hdqts.	9	San Francisco, Cal.		A.R.C.
Lunt, Daniel Brenner.	S.S.U. 27.	"	Newburyport, Mass.	Harvard.	U.S.A.A.S.
Luqueer, John Taylor.	S.S.U. 32.	"	Orange, N.J.		U.S.A.A.S.
Lutz, Roger Henry.	Hdqts.	"	Paris, France.	Harvard.	A.R.C.
Lybolt, Fred Avery.	S.S.U. 69.	"	Port Jervis, N.Y.	Princeton.	U.S.A.A.S.
Lyman, Alexander Victor.	S.S.U. 9.	"	Stapleton, N.Y.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Lyman, George Hinckley, Jr.	S.S.U. 9.	"	Boston, Mass.	Harvard.	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Lyons, Joseph Henry.	S.S.U. 32.	"	Staten Island, N.Y.	Columbia.	U.S.A.A.S.
Mabon, James Brown, Jr.	S.S.U. 65.	"	New York City.	Harvard.	U.S.F.A.
MacCarthy, Fairchilds Levant Benedict.	S.S.U. 9.	"	Waltham, Mass.	Colgate.	A.R.C.
MacColl, Norman Alexander.	S.S.U. 64.	"	Providence, R.I.	Yale.	U.S.A.A.S.
MacDonald, Duncan Freedyer, Jr.	S.S.U. 69.	"	Atlantic City, N.J.		
MacDonald, Joseph Cony.	S.S.U. 16.	"	New York City.	Yale.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
MacDonald, Norman Wakefield †	S.S.U. 64.	"	Bar Harbor.	Bowdoin.	U.S.A.A.S.
MacDonald, Sumner Bigelow.	T.M.U. 184.	"	Gloucester, Mass.	Huntington.	U.S.M.T.C.
MacDonald, William Garrard.	S.S.U. 69.	"	Atlantic City, N.J.		Ord. Dept.
Macdonald, William Valentine.	Hdqts.	"	Belmont, Mass.	Harvard.	A.F.S. Hdqts. Paris
MacDougall, Albert Edward.	S.S.U. 30.	"	Flushing, L.I., N.Y.	Harvard.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Machado, John Zaldivar.....	S.S.U. 9.....	4 months	Ottawa, Canada.....	Harvard.....	U.S.A.A.S.
MacIntyre, Ewen, Jr.†.....	S.S.U. 2.....	"	Brighton, Mass.....		1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Mack, Walter Kennard.....	S.S.U. 33.....	"	Montclair, N.J.....	Penn. State Coll.....	U.S.A.A.S.
MacKenzie, Gordon Kenneth.....	S.S.U. 10-2.....	"	Boston, Mass.....		U.S.A.A.S.
MacKenzie, Donald Emerson.....	T.M.U. 184.....	"	Waverley, Mass.....	Tufts.....	U.S. Inf.
MacKenzie, Robert Emerson, Cdt. Adjt.....	T.M.U. 526-211.....	"	Canton, Ohio.....	Cornell.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Tank C.
MacKinlay, John Bradburne.....	T.M.U. 133.....	"	Santa Barbara, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.....	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
MacLaughlan, Donald Shaw.....	S.S.U. 2.....	"	New York.....	Univ. of Cal.....	A.R.C.
MacMonagle, Douglas†.....	S.S.U. 3-8.....	"	New York.....	Univ. of Cal.....	Fr. Av.
MacNair, Hugh Wilson.....	S.S.U. 65.....	"	Houghton, Mich.....	Brown.....	U.S.A.A.S.
MacNamee, Arthur Edward.....	T.M.U. 184.....	"	Weymouth, Mass.....	Tufts.....	Sgt. U.S.F.A.
MacPherson, Lynn Alvin, Cdt. Adjt.....	S.S.U. 19.....	"	Easton, Maryland.....	Hobart.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
MacVeagh, Francis Wayne.....	Hdqt.s.....	"	New York City.....		
Macy, Valentine Everit, Jr.†.....	T.M.U. 133.....	"	Scarborough-on-Hudson.....	Harvard.....	A.R.C.
Magee, Carl Cole, Jr.....	S.S.U. 66.....	"	Tulsa, Okla.....	Univ. of New Mexico.....	
Magnin, Jacques†.....	S.S.U. 3.....	1 yr.	Paris, France.....		
Magnus, Albert, Jr., Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 20.....	3 months	Chicago, Ill.....		
Magoun, Francis Peabody, Jr.....	S.S.U. 1.....	"	Cambridge, Mass.....	Harvard.....	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.— 2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Magruder, Thomas Malone.....	S.S.U. 70.....	"	Columbus, Ohio.....	Ohio State Univ.....	1st Lt. R.A.F.
Maher, Chauncey Carter.....	S.S.U. 33.....	"	Payson, Ill.....	Univ. of Illinois.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Makanna, Nicholas Philip.....	S.S.U. 72.....	"	Bangor, Me.....	Univ. of Maine.....	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Malm, Walter Ralph, Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 14.....	"	San Francisco, Cal.....	Cornell & Leland Stanford.....	Civ. Emp. U.S. Av.
Malone, Joseph Ralph.....	S.S.U. 64.....	"	Rochester, N.Y.....	Cornell & Columbia.....	
Manderson, Harold Andrew.....	S.S.U. 9.....	"	Portland, Me.....	Rowdoin.....	Sgt. U.S. Eng.
Manley, Anthony Howard.....	T.M.U. 526.....	"	Holyoke, Mass.....	Boston Univ.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Manley, John Raymond.....	S.S.U. 69.....	"	Plainfield, N.J.....	New York Univ.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Manning, Edward Avery.....	S.S.U. 30.....	"	Brookline, Mass.....	Harvard.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Sig. C.
Manton, Thomas Cuttell, Jr.....	T.M.U. 184.....	"	East Liverpool, Ohio.....	Univ. of Miami.....	U.S.F.A.
Marr, Kenneth.....	S.S.U. 2.....	"	Livermore, Cal.....		Fr. Av.—Capt. U.S. Av.
Marsh, Henry Birdsall.....	T.M.U. 526.....	"	Summit, N.J.....	Cornell.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Marshall, Orland Smith.....	S.S.U. 4.....	"	Weld, Maine.....	Tufts Med.....	Y.M.C.A.
Marshall, Verne.....	S.S.U. 4.....	"	Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....	Coe College.....	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Martin, Townsend†.....	S.S.U. 29.....	"	New York City.....	Princeton.....	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Martin, Victor Etziel.....	S.S.U. 14.....	"	Beloit, Wisc.....		U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Martin, William Thomas †	S.S.U. 2	1 yr.	1914-15. Burlington, N.J.	Univ. Pittsburgh	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Mason, Arthur John, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	4 months	1917. Chicago, Ill.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Mason, Austin Blake, Cdt. Adjt. †	S.S.U. 4-8	1 yr. 1 m.	1916-17. Boston, Mass.	Harvard & M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S. Sig. C.
Mason, John Albert	T.M.U. 133	5 months	1917. Philadelphia, Pa.	Yale	Cadet U.S. Av.
Mason, James Hazelhurst, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	5	1917. Philadelphia, Pa.	Princeton	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Matter, Robert	S.S.U. 3	3	1915. Marion, Ind.	Yale	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Mauran, Frank, Jr.	Hdqs.	2	1916. Philadelphia, Pa.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Mawha, James Kenneth	S.S.U. 70	2	1917. Newark, N.J.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
May, Alvin Newman	T.M.U. 71	4	1917. St. Paul, Minn.	Univ. of Minn.	U.S. Hosp. C.
May, John Newman, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	5	1917. Summit, N.J.	Princeton	U.S.N.R.F.
Mayoh, Albert Edward	T.M.U. 23	1	1917. Pawtucket, R.I.	Brown	A.R.C.
McAllister, Thomas Francis	S.S.U. 69	4	1917. Grand Rapids, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
McCague, Laurence Minot	S.S.U. 68	3	1917. Omaha, Nebraska	Amherst	U.S.A.A.S.
McCall, Clifford Hyde	T.M.U. 397	4	1917. New York City	Univ. of Penn.	Fr. Av.
McCall, George Archibald	S.S.U. 4	9	1915-16. Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Penn.	Fr. Av.
McC Campbell, John S.	S.S.U. 69	4	1917. San Antonio, Texas	Princeton	Asp. Fr. Art.
McClary, George Brewer	S.S.U. 3	3	1915. Oak Park, Ill.	Dartmouth	Capt. U.S. Eng.
McClean, Wesley Stoddard	S.S.U. 33	2	1917. Chicago, Ill.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
McClintock, Robert Johnson	T.M.U. 133	5	1917. Lexington, Ky.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
McClure, Bruce Holme, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 10-33-16	1 yr.	1916-17. Yonkers, N.Y.	Williams	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
McConnell, James Rogers †	S.S.U. 2	10 months	1915. Carthage, N.C.	Univ. of Va.	Fr. Av.
McCord, William Bennett	T.M.U. 526	5	1917. Seattle, Wash.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
McCormick, George Boldt	S.S.U. 27	6	1917. Evanston, Ill.	Princeton	U.S. Eng.
McCormick, Harold Fowler, Jr.	Hdqs.	3	1916. Chicago, Ill.	Groton Sch.	
McCraw, Nelson Stewart	T.M.U. 184	5	1917. North Adams, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S. Nav. Av.
McCright, Walter North	T.M.U. 184	3	1917. Funksatunway, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	U.S. Nav. Av.
McDonnell, John Vincent	S.S.U. 16	5	1917. Tulsa, Okla.	Yale	U.S. Inf.
McDonough, Michael Francis	T.M.U. 184	5	1917. Swampscott, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S. Inf.
McDougal, Robert Davis, Jr. †	S.S.U. 15	3	1917. Peoria, Ill.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
McFadden, John Howard, Jr., Treasurer	Hdqs.	3 yrs.	1914-17. Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.	Capt. U.S.A.
McGee, Jerome Francis	T.M.U. 133	6 months	1917. Minneapolis, Minn.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
McGibney, Donald Holman	S.S.U. 1	4	1915. Indianapolis, Ind.	Hamilton Coll.	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
McGinty, Francis Clair	T.M.U. 397	4	1917. Philadelphia, Pa.		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
McGowan, Hugh Edgar	T.M.U. 397	3	1917. Elyria, Ohio	Oberlin	U.S.A.A.S.
McGowan, Thomas John	S.S.U. 70	2	1917. New Haven, Conn.	Andover Academy	U.S.A.A.S.
McGrath, Francis Dolan	S.S.U. 31	4	1917. Brighton, Mass.	Harvard	



JULIAN B. L. ALLEN, S.S.U. 29



RALPH S. RICHMOND, S.S.U. 30



CHARLES C. BATTERSHELL
S.S.U. 31



KEITH VOSBERG, S.S.U. 32



GORDON WARE, S.S.U. 33



LLOYD KITCHELL, S.S.U. 64

SECTION LEADERS

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
McGrew, Dallas Dayton Lore, Sous-Chef...	S.S.U. 3	5 months	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S. — Sgt. Int.
McIntosh, Kenneth Goad...	S.S.U. 67	3	San Francisco, Cal.	Morristown School	U.S.A. Hdqrs.
McIntyre, Francis Raymond	T.M.U. 184	6	Marietta, Ohio	Marietta Coll.	USM.T.C. — U.S. Eng.
McKay, Joseph Raymond	T.M.U. 133	3	Troy, N.Y.		U.S.F.A.
McKinley, William	S.S.U. 4	2	South Bethlehem, Pa.	Leligh Univ.	S.A.T.C.
McLane, Allan, Jr., Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 12	6	Garrison, Md.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
McLaren, Richard Ashe	T.M.U. 133	4	San Francisco, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
McLeish, Archibald Duncan	S.S.U. 10	5	Millbrae, Cal.	Stanford Univ.	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
McMaster, Rollin Jay	S.S.U. 17	3	Detroit, Mich.	Univ. of Va.	U.S. Ord.
McMenemy, Logan	S.S.U. 2	4	Rockford, Ill.	Yale	Capt. U.S. Av.
McMorrow, Joseph	T.M.U. 133	6	St. Louis, Mo.	Univ. of Cal.	Asp. Fr. Art.
McMurry, Ora Richard †	S.S.U. 17	3	Madison, Wisc.	Univ. of Wisc.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
McMurtry, Edward Painter	Hdqs.	3	Canton, Mass.	Harvard	U.S. Ord.
McNaughton, Kirk Alexander	S.S.U. 27	4	Kaukanna, Wisc.	Bowdoin	U.S.A.A.S.
McNaughton, William Henry	S.S.U. 8	4	Buffalo, N.Y.	Univ. of Va.	U.S.A.A.S.
McNear, Barroll	T.M.U. 526	6	San Francisco, Cal.	Harvard	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
McNeill, Joseph	S.S.U. 66	4	Philadelphia, Pa.	Haverford & Princ.	A.R.C.
McNerney, Herbert Thomas	S.S.U. 9	1	Toledo, Ohio		U.S.A.A.S.
McPhail, John Doel	S.S.U. 15	6	Rochester, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S.
McQuiston, Charles Fitch	T.M.U. 133	6	Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Meacham, Robert Douglas	S.S.U. 16	6	Cincinnati, Ohio	Yale	U.S. Av.
Meadowcroft, Kirk Platt	S.S.U. 31	3	Chicago, Ill.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Meadowcroft, William †	S.S.U. 8	6	New York City	Harvard	
Meaker, Ellis Robert	S.S.U. 68	3	Auburn, N.Y.		Cadet U.S. Av.
Means, James MacGregor	T.M.U. 397	3	Manchester, Mass.	Wentworth Inst.	USM.T.C.
Means, Thomas	T.M.U. 526	6	New Haven, Conn.	Yale & Oxford	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Meissner, Harold Gustav	S.S.U. 70	2	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Melanson, Harold Parker	T.M.U. 184	2	Waverley, Mass.		
Melcher, John	S.S.U. 3	4	New York City	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Mellen, Joseph Manley †	S.S.U. 3	6	Garden City, N.Y.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Mendum, Carl Alonzo	S.S.U. 70	4	Roxbury, Mass.	Harvard	San. C. U.S.A.
Merrick, Kenneth	S.S.U. 2	5	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	
Merris, John Edward, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	5	Dubois, Pa.	Penn. State Coll.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Meyer, Arthur	S.S.U. 14	5	Chicago, Ill.		A.R.C.
Meyer, Charles Ferdinand	T.M.U. 397	5	Baltimore, Md.	Johns Hopkins	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Michael, Berkeley	S.S.U. 3	1917	Sioux City, Iowa	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Miles, Appleton Train, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 8	6 months	Brattleboro, Vt.	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Miles, Edward Gallup	S.S.U. 67	1 yr.	Asheville, N.C.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Miles, Theodore, Sous-Chief	S.S.U. 27	3 months	Mount Carroll, Ill.	Beloit Coll.	U.S. Av.
Miholland, James Clarke	S.S.U. 17	"	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Yale	
Millard, Hugh	T.M.U. 526	3	Parkdale, Oregon	Cornell	Ensign U.S. Nav.
Millen, James Knox	S.S.U. 64	4	Memphis, Tenn.	Yale	Cadet U.S. Av.
Miller, Donald Kenneth	T.M.U. 133 & 397	4	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Miller, Herbert Dwight	T.M.U. 184	5	Lexington, Mass.	Tufts	
Miller, Mortimer James	S.S.U. 15	3	Rochester, N.Y.	Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
Mills, Roswell	T.M.U. 526	3	Millbrook Dut. Co., N.Y.	Stevens Inst.	Ensign U.S. Navy
Miller, Walter Bernard	Vosges Det.	6	New York City		1st Lt. U.S. A7
Millet, Aimé Frederic	S.S.U. 4	6	Oyster Bay, L.I., N.Y.		1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Millet, Emile Henry	S.S.U. 4	6	Chicago, Ill.		U.S. Nav. Av.
Milliken, James Roscoe	T.M.U. 526	4	Cambridge, Mass.	M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Mills, Davis Hamilton	S.S.U. 13	6	Oak Park, Ill.		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Mills, Marshall Benedict	S.S.U. 31	3	Dorchester, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Mills, Walker Hill	T.M.U. 133	4	Decatur, Ill.	Univ. of Mich.	U.S.M.T.C.
Milne, James Richard	S.S.U. 28	5	Dorchester, Mass.	Dartmouth	S.A.T.C.
Miner, Paul Sawyer	S.S.U. 66	3	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Minty, John Emery	S.S.U. 69	4	Muskegon, Mich.	Cornell	U.S. Nav. Av.
Mitchell, Russell Pattison	S.S.U. 72	2	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Carnegie Inst.	U.S.A.A.S.
Mitchell, Wilsey Hubbell	T.M.U. 133	4	Duluth, Minn.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Modjeski, Chas. Emanuel John	T.M.U. 526	6	Chicago, Ill.	Cornell	U.S.F.A.
Moffat, Donald	S.S.U. 4	9	New York City	Harvard	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Monahan, Peter Francis	S.S.U. 16	7	Attleboro, Mass.		U.S. Av.
Monteagle, Kenneth	T.M.U. 397	3	San Francisco, Cal.	Univ. of California	U.S.M.T.C.
Monteith, Donald Wright	S.S.U. 2	5	San Francisco, Cal.		Lt. U.S. Nav. Av.
Montgomery, Archibald Moore	S.S.U. 26	6	New York City	Princeton	Cadet U.S. Nav. A7
Montgomery, Rodman Bowne	S.S.U. 2-4-3	1 yr. 3 mos.	New York City	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Moers, Horatio Tobey	S.S.U. 27 & Hdqts. 6 months		Skowhegan, Maine	Bowdoin	Chem. Res. Sta. U.S.A.
Moon, Russell Franklin	S.S.U. 65	4	Chicago, Ill.		
Moore, Henry Kirkby	S.S.U. 3	3	Philadelphia, Pa.		
Moore, John Boatman	S.S.U. 15	6	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Moore, John Crosby Brown, Cdt. Adit.	S.S.U. 9 & T.M.U. 526.....	10 months			
Moore, Lewis Ellwood.....	Hdqs.	"	1916 & 17.. Cambridge, Mass.....	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Av. 1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Moore, Louis Carroll.....	S.S.U. 65.....	"	1917..... New York City.....		
Moore, William Herbert.....	T.M.U. 397.....	"	1917..... Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....		A.R.C.
Moran, Lawrence James.....	S.S.U. 71.....	3	1917..... Waterville, Maine.....		Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
More, Hermon Du Bois.....	S.S.U. 12.....	"	1917..... Chicago, Ill.....	Columbia	Med. Dept. U.S.A.
Moreland, William Ford.....	T.M.U. 526.....	5	1917..... Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Yale	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Moriarty, Oscar Francis, Jr.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5	1917..... Belmont, Mass.....	Boston Univ.....	U.S.M.C.
Morrill, Harold Bell.....	S.S.U. 8.....	6	1916-17.. Roxbury, Mass.....	M.I.T.	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Morris, John Knox, Jr.....	S.S.U. 14.....	6	1917..... Cloverdale, Cal.....	Leland Stanford.....	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Morris, Lawrence Shackelford.....	S.S.U. 4.....	6	1916-17.. Albany, N.Y.....	Yale	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Morrison, Francis Scarr.....	T.M.U. 397.....	5	1917..... Statesville, N.C.....	Elon Coll.....	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Morrison, Julian Knox.....	T.M.U. 397.....	5	1917..... Statesville, N.C.....	Univ. of South Carolina.....	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Morss, Philip Reed.....	S.S.U. 3.....	3	1915..... Chestnut Hill, Mass.....	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Morton, Charles Ingalls †.....	S.S.U. 18.....	6	1917..... Naples, Italy.....	Univ. of Naples.....	Capt. U.S. Av.
Moses, Irving Gumbel.....	T.M.U. 133.....	3	1917..... New Orleans, La.....	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Moss, Joseph Samuel.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4	1917..... Columbia, Mo.....	Univ. of Missouri.....	Corp. U.S.M.T.C.
Moss, Robert Thomas Woodward, Chief of Construction and Repair Park.	S.S.U. 2 & Hdqts.	2 yrs. 6 mos.	1915-17.. New York City.....	Harvard	A.R.C.
Mudge, Louis Goldthwait.....	T.M.U. 526.....	4 months	1917..... Baltimore, Md.....	Lehigh Univ.....	U.S. Tank C.
Mueller, Edwin Alfred, Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 13 & 31.....	9	1917..... El Cajon, Cal.....	Univ. of California ..	Interpreter A.E.F.
Muhlhauser, Frederick Philipp.....	S.S.U. 31.....	3	1917..... New Brunswick, N.J.....	Harvard	
Muhr, Allan H., Controller and Cdt. Adit. †	Hdqs. & S.S.U. 14.....	2 yrs. 9 mos.	1915-17.. Paris, France.....		Capt. U.S.A.A.S.
Mungan, John Joseph.....	S.S.U. 32.....	3 months	1917..... New York City.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Munger, Stephen Ingham, Cdt. Adit.	S.S.U. 8.....	6	1916-17.. Dallas, Texas.....	Vanderbilt	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Munro, George Russell.....	T.M.U. 397.....	5	1917..... Detroit, Mich.....		U.S.M.T.C.
Munroe, John †.....	S.S.U. 3.....	1 yr.	1916-17.. Tuxedo Park, N.Y.....	Harvard	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Munson, William Herbert, Jr.....	S.S.U. 71.....	4 months	1917..... Port Henry, N.Y.....		Sgt. U.S. Inf.
Murdock, Jacob Milton, Jr.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4	1917..... Johnstown, Pa.....		A.R.C.
Myers, Arthur †.....	S.S.U. 15.....	2	1917..... New York City.....		
Myers, Robert Bonsall.....	S.S.U. 65.....	4	1917..... Chicago, Ill.....	Northwestern.....	U.S. Balloon S.
Nalle, Albert.....	S.S.U. 3.....	8	1915..... Bryn Mawr, Pa.....	Univ. of Penn.....	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Nash, Alexander Van Gaasbeck.....	S.S.U. 31.....	2	1917..... Syracuse, N.Y.....	Hotchkiss School.....	U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Nash, Edwin Gates	S.S.U. 70.....	2 months	Burlington, Vt.....	Williams College.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Nash, Francis Philip, Jr.....	T.M.U. 397.....	"	Flushing, N.Y.....	Groton School.....	Asp. Fr. Art.
Naslund, Elmer.....	S.S.U. 33.....	"	St. Louis, Mo.....	Univ. of Missouri.....	U.S.A.A.S.—2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Naylor, Edwin Loriston.....	S.S.U. 15.....	"	West Chelmsford, Mass.....	Dartmouth.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Neffel, Basil Knight, Cdt. Adj. †.....	S.S.U. 8 & 17.....	1 yr.	Larchmont, N.Y.....		1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Neidecker, Bertrand Coles.....	T.M.U. 526.....	4 months	New York City.....		U.S. Av.
Nelson, David T.....	S.S.U. 1.....	"	1915-16, Mayville, N.D.....	Univ. of N. Dakota.....	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Nelson, Henry Warner †.....	S.S.U. 9-26.....	11	1916-17, Taft, Va.....		2nd Lt. U.S. Balloon S.
Nelson, Karl Peter.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	1917..... North Troy, N.Y.....	Blair Acad.....	U.S. Tank C.
Nevin, Ogden.....	S.S.U. 1.....	3	1915..... Riverport, N.J.....	Univ. of Penn.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Newcomb, Frank Simon Lovewell.....	S.S.U. 2.....	6	1917..... Chicago, Ill.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	U.S.A.A.S.
<i>Neutin, John V, † † (killed as volunteer)</i>	S.S.U. 29.....	2	1917..... Whitford, Pa.....	Princeton.....	
Newman, Winthrop Payson.....	S.S.U. 2.....	6	1916..... Orange, N.J.....		2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Neynaber, Raymond Adolph.....	S.S.U. 26.....	4	1917..... Chicago, Ill.....		U.S. Tank C.
<i>Nichols, Alan Hammond</i>	S.S.U. 14.....	5	1917..... Palo Alto, Cal.....	Leland Stanford.....	Sgt. Fr. Av.
Nichols, John Ralph.....	S.S.U. 10.....	5	1917..... Palo Alto, Cal.....	Leland Stanford.....	U.S. Tank C.
Nichols, Russell Mabbott.....	S.S.U. 2.....	4	1917..... Branford, Conn.....	Lehigh.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Nickel, James Leroy, Jr.....	T.M.U. 184.....	3	1917..... Menlo Park, Cal.....	Yale.....	U.S. Int.
Nickerson, Norton Hart.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	1917..... Quincy, Mass.....		Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Nicola, Milton George.....	T.M.U. 133.....	5	1917..... Gambier, Ohio.....	Kenyon Coll.....	Chaplain U.S.A.
Niesley, Paul.....	T.M.U. 397.....	4	1917..... Manhasset, L.I., N.Y.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Niles, Emory Hamilton.....	S.S.U. 9.....	6	1916..... Baltimore, Md.....	Johns Hopkins.....	1st Lt. M.R.C.
Nordhoff, Charles Bernard.....	Vosges Det.....	6	1916-17, Trinidad, Colo.....	Harvard.....	Fr. Av.—2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Northrop, Mitchell Edward.....	S.S.U. 4.....	5	1917..... Monticello, Iowa.....	Iowa State Coll.....	U.S.A.A.S.
<i>Norton, G. Frederick † (killed as volunteer)</i>	S.S.U. 1.....	2	1917..... Goshen, N.Y.....		
Norton, Kenneth Bain.....	S.S.U. 32.....	2	1917..... Columbus, Ohio.....	Ohio State Univ.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Nurse, Norman Crawford.....	S.S.U. 67.....	3	1917..... Boise, Idaho.....	Princeton.....	U.S.A.A.S.—2nd Lt. U.S. San. C.
Nurse, Robert Lee, Jr., Cdt. Adj.	S.S.U. 67.....	3	1917..... Boise, Idaho.....	Princeton.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Noyes, Edwin Miles, Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 28.....	4	1917..... Duxbury, Mass.....	Dartmouth.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Nutt, Roger.....	S.S.U. 17.....	6	1917..... Cliffsade, N.J.....	Dartmouth.....	Cadet U.S. Av.
Nye, Dudley Dodge.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5	1917..... Marietta, Ohio.....	Marietta Coll.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Ober, Leonard.....	S.S.U. 3.....	4	1915..... Baltimore, Md.....	Princeton.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
O'Brien, John Joseph.....	S.S.U. 72.....	1	1917..... Durham, N.C.....	Univ. of N. Carolina.....	

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Obrlg, Theodore Ernst	S.S.U. 26	1917	New York City	Columbia	Sgt. U.S. Med. C.
O'Connell, Edward Cornelius	S.S.U. 1	1917	Watertown, Mass.	Boston Coll.	Cadet U.S. Av.
O'Connor, Thomas Henry	S.S.U. 12	"	Brookline, Mass.		U.S. Nav. Av.
Ogden, Henry Bradley	T.M.U. 184	"	Utica, N.Y.	Hamilton Coll.	U.S.M.T.C.
Ogilvie, Francis Dashwood, Cdt. Adit.†	S.S.U. 2	1914-17	Lindfield, Sussex, Eng.		Eng. Amb. Serv. with Fr. Army
Ogle, Gilbert Eugene	S.S.U. 15	1917	Terre Haute, Ind.	Bowdoin	
Olds, Edward Clarence	S.S.U. 67	1917	New Haven, Conn.	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Oller, Richard Harley	S.S.U. 1	1917	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Princeton	Ensign U.S. Navy
Olmstead, Chauncey Lockhardt†	S.S.U. 18	1917	Paris, France		
Olmsted, Frederick Nelson	T.M.U. 397	1917	Pomfret Center, Conn.	Trinity Coll.	
Olmsted, William Beach, Jr.	T.M.U. 397	1917	Pomfret Center, Conn.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Olson, Malcolm Graeme	T.M.U. 184	1916	Jersey City	Columbia	A.R.C.
O'Neill, James A.	S.S.U. 2	1917	Boston, Mass.		Harvard R.O.T.C.
Orcutt, Philip Dana	S.S.U. 31	1917	Brookline, Mass.		Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Ordway, Donald	T.M.U. 397	1917	Brookline, Mass.		Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Ordway, Richmond	T.M.U. 397	1917	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hamilton Coll.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Orr, Thomas Lazear	S.S.U. 12	1917	Malden, Mass.		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Orr, William Laird	S.S.U. 28	1917	Montclair, N.J.	Dartmouth	Wagoner U.S. Am. Tr.
Osborn, Albert Dunbar	T.M.U. 526	1913 & 17	New York City	Princeton	Sgt. U.S. Inf.
Osborn, Earl Dodge, Cdt. Adit.†	S.S.U. 3-15	1917	Montclair, N.J.	Dartmouth	
Osborn, Paul G.† (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 28	1917	Boise, Idaho	Univ. of Wisconsin	A.R.C.
Osborne, Robert Henry	S.S.U. 12	1917	Adrian, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	U.S.A.A.S.
Osgood, Guyor Wilner	S.S.U. 69	1916-17	Paris, France		Interp. Hdqts. A.E.F.
Ostheimer, Frederick R.	S.S.U. 4-9	1917	Boston, Mass.		R.A.F.
Otis, John Faxon	T.M.U. 397	1917	Oak Park, Ill.	Wabash	U.S.F.A.
Overstreet, Harry Mann†	S.S.U. 17	1917	Brooklyn, N.Y.		1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Owens, Martin Sylvester	S.S.U. 8	1917	Chicago, Ill.	Princeton	Ensign U.S. Navy
Packard, Frank Howe	S.S.U. 65	1917	Hanover, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Packard, Karl Sanborn	S.S.U. 71	1917	Evanston, Ill.	Univ. of Michigan	Sgt. Fr. Av.
Paden, David Sheldon	S.S.U. 8	1917	Evanston, Ill.		U.S.A.A.S.
Paden, Dennison Colt	S.S.U. 8	1915-16	New York City	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Marines
Page, Donald Ormsby	S.S.U. 4	1917	Wollaston, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.-2nd Lt. F.A.
Page, Edward Horton	S.S.U. 2	1917	Keota, Iowa	Univ. of Illinois	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Page, Harold Meredith	S.S.U. 65	1917			

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Page, Philip Sumner.....	T.M.U. 537.....	3 months	Brookline, Mass.....	Harvard.....	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Paine, George Eustis.....	T.M.U. 397.....	"	New York City.....	Columbia.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Paine, Lansing Morse†.....	S.S.U. 15.....	"	Durham, N.H.....	Yale.....	Inst. Training C.U.S.A.
Palache, John Garber.....	S.S.U. 8.....	9	Farmington, Conn.....	Univ. of California.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Palamountain, Philip Ryder.....	S.S.U. 18.....	3	West Newton, Mass.....	Boston Univ.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Palen, William Ezekiel.....	S.S.U. 12.....	1	Cornelia, Ga.....	Ga. Sch. of Tech.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Palmer, Henry Brewster†.....	S.S.U. 3.....	11	New York City.....	Harvard.....	Fr. Av.
Paradise, Robert Campbell.....	S.S.U. 15.....	6	Bucks, Eng.....	Yale.....	Capt. U.S. Av.
Parker, James Irving.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	Chicago, Ill.....	Yale.....	Corp. U.S. Sig. C.
Parker, William Bradstreet.....	S.S.U. 68.....	3	Groveland, Mass.....	Bowdoin.....	Ens. U.S. Nav.
Parks, William Arthur.....	T.M.U. 397.....	2	Waverley, Mass.....	Harvard.....	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Parmelee, James Miller.....	S.S.U. 27.....	6	New York City.....	Harvard.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Parmenter, Richard.....	T.M.U. 526.....	4	Geneva, N.Y.....	Cornell.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Ord.
Parr, Donley Joseph.....	T.M.U. 184.....	6	Marietta, Ohio.....	Marietta Coll.....	U.S. Med. C.
Parrott, Joseph Augustine.....	S.S.U. 4.....	9	San Mateo, Cal.....	Cambridge.....	U.S. Av.
Parry, Edward Howland.....	S.S.U. 66.....	4	Glens Falls, N.Y.....	Williams.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Parsons, Frank Enos.....	S.S.U. 72.....	1	Dorchester, Mass.....	M.I.T.....	Harvard & Columbia Capt. U.S. Med. C.
Parsons, William Barclay, Jr.....	Hdqts.....	2	New York City.....	Harvard & Columbia Capt. U.S. Med. C.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Partridge, Arthur Lynds.....	T.M.U. 526.....	6	St. Louis, Mo.....	Cornell.....	U.S. Inf.
Paterson, James Jamieson.....	T.M.U. 526.....	6	Wilmette, Ill.....	Cornell.....	Sgt. Mjr. U.S.M.T.C.
Paterson, Thomas Walker.....	T.M.U. 184.....	4	Buffalo, N.Y.....	Leland Stanford.....	Cadet U.S. Av.
Patten, James Longstreet.....	S.S.U. 10.....	5	Los Angeles, Cal.....	Univ. of Wisconsin.....	Wgr. U.S. Eng.
Patten, John Lowrie†.....	S.S.U. 29.....	5	Evanston, Ill.....	Harvard.....	Asp. Fr. Art.
Patterson, Davidge Warfield.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	Boston, Mass.....	Cornell.....	Cadet U.S. Av.
Patterson, De Witt Clinton.....	S.S.U. 26.....	3	Cleveland, Ohio.....	Harvard.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Patterson, Henry Whiteley.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6	Wayland, Mass.....	Univ. of Cal.....	Ensign Nav. Av.
Patterson, Joseph.....	S.S.U. 1.....	6	Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Princeton.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Pattison, Edward Hargrave.....	T.M.U. 526.....	7	Troy, N.Y.....	Cornell.....	Capt. U.S. Av.
Patton, Perry Jasper.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6	Gonzales, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.....	A.R.C.
Paul, John Gile.....	S.S.U. 4.....	6	Watertown, Fla.....	Princeton.....	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Paul, Morris Rea.....	S.S.U. 71.....	2	Brockton, Mass.....	Princeton.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Paul, Samuel Hollingsworth.....	S.S.U. 1.....	6	Chestnut Hill, Pa.....	Princeton.....	Capt. U.S. Av.
Paxton, Charles Francis†.....	S.S.U. 29.....	4	Pasadena, Cal.....	Princeton.....	A.R.C.
Payne, Arthur Claret.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	Menlo Park, Cal.....	Princeton.....	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Paynter, Edward Butler.....	S.S.U. 32.....	3	New York City.....	Princeton.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Paul, William Armour††.....	S.S.U. 1.....	8	St. John's, Mich.....	Mich. & Oxford.....	Civilian att. Q.M.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Peck, Clarence B.	T.M.U. 133	4 months	1917 Somerville, Mass.	1917 Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Peck, Sedley Clarendale	S.S.U. 10	5 "	1917 San Mateo, Cal.	1917 Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Peffers, Harold Way	T.M.U. 526	3 "	1917 Danbury, Conn.	1917 Harvard	Y.M.C.A.
Pelce, Waldo F.	S.S.U. 3	1 yr. 1 m.	1915-16 Bangor, Me.	1917 Harvard	Y.M.C.A.
Pelham, Edward Lawrence	T.M.U. 184	4 months	1917 Boston, Mass.	1917 Univ. of Penn.	U.S.M.T.C.
Pelletier, John Alden	T.M.U. 397	4 "	1917 Lake Mahopac, N.Y.	1917 Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Peltz, John DeWitt	T.M.U. 184	4 "	1917 Albany, N.Y.	1917 Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Penfield, Marshal George	S.S.U. 70	2 "	1917 Fulton, N.Y.	1917 Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Penfield, Willis Edgar F.	S.S.U. 70	2 "	1917 Fulton, N.Y.	1917 Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Penland, Paul Weaver	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917 Moorpark, Cal.	1917 Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Penton, George Winship	S.S.U. 18	6 "	1917 Cleveland, Ohio	1917 A.R.C.	A.R.C.
Pentz, Ross Henry	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917 Du Bois, Pa.	1917 Princeton	U.S. Nav. Av.
Pentz, William Ross	T.M.U. 526	5 "	1917 Du Bois, Pa.	1917 Penn. St. Coll.	U.S. Av.
Percy, Donald Bellows	T.M.U. 184	4 "	1917 Brookline, Mass.	1917 Yale	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Perkins, Frederic Parker F.	S.S.U. 13	6 "	1917 Manchester, N.H.	1917 Harvard	U.S.F.A.
Perkins, J. R. Osgood	S.S.U. 3	4 "	1915-16 Newton, Mass.	1917 Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Perley, Harry Robeson	S.S.U. 14	4 "	1917 Princeton, N.J.	1917 Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Perry, Oliver Hazard, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 4	1 yr.	1916-17 Elmhurst, L.I., N.Y.	1917 Princeton	1st Lt. U.S. Tank C.
Persons, Henry Z.	T.M.U. 397	4 months	1917 East Aurora, N.Y.	1917 Union Coll.	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Peters, Churchill Crittenden	S.S.U. 67	3 "	1917 Seattle, Wash.	1917 Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Tank C.
Peterson, Percy Thomas	T.M.U. 133	5 "	1917 Windom, Minn.	1917 U.S. Av.	U.S. Av.
Peterson, Walter Scott	S.S.U. 65	5 "	1917 Red Oak, Iowa	1917 Univ. of Penn.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Petree, Neil Harold	S.S.U. 10	5 "	1917 San Jose, Cal.	1917 Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Pettersen, Gerald Ross	S.S.U. 67	3 "	1917 Princeton, Minn.	1917 Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Peyton, Bernard	S.S.U. 66	4 "	1917 New York City	1917 Princeton	Civ. Chem. Serv. U.S.A.
Phelan, William Frederik	S.S.U. 71	1 "	1917 Cleveland, Ohio	1917 Clark Coll.	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Phelps, Edmond Joseph, Jr.	S.S.U. 26	6 "	1917 Minneapolis, Minn.	1917 Yale	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Phelps, Edward Joseph, Jr.	S.S.U. 70	2 "	1917 Omaha, Nebr.	1917 Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.
Phelps, Gordon Winfield	S.S.U. 14	5 "	1917 North Adams, Mass.	1917 Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Phelps, William Elliott	S.S.U. 72	2 "	1917 Bronx, N.Y.	1917 Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.-Sgt. Tank C.
Phillips, Arlie Carlton	S.S.U. 13	2 "	1917 Graton, W.Va.	1917 M.I.T.	2nd Lt. U.S. Tank C.
Phillips, George W.	S.S.U. 3	4 "	1915-16 So. Sudbury, Mass.	1917 M.I.T.	A.R.C.
Phinney, Arthur Osgood	Vosges Det. & S.S.U. 28	6 "	1917 Lynn, Mass.	1917 Harvard	Y.M.C.A.
Pierce, Harna Denny	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917 Englewood, N.J.	1917 Princeton	U.S. Tank C.
Pierce, Harry Page	S.S.U. 18	4 "	1917 Buffalo, N.Y.	1917 Harvard	U.S. Tank C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Pierson, Warren Lee.....	T.M.U. 133.....	5 months	1917..... San Pedro, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.....	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Pigott, Clark Randall.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5 "	1917..... Shinnston, W.Va.....	Marietta Coll.....	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Pike, Carleton Maxwell.....	S.S.U. 4.....	6 "	1916..... Lubec, Me.....	Bowdoin.....	Lt. Nav. Av.
Pitman, Forrest Langdon.....	S.S.U. 28.....	4 "	1917..... Somerville, Mass.....	Dartmouth.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Platt, John, Jr.....	S.S.U. 16.....	6 "	1917..... Westfield, N.J.....	Deligh.....	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Platt, John Crosby.....	S.S.U. 14.....	4 "	1917..... Portland, Oregon.....	Leland Stanford.....	U.S. Tank C.
Plow, Richard Henry †.....	S.S.U. 1.....	1 yr.	1916-17..... Lancaster, Ohio.....	Yale.....	Sgt. Canadian F.A.
Plummer, Raymond Phinney.....	S.S.U. 68.....	3 months	1917..... Milton, Mass.....	Asp. Fr. Art.
Pohlman, Gerhard William.....	S.S.U. 3-8.....	1 yr. 6 mos.	1916-17..... New York City.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Pollock, Herbert Leo.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5 months	1917..... Belmont, Mass.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Pond, Alonzo William.....	S.S.U. 31.....	3 "	1917..... Janesville, Wis.....	Beloit.....	Sgt. U.S.F.A.
Pope, Thomas Brinkerhoff.....	S.S.U. 26.....	6 "	1917..... Glencoe, Ill.....	U.S. Nav. Av. — A.R.C.
Porritt, Longshaw Krauss.....	S.S.U. 17.....	6 "	1917..... Hartford, Conn.....	Cornell.....
Porter, Albert Augustus (died as volunteer).....	S.S.U. 4.....	1 "	1917..... Niagara Falls, N.Y.....	Cornell.....
Porter, Elliot.....	S.S.U. 4.....	6 "	1916-17..... Harlowtown, Mont.....	Kansas & Princeton.....	Capt. R.A.F., B.E.F.
Pote, Kenneth Edwin.....	T.M.U. 526.....	3 "	1917..... Westfield, N.J.....	Harvard & M.I.T.....	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Potter, Carlton Ames.....	S.S.U. 2.....	6 "	1916..... Oneida, N.Y.....	Dartmouth.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Potter, Lars Sellsiedt †.....	S.S.U. 27.....	4 "	1917..... Buffalo, N.Y.....	Williams.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Potter, Philip Key, Cdt. Adjt.....	S.S.U. 13 & Reserve Mallet.....	6 "	1917..... Newport, R.I.....	Harvard.....	Major U.S.M.T.C.
Potter, Russel Hayward, Jr. †.....	S.S.U. 28.....	3 "	1917..... Buffalo, N.Y.....	Dartmouth.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Potter, Thomas Windeatt †.....	S.S.U. 3.....	1 yr. 5 mos.	1915-16 -17..... Westchester, N.Y.....	Fr. Av. — U.S. Av. & Nav. Av.
Potter, William Clarkson.....	S.S.U. 1.....	6 months	1916..... Paris, France.....	Princeton.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Pottle, Emory.....	S.S.U. 2.....	9 "	1915-16..... Naples, N.Y.....	Amherst.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Pounds, Lewis Charles.....	S.S.U. 66.....	3 "	1917..... Brooklyn, N.Y.....	Dartmouth.....	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Powell, Howard Hare.....	S.S.U. 2.....	8 "	1916..... Newport, R.I.....	Harvard.....	Capt. U.S. Av.
Powell, Charles Healy.....	S.S.U. 12.....	6 "	1917..... Madison, Wisc.....	Univ. of Wisc.....
Powers, Joseph Huntington.....	S.S.U. 9.....	5 "	1917..... Newton, Mass.....	Harvard.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Powers, Walter Emory.....	S.S.U. 16.....	2 "	1917..... Nutley, N.J.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Pratt, George Dupont, Jr.....	T.M.U. 526.....	5 "	1917..... New York City.....	Middlesex School.....	U.S. Shipping Board
Pratt, Harold Gleason.....	T.M.U. 133.....	5 "	1917..... Cleveland, Ohio.....	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Preble, Theodore Lunt.....	T.M.U. 397.....	5 "	1917..... Berkeley, Cal.....	Cal. & Harvard.....
Prescott, Daniel Alfred.....	T.M.U. 184.....	4 "	1917..... Medford, Mass.....	Tufts.....
Prescott, Edgar Brown.....	T.M.U. 184.....	4 "	1917..... Laconia, N.H.....	Dartmouth.....

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Pressley, Jackson Hard.	T.M.U. 133.	6 months	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Sgt. U.S. Sig. C.
Preston, Jerome.	S.S.U. 15.	"	Lexington, Mass.	Harvard.	U.S.A.A.S.
Price, Paul Wakeman.	T.M.U. 133.	7	Glen Ridge, N.J.	Princeton.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Prickett, William.	S.S.U. 4.	6	Wilmington, Del.	Princeton & Trinity.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Prince, Leonard Morton.	T.M.U. 397.	5	Chicago, Ill.	Amherst.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Prior, Leonard Burke.	T.M.U. 526.	6	Cleveland, Ohio.	Case Sch. Ap. Sc.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Prosser, James Charles.	T.M.U. 397.	4	Cleveland, Ohio.	Brown.	Cadet U.S. Nav. Av.
Prothero, Marshall.	T.M.U. 184.	5	St. Louis, Mo.	U.S. Tank C.	
Prudden, Earl DeWitt.	T.M.U. 397.	4	St. Paul, Minn.	Univ. of Minn.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Pruyn, Samuel.	T.M.U. 526.	4	Glen Falls, N.Y.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.	
Pumpelly, Lawrence.	Hdqs.	2	Ithaca, N.Y.	Williams & Cornell.	A.R.C.
Purdy, Harold Edward †.	S.S.U. 1.	6	Minneapolis, Minn.	U.S.A.A.S.	
Purves, Edmund Randolph.	S.S.U. 4.	5	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Penn.	Corp. U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Putnam, Arthur James, Cdt. Adj. †.	S.S.U. 19-70.	6	Deposit, N.Y.	Cornell.	Capt. U.S.A.A.S.
Putnam, Benjamin Hay.	T.M.U. 184.	6	Marietta, Ohio.	Marietta Coll.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Putnam, Tracy Jackson †.	S.S.U. 1-3.	6	Boston, Mass.	Harvard.	U.S.M.R.C.
Pyne, Meredith Howland.	Hdqs.	2	Barnardsville, N.J.	Groton School.	U.S. Av.
Quier, Hawley.	T.M.U. 133.	5	Reading, Pa.	Princeton.	
Quinby, Kenneth M.	S.S.U. 3.	3	Pittsburgh, Pa.		
Quintard, Daniel Bigelow Safford.	S.S.U. 8.	6	Brooklyn, N.Y.		2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Quirin, Louis Maurice, Sous-Chef.	S.S.U. 65.	4	Manchester, N.H.	Harvard.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Rainsford, Walter Kerr.	S.S.U. 3.	7	Ridgefield, Conn.	Harvard.	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Ralston, Arthur Edward.	T.M.U. 526.	4	Plainfield, N.J.	Amherst.	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Ramsdell, Howard Stafford.	S.S.U. 72.	1	Valley Falls, R.I.		U.S.A.A.S.
Randau, Carl Albert, Cdt. Adj.	S.S.U. 14-10.	9	Palo Alto, Cal.	Leland Stanford.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Rantoul, Beverly †.	S.S.U. 4.	6	Salem, Mass.		A.R.C.
Rathbone, Alfred Day, 4th.	S.S.U. 69.	4	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	U.S. Navy
Rathbun, Rev. George St. John.	S.S.U. 17.	3	Hoosac, N.Y.	Rutgers & St. Stephens	A.R.C.
Rav, John Vickers.	S.S.U. 3.	5	Charleston, W.Va.	Univ. of Va.	Capt. C.A.C.
Read, Bertwal Chapin, Cdt. Adj.	S.S.U. 8-13.	1 yr.	Bloomfield, N.J.	Princeton.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Read, Cecil.	T.M.U. 133.	6 months	St. Paul, Minn.	Princeton.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Read, Robert Emery	S.S.U. 2	5 months	Watertown, N.Y.	Columbia	Fr. Av. — Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Reaser, Robert Alden	S.S.U. 32	3	Yonkers, N.Y.	Williams	U.S.A.A.S.
Redfield, Edward Griswold	T.M.U. 133	3	Hartford, Conn.	Williams	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Redfield, Robert, Jr.	S.S.U. 65	4	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	
Reed, Charles	S.S.U. 1	3	1914-15. Springfield, Mass.		Capt. U.S. Av.
Reed, David Allen, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	5	Barrington, Mass.	M.I.T.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Reed, John Alden	S.S.U. 2	4	Leonia, N.J.		U.S.A.A.S.
Reed, Kenneth McKibbin	S.S.U. 67	5	New York City	Princeton	War Trade Board U.S.A.
Reese, George F.	S.S.U. 3-1	4	Ravenna, Ohio	Georgetown Law	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Rehm, George Edward	S.S.U. 12	5	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	Asp. Fr. Art.
Reid, Hugh Houston	T.M.U. 397	3	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	A.R.C.
Reid, John Graham	T.M.U. 133	6	New York City	Columbia	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Remington, Dempster Coleman	T.M.U. 184	5	Great Barrington, Mass.		U.S.M.T.C.
Renfrew, William Howard	T.M.U. 526	3	Watertown, Mass.	Dartmouth	Asp. Fr. Art.
Resor, William Ernest	T.M.U. 133	3	Columbia, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.N.R.F.
Reynolds, Noyes Holmes	T.M.U. 397 Hdt	3	New York City	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Rhindander, Philip Newbold	S.S.U. 9-10	1 yr.	Lawrence, L.I., N.Y.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Rhodes, Martin Clifford	T.M.U. 526	5 months	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Rice, Durant, Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 3	1 yr. 1 m.	New York City	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Rice, Oliver S. J.	T.M.U. 397	2 months	St. Louis, Mo.		Civilian Q.M.C.
Rice, Philip Sidney †	S.S.U. 1	6	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Princeton	
Rice, William Gorham, Jr., Cdt. Adj. †	S.S.U. 1-66	11	Albany, N.Y.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Rich, Dominic William †	S.S.U. 15	6	New York City	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Rich, Vincent Lawson †	S.S.U. 15	7	New York City	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S. — U.S.F.A.
Richards, Cliff Rodgers, Jr.	Vosges Det. & S.S.U. 26	7	Chevy Chase, Md.	Harvard	Corp. U.S. Eng. C.
Richards, Earle Franklin	S.S.U. 68	3	West Haven, Conn.	Wesleyan	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Richards, Guy Huntington	S.S.U. 67	5	New York City	Yale	U.S.F.A.
Richards, William Henry	S.S.U. 17	6	Pittsfield, Mass.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Richardson, Charles Snyder	T.M.U. 133	6	Bernville, Pa.		U.S.A.A.S.
Richardson, Gardner	S.S.U. 1	3	New York City	Yale	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Richardson, Joseph Smith, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 10	9	Concord, Mass.		1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Richardson, William E.	S.S.U. 1	3	New York City	Princeton & Columbia	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Richmond, Ralph Sumner, Cdt. Adj. †	S.S.U. 15-30	7	Milton, Mass.	Harvard	Major U.S.A.A.S.
Rie, Paul Alexander	S.S.U. 19	5	Neully-s-Seine, France		Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.



J. MILTON SPONAGLE, S.S.U. 65



WILLIAM G. RICE, JR., S.S.U. 66



ROBERT L. NOURSE, JR., S.S.U. 67



CROOM WALKER, S.S.U. 68



C. ALLEN BUTLER, S.S.U. 69



ARTHUR J. PUTNAM, S.S.U. 70

SECTION LEADERS



NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Rieser, Robert R.....	S.S.U. 33.....	3 months	1917.....Hoboken, N.J.....	Columbia.....	Fr. Art.
Rigby, Henry Black.....	S.S.U. 69.....	4 "	1917.....Mansfield, Ohio.....	Yale.....	Ass't Distb. Officer, Ohio
Riggs, Carroll Gowen †.....	S.S.U. 2.....	1 yr. 4 mos.	1915-16.....Washington, D.C.....	Yale.....	Capt. U.S.C.A.C.
Riley, Melville Sammis.....	S.S.U. 17.....	6 months	1917.....Needham, Mass.....		2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Ringwalt, Charles Carl.....	S.S.U. 1.....	3 "	1916-17.....Omaha, Neb.....	Univ. of Neb.....	2nd Lt. U.S.C.A.
Ronan, Philip Francis.....	S.S.U. 13.....	3 "	1917.....Fort Madison, Wisc.....		Corp. U.S. Tank C.
Robb, Nathaniel Thayer.....	S.S.U. 33.....	6 "	1917.....London, Eng.....	Harvard.....	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Robbins, Rowland Ames, Jr.....	S.S.U. 65.....	4 "	1917.....New York City.....	Princeton.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Robert, John Gibson.....	T.M.U. 133.....	3 "	1917.....Chicago, Ill.....	Wash. Univ.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Roberts, George Williams †.....	S.S.U. 8-3.....	10 "	1917.....Boston, Mass.....		Capt. U.S.A.A.S.
Roberts, John Calvin, Jr.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3 "	1917.....Clayton, Mo.....	Lawrenceville School.....	Nav. Av.
Robertson, Charles Duane.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4 "	1917.....St. Louis, Mo.....	Univ. of Missouri.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Robertson, Malcolm Troop.....	S.S.U. 1.....	3 "	1915.....Brooklyn, N.Y.....	Princeton.....	U.S. Inf.
Robeson, Fillmore Kirker.....	S.S.U. 15.....	3 "	1917.....Rochester, N.Y.....	Univ. of Penn.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Robinson, Barclay.....	S.S.U. 67.....	3 "	1917.....Hartford, Conn.....	Yale.....	U.S.A.A.S.—U.S.F.A.
Robinson, Charles Webster.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3 "	1917.....Rochester, N.Y.....		Sch.
Robinson, Frank Owen, Cdt. Adjt.....	T.M.U. 184.....	4 "	1917.....Belmont, Mass.....	Dartmouth.....	U.S. Int.
Robinson, Powell.....	S.S.U. 15.....	7 "	1917.....Chestnut Hill, Mass.....	Harvard.....	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Robinson, Thomas Armstrong.....	S.S.U. 64.....	5 "	1917.....Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Yale.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Robinson, Thomas Arnold.....	S.S.U. 64.....	5 "	1917.....Alma, Mich.....	Columbia.....	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Robinson, Wells Hall.....	S.S.U. 10.....	9 "	1916-17.....Buffalo, N.Y.....		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Roblee, Milo Hewitt.....	T.M.U. 526.....	5 "	1917.....Riverside, Cal.....		Asp. Fr. Art.
Robson, Archibald Christopher.....	T.M.U. 526.....	6 "	1917.....Buffalo, N.Y.....	Dartmouth.....	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Roche, Robert Thierry.....	S.S.U. 1.....	9 "	1916.....East Orange, N.J.....	Princeton.....	
Rockwell, George, Jr., Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 1-4.....	1 yr.	1915 & 16.....Waterbury, Conn.....		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Rodes, Clifton.....	S.S.U. 9-3.....	4 months	1917.....Louisville, Ky.....	Princeton.....	A.R.C.—U.S. Nav. Av.
Rodgers, Francis Hollowell.....	S.S.U. 70.....	2 "	1917.....San Francisco, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Rodgers, William Reid.....	S.S.U. 10.....	5 "	1917.....San Francisco, Cal.....	Pomona & Leland Stanford.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Roe, Clarence Francis.....	T.M.U. 526.....	5 "	1917.....Chicago, Ill.....		A.R.C.
Roeder, George H., Sous-Chef †.....	S.S.U. 2.....	1 yr. 2 mos.	1915-16.....New Brunswick, N.J.....	Harvard.....	
Rogers, Alden.....	T.M.U. 124.....	4 months	1917.....Buffalo, N.Y.....	Princeton.....	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Rogers, Arthur Waterman.....	T.M.U. 526 & S.S.U. 27.....	4 "	1917.....Evanston, Ill.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Rogers, Gordon Francis Love.....	S.S.U. 31.....	2 "	1917.....Dedham, Mass.....	Harvard.....	U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Rogers, Horatio Rodman	S.S.U. 27	4 months	1917..... Evanston, Ill.		U.S. Tank C.
Rogers, James Austin, Jr.	S.S.U. 71	3	1917..... St. Louis, Mo.		U.S.A.A.S.
Rogers, Randolph	S.S.U. 8	"	1916..... Grand Rapids, Mich.		Sgt. U.S. Inf.
Rogers, Samuel Greene Arnold	S.S.U. 27	4	1917..... Evanston, Ill.	Brown	U.S.A.A.S.
Rogers, William Bowditch, Jr.	Hdts.	2	1916..... Dedham, Mass.	Groton School	
Roland, Robert Hood	T.M.U. 184	5	1917..... Nahant, Mass.	Dartmouth	A.R.C.
Rollins, William Stacy, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	5	1917..... Belmont, Mass.		Asp. Fr. Art.
Romer, Alfred Sherwood	T.M.U. 133	4	1917..... New York City	Amherst	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Roney, William Louis	T.M.U. 526	5	1917..... Decatur, Ga.	Univ. of Pittsburgh	
Rood, George Welles	T.M.U. 526	5	1917..... Middletown, Conn.	M.I.T.	U.S. Tank C.
Rose, De Elwyn Maxwell	S.S.U. 71	2	1917..... Franklin, Pa.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Rose, Elmer Jack	S.S.U. 17	6	1917..... Brooklyn, N.Y.	St. John's Mil. Acad.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Ross, Edward Maynard	S.S.U. 66	3	1917..... Lebanon, N.H.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Ross, Gilbert Nelson	S.S.U. 69	3	1917..... Brookline, Mass.	Stone School	U.S.A.A.S.
Roth, Harry Clifford	S.S.U. 14	5	1917..... Akron, Ohio	Case Sch. Ap. Sc.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Rotharmel, Kenneth	S.S.U. 4	7	1916-17..... Miami, Fla.	Wabash, Coll.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Rothermel, John Grim †	S.S.U. 66	4	1917..... Reading, Pa.	Princeton	Cadet Art. O.T.C.
Rothwell, James Lee	T.M.U. 526	4	1917..... Elmira, N.Y.	Cornell	Nav. Av.
Rowland, Durbin Wappner †	S.S.U. 66	4	1917..... Toledo, Ohio	Harvard	
Rowley, Leslie Esterbrooks, Jr.	S.S.U. 17	6	1917..... Madison, Wis.		A.R.C.
Royce, Frank Gray	S.S.U. 19	6	1917..... Fulton, N.Y.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Rubinkam, Wynkoop Henry †	S.S.U. 13-3	9	1917..... Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	Cadet U.S. Nav. Av.
Rudkin, William Albert	S.S.U. 26	5	1917..... New York City		A.R.C.
Rumsey, Lawrence	S.S.U. 1	3	1915..... Buffalo, N.Y.	Harvard	Fr. Av.
Russell, Elwyn Stanton	S.S.U. 4	6	1917..... Springfield, Mass.	Harvard	Civ. Gas Serv.
Russell, Scott †	S.S.U. 8-3	9	1917..... Chicago, Ill.		A.R.C.
Russell, William Patton	S.S.U. 4	6	1916-17..... Curwensville, Pa.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Ruth, George Eyrton	S.S.U. 67	3	1917..... Marshalltown, Iowa	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Ryan, Dolph F.	S.S.U. 1	6	1915-16..... New York City		
Ryan, Thomas Augustus	S.S.U. 1	2	1917..... Newton Lower Falls, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Ryan, Thomas Stewart	S.S.U. 15	4	1917..... Muskogee, Okla.		A.R.C.
Ryder, Stephen Pittis	S.S.U. 9	5	1917..... Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Dartmouth	Cadet R.A.F.
Salinger, Richard Benjamin	S.S.U. 71	2	1917..... Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Salisbury, Edward van Doren, Cdt. Adjt. †	S.S.U. 2	1 yr. 9 mos.	1914-16..... Chicago, Ill.	Harvard	U.S. Explosive Plant
Salter, Thomas Manning	S.S.U. 2	4 months	1917..... Glen Ridge, N.J.		A.R.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
<i>Sambrook, Walter Laidlaw</i>	T.M.U. 397	3 months	Watervliet, N.Y.	Univ. of Syracuse	U.S.M.T.C.
Samuel, Edward, Jr. †	S.S.U. 70	2	Philadelphia, Pa.		U.S.A.A.S.
Samuel, Edward Marshall, Jr.	S.S.U. 133	4	Lake Forest, Ill.		U.S.M.T.C.
Samuels, Frederick Edward	S.S.U. 12	3	Wilder, Vt.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Samuels, Mortimer Harold	S.S.U. 71	3	Providence, R.I.	Penn. Mil.	U.S.N.R.F.
Sanders, Roswell Stevens ††	S.S.U. 4	8	Newburyport, Mass.		2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Sando, Francis Blair	S.S.U. 71	3	Scranton, Pa.	Cornell	Ensign U.S. Navy
Sanford, Miles Blinn	T.M.U. 526	6	La Grange, Ill.	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Sanger, William Cary, Jr.	S.S.U. 9	6	Sangerfield, N.Y.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
<i>Sargeant, Grandville Le Moyne</i>	S.S.U. 16	6	Corapolis, Pa.	Washington & Jefferson	U.S. Av.
Sargent, Daniel †	S.S.U. 3	1 yr. 5 mos.	Wellesley, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Sargent, Joseph Weir	S.S.U. 64	5 months	New Haven, Conn.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Saulnier, Willard Daniels	S.S.U. 64	5	New Haven, Conn.	Yale	U.S. Navy
Saunders, Bertram William	S.S.U. 65	2	Passaic, N.J.	Wesleyan	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Saunders, George	Vosges Det. & S.S.U. 8	7	New York City		Y.M.C.A.
Saunders, James Key	S.S.U. 8	11	New York City	Univ. of Missouri	1st Lt. U.S. Mach. Gun.
Saville, Bruce Wilder	T.M.U. 397	3	Boston, Mass.		U.S. Eng. C.
Savoy, John Arthur Guilmont	S.S.U. 68	3	Holyoke, Mass.	Amherst	U.S.A.A.S.
Sawhill, John McKnight	T.M.U. 526	3	Springfield, Mass.	Andover	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Sawyers, Francis Lazelle	T.M.U. 133	6	Centerville, Iowa	Princeton	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Sayer, Richard Sears, Jr.	S.S.U. 1	5	New York City		Lt. U.S.G.D.
Sayre, Harold Holden	S.S.U. 10	5	Calgary, Canada	Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Sayre, Howard Condit	S.S.U. 8	6	New York City	Princeton	A.R.C.
Sayre, Sydney Lombard	S.S.U. 19	5	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	U.S. Av.
Scannell, Robert Henry †	S.S.U. 13	3	Cambridge, Mass.	Princeton & M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S. Eng. C.
Schaaf, Oliver Haslap	S.S.U. 68	3	Indianapolis, Ind.	Amherst	U.S.A.A.S.
Scheetz, Francis Harley	T.M.U. 526	5	Norristown, Pa.	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Schelde, Lester Beach	S.S.U. 2	4	Hartford, Conn.	Yale	Phys. Dshld. in A.F.S.
Schenck, Horace Truesdell	S.S.U. 31	2	Union, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S.
Scherf, Chester William	S.S.U. 15	3	Baltimore, Md.		
Schloss, Malcolm Betram	S.S.U. 32	2	New York City	Coll. of City of N.Y.	U.S.A.A.S.
Schneider, Louis Burton	S.S.U. 31	3	Newark, N.J.	Harvard	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Schoen, Ernest Rudolf	S.S.U. 18	6	Atlanta, Ga.	Univ. of Va.	Capt. U.S. Av.
Schroder, Bernard Marie Paul †	S.S.U. 2	1 yr. 4 mos.	Neuilly-s-Seine, France	Northwestern	S/Lt. Fr. Av.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Schurmeier, Gustave Benjamin.	T.M.U. 133.	6 months	St. Paul, Minn.	Univ. of Minnesota.	U.S. Av.
Schwartz, Merton Henry.	T.M.U. 397.	3	Buffalo, N.Y.		
Schweimler, Carl Lewis.	S.S.U. 32.	2	W. Orange, N.J.	Cornell.	U.S.M.T.C.
Scotes, Donald.	T.M.U. 184.	4	Chicago, Ill.	Northwestern.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Scott, Edgar, Jr.	Hdts.	2	Lansdowne, Pa.	Groton School.	A.R.C.
Scott, John Passmore.	T.M.U. 184.	5	Sewickley, Pa.	Culver Mil.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Scott, Robert Wesley.	S.S.U. 72.	1	Dorchester, Mass.	M.I.T.	Sgt. U.S. Tank C.
Scribner, George Weed, Jr.	S.S.U. 26.	2	Cleveland, Ohio.	Deale Acad.	U.S.A.S.C.
Sculder, John Arnold.	T.M.U. 526.	6	Chicago, Ill.	Yale.	A.R.C.
Scully, Rees Townsend, Cdt. Adj.†.	T.M.U. 133.	6	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Princeton.	Civ. U.S. Av. — 2nd Lt. U.S. Eng.
Seabrook, William Bukler.	S.S.U. 8.	5	Atlanta, Ga.	Newberry Col., S.C.	
Searle, Stewart Augustus.	S.S.U. 33.	4	Minneapolis, Minn.	Yale.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Searles, Donald Wilbur.	T.M.U. 133.	5	Hollywood, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	A.R.C.
Seaver, Lloyd Badger.	S.S.U. 19.	4	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Cornell.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Secombe, Edward Nichols.	S.S.U. 2.	8	Derby, Conn.		U.S.A.A.S.
Seely, George Cheney.	T.M.U. 526.	3	Essex, Conn.	Yale.	1st Lt. U.S.A.C.
Selick, Harold Edwin.	T.M.U. 133.	4	Glen Ridge, N.J.		
Sellers, Dudley.	Hdts.	1	Toledo, Ohio.		S.C. Photo Laboratory
Senter, Selden Williams.	S.S.U. 10.	9	Dallas, Texas.	Ag. & Mec. of Tex.	Sgt. U.S. Tank C.
Seton, Henry.	S.S.U. 3-8.	6	Tuxedo Park, N.Y.	Harvard.	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Sewall, Loyall Farragut.	S.S.U. 4.	6	Bath, Me.	Bowdoin.	1st Lt. U.S. Inf. — Capt. U.S. Tank C.
Sewall, Sumner.	S.S.U. 8.	6	Bath, Me.	Harvard.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Sexton, Frederick Lester.	S.S.U. 14.	3	New Haven, Conn.	Yale.	U.S.A.A.S.
Seymour, James Boyd.	T.M.U. 397.	5	Sacramento, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Seymour, Harry William Davenport, S-Chief.	S.S.U. 17.	5	South Duxbury, Mass.	Harvard.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Seymour, McNeil Vernam, Jr.	T.M.U. 133.	6	St. Paul, Minn.	Princeton.	U.S.M.T.C.
Shaffer, Chester Norwood.	T.M.U. 397.	3	W. Somerville, Mass.	Dartmouth.	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Shainwald, Richard Herman.	T.M.U. 397.	4	San Francisco, Cal.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Sharpe, Alan Freer.	T.M.U. 526.	4	River Forest, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois.	U.S.M.T.C.
Shattuck, Maxwell Carleton.	S.S.U. 8.	6	Bristol, N.H.	Amherst.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Shaw, Alphus Edward.	S.S.U. 16.	4	Wilmington, Vt.	Harvard.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Shaw, Charles Allan.	S.S.U. 19.	2	Lynn, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Shaw, Edward Payson, 3rd.	S.S.U. 19.	3	Brookline, Mass.	Dart. & Boston Univ.	U.S.A.A.S.
Shaw, Ennnett Hamblin.	S.S.U. 26.	6	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard.	A.R.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Sheahan, Henry Beston	S.S.U. 2	1915-16	Topsfield, Mass.	Harvard	Corr. U.S.N.
Shelton, Allen Wellington	T.M.U. 397	1917	Brooklyn, N.Y.		
Shepard, Chester de Witt	T.M.U. 184	1917	Buffalo, N.Y.	Hamilton Coll.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Shepard, Elliott Fitch, Director Cent. Home.					
Shepard, Henry Wentworth	S.S.U. 30	1917	Chantilly, Oise	Yale	
Sherrerd, Henry Dyer Moore †	S.S.U. 2	1917	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	U.S. Sig. C.
Sherry, Alden Bradford	T.M.U. 526	1917	Haddonfield, N.J.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Shields, Paul	T.M.U. 133	1917	Troy, N.Y.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Shinn, Lyle Bennett	T.M.U. 184	1917	Dorchester, Mass.	Boston Univ.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Shipway, Leslie Scott	S.S.U. 14	1917	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Nebraska	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Shirley, Albert Arthur	S.S.U. 72	1917	Santa Cruz, Cal.	Leland Stanford	A.R.C.
Shirley, Thomas Edward	T.M.U. 184	1917	Schenectady, N.Y.	Purdue	U.S.A.A.S.
Shober, Samuel L. †	S.S.U. 26	1917	Manchester, N.H.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Shoninger, Clarence Bernard	S.S.U. 8	1916	Philadelphia, Pa.	Yale	S/Lt. Fr. Av.
Shoup, Oliver Harold, Jr.	S.S.U. 28	1917	New York City	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Shreve, Charles Upton, 3rd †	S.S.U. 4	1917	Colorado Springs, Colo.	Dartmouth	Corp. U.S.C.A.C.
Shumway, Howard Paine, Jr.	S.S.U. 9	1917	Detroit, Mich.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. San. C.
Sias, Richard Dean	T.M.U. 133	1917	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Nebraska	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Sibley, Hiram	S.S.U. 1	1915	Corona, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	Sgt. U.S. Eng. C.
Sibley, Hiram Ellis	T.M.U. 184	1917	South Bend, Ind.		Sgt. U.S. Eng. C.
Silver, Milton Gans	S.S.U. 65	1917	Gallipolis, Ohio	Marietta Coll.	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Simmons, Rouse	T.M.U. 184	1917	Clayton, N.J.	Univ. of Illinois	Asp. Obs. Fr. Av.
Simmons, Zalman Gilbert, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	1917	Portland, Oregon	Yale	Hotchkiss School
Simon, Horace Franklin	S.S.U. 66	1917	Kenosha, Wisc.	Princeton	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Simons, Raymond Samuel	S.S.U. 66	1917	New York City	Univ. of Illinois	U.S.A.A.S.
Sinclair, Gilbert Stewart	S.S.U. 12-3	1917	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Minn. & Lehigh	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Singer, Leon Frederick	T.M.U. 397	1917	Minneapolis, Minn.	Univ. of Penn.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Sisson, Walter Coffin, Cdt. Adjt. †	T.M.U. 397	1917	Great Falls, Montana	Dartmouth	Capt. U.S.M.T.C.
Skechens, Charles Thomas	S.S.U. 13	1917	Potsdam, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S.
Skelton, Leland Rice	S.S.U. 10	1917	Lake Forest, Ill.		2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Skene, Donald Alexander	S.S.U. 29	1917	Palo Alto, Cal.	Leland Stanford	U.S. Marines
Slater, Ellis Dwinell	S.S.U. 69	1917	Portland, Oregon	Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
Slidell, William Joseph, Cdt. Adjt. †	S.S.U. 18	1917	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Mich.	1st Lt. U.S.G.S.D.
Sloan, David William, Jr.	S.S.U. 27	1917	Territet, Switzerland	Princeton	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Sloan, Frank Henry	S.S.U. 70	1917	Cumberland, Md.	Princeton	U.S. Nav. Av.
		1917	San Francisco, Cal.	Leland Stanford	

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Small, Lawrence Allen	T.M.U. 397	1917	Chicago, Ill.		U.S.M.T.C.
Smith, Atherton Howard	S.S.U. 13	1917	Stoughton, Mass.		Sgt. U.S. Eng. C.
Smith, Cedric Ellsworth	S.S.U. 68	1917	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Williams	U.S. Tank C.
Smith, Douglas Musser	T.M.U. 397	1917	Williamsport, Pa.	Univ. of Penn.	A.R.C.
Smith, Eugene McMechen	T.M.U. 526	1917	Wheeling, W.Va.		U.S. Nav. Av.
Smith, Frank Russell	S.S.U. 29	1917	Norwich, Conn.	Brown	U.S.A.A.S.
Smith, Fred Philip	S.S.U. 65	1917	Philadelphia, Pa.	Penn. State	U.S.A.A.S.
Smith, George Burton	S.S.U. 72	1917	Detroit, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Smith, Hawley Lester	S.S.U. 65	1917	Clifton, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Smith, Jack Bass	S.S.U. 26	1917	Birmingham, Ala.	Univ. of Penn.	Lt. U.S.A.S.
Smith, James Hopkins	S.S.U. 3	1916	New York City	Harvard	Ens. U.S. Navy
Smith, John Masson, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 68	1917	Grinnell, Iowa	Univ. of Indiana	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Smith, Julian Tuzeau	S.S.U. 8	1917	Warwick, N.Y.		Y.M.C.A.
Smith, Lorrain Gould	S.S.U. 4	1917	Miami, Fla.	Univ. Lake Fo. Ill.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Smith, Norman, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 8	1917	Los Angeles, Cal.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Smith, Norman Sterling	S.S.U. 65	1917	Oak Park, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Smith, Philip Durant H.	S.S.U. 2	1915	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Smith, Rae Habersham	S.S.U. 2	1916-17	Winnetka, Ill.		2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Smith, Robert Buchanan	S.S.U. 17	1917	Wheeling, W.Va.		
Smith, Thomas John	S.S.U. 2	1915	Chicago, Ill.		
Smith, Walker	S.S.U. 19	1917	Minneapolis, Minn.	Cornell	Y.M.C.A.
Smith, Wallace Fearnside	T.M.U. 526	1917	West Roxbury, Mass.		
Smith, William Palmer, Jr.	S.S.U. 72	1917	Netherwood, N.J.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt.
Smyth, Robert Lacy	T.M.U. 133	1917	Berkeley, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	U.S.F.A.
Snook, Walter Bonnard	S.S.U. 14	1917	Berkeley, Cal.		S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Snow, Kitchell	S.S.U. 13	1917	Boston, Mass.	Leland Stanford	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Sodersten, Herbert Raymond	S.S.U. 64	1917	New Haven, Conn.	Yale	
Solis-Cohen, Francis Nathan	S.S.U. 9	1916	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Penn.	U.S.A.A.S.
Sortwell, Edward C. (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 8-3	1916	Wiscasset, Me.	Harvard	A.R.C.
Souther, Joseph William	S.S.U. 13	1917	Brooklyn, N.Y.		U.S. Inf.
Space, Victor Applegate	S.S.U. 71	1917	Brattleboro, Vt.		U.S.A.A.S.
Spalding, James F.	S.S.U. 32	1917	Toledo, Ohio		1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Sparks, Wiley Stewart	T.M.U. 526	1917	Newark, N.J.	Rensselaer Poly	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Spaulding, Frederick Norris	T.M.U. 184	1917	Manchester, N.H.	Dartmouth	U.S.F.A.
Spaulding, George Frederick	S.S.U. 1	1915-16	Harper, Cal.	Univ. of Arizona	2nd Lt. R.A.F.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Spaulding, John Silvester.....	T.M.U. 526.....	6 months	New York City.....	Cornell.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Spaulding, Way.....	S.S.U. 71.....	"	Haverhill, Mass.....	Middlesex School.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Speers, Roland Root, Cdt. Adjt.....	S.S.U. 14-71.....	8	Santa Monica, Cal.....	Leland Stanford.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Spencer, Daniel Young.....	S.S.U. 70.....	2	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	Univ. of Utah.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Spencer, Frederick Lionel.....	S.S.U. 65.....	4	Highland Park, Ill.....	U.S. Nav. Av.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Spencer, Harold Eldredge.....	S.S.U. 72.....	1	Tarrytown, N.Y.....	Columbia.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Spencer, Richard Grenville.....	S.S.U. 13.....	4	S. Natick, Mass.....	Harvard.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Sponagle, James M., Cdt. Adjt. †	S.S.U. 1-65.....	2 yrs. 10 mos.			
			1915-16-17. Gloucester, Mass.....		1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Sprague, Arthur Colby.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3 months	York Village, Me.....	Harvard.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Sprague, Philip Tripp.....	S.S.U. 8.....	3	Lockport, Ill.....	Beloit.....	U.S.A.A.S. — 2nd Lt. Chem. Service
Sproul, Walton Dyer.....	S.S.U. 71.....	2	Hanover, Mass.....	Mass. Agric.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Spurr, Gregory Waterman.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6	Sparkill, N.Y.....	Yale.....	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Squibb, Paul.....	S.S.U. 36.....	5	Bernardsville, N.J.....	Harvard.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Squire, Roger Wolcott.....	T.M.U. 526.....	4	Meriden, Conn.....	Yale.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Stackhouse, Howard Gibson.....	T.M.U. 184.....	4	Utica, N.Y.....	Hamilton Coll.....	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Stafford, James Bluetie, Jr.....	T.M.U. 537.....	2	Buffalo, N.Y.....		
Standing, Alec George.....	S.S.U. 32.....	3	White Plains, N.Y.....	Columbia.....	Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
Stanley, Edward Norman.....	S.S.U. 67.....	5	Chicago, Ill.....	Yale.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Stanley, Everett Luscomb.....	S.S.U. 12.....	6	E. Milton, Mass.....	Bowdoin.....	Lt. U.S. Intell.
Stanton, Ernest Newman.....	S.S.U. 4.....	8	Grosse Ile, Mich.....	Cornell.....	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Stark, Clay Hamilton.....	T.M.U. 133.....	2	Louisiana, Mo.....	Univ. of Mo. & Wash. & Lee.....	Y.M.C.A.
Starr, Charles Bowman.....	T.M.U. 537.....	3	Sewickley, Pa.....	Cornell.....	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Starrett, Ralph Ward.....	S.S.U. 69.....	4	Montclair, N.J.....	Univ. of Mich.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Stauffer, Jack Harned.....	S.S.U. 12.....	1	Johnstown, Pa.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Stearns, Lester Orville.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3	Dunkirk, N.Y.....	Univ. of Mich.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Stearns, Timothy Raymond.....	S.S.U. 68.....	3	Rumford, Me.....	Bowdoin Coll.....	U.S. Nav. Av.
Stebbins, Roland William, Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 1.....	4	Williamstown, Mass.....	Harvard.....	U.S.F.A.
Steele, Theodore Schurmeier.....	S.S.U. 72.....	1	New York City.....	Pawling School.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Steers, James Rich, Jr.....	S.S.U. 20.....	5	New York City.....	Princeton.....	U.S.F.A.
Stevens, Charles Phelps, Jr.....	S.S.U. 68.....	3	New Haven, Conn.....		Corp. U.S.A.A.S.
<i>Stevens, Denton Jacques.....</i>	S.S.U. 18.....	2	New York City.....		
Stevens, Murray Lester.....	T.M.U. 526.....	3	Franklin, N.H.....		U.S.M.T.C.
Stevens, William Borden.....	S.S.U. 65.....	4	Newport, R.I.....	Harvard.....	U.S. Med. C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Stevenson, Richard Dill †	S.S.U. 26	6 months	Chicago, Ill.	Yale	U.S.F.A.
Stevenson, William Yorke, Cdt. Adj. †	S.S.U. 1	1 yr. 4 mos.	1916-17. Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Penn.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Stewart, Donald Wilson	T.M.U. 133	6 months	Chicago, Ill.	Wash. Univ.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Stewart, Gordon	S.S.U. 18	6 "	Brookline, Mass.	M.I.T.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Stewart, Theodore Felt	S.S.U. 18	6 "	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.M.T.C.
Stinson, Robert	T.M.U. 133	6 "	Norristown, Pa.	Wenonah Mill.	A.R.C. — Civ. Av.
Stires, Ernest van Rensselaer	S.S.U. 65	4 "	1917. New York City	Harvard	U.S.F.A.
Stockwell, Roy †	S.S.U. 1	1 yr.	1916-17. Lawrence, Kansas	Univ. of Kansas	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Stoelzing, Ralph Wallace	S.S.U. 66	4 months	Pittsburgh, Penn.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Stone, Gerald Starr	T.M.U. 26	3 "	Spencer, Mass.	Dartmouth	Corp. Fr. Av.
Stone, Roger Pomeroy	S.S.U. 28	6 "	Providence, R.I.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Storer, Edward Stephen	T.M.U. 397	4 "	Glen Cove, L.I., N.Y.	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Storrs, John Whitmore	T.M.U. 26	6 "	Hartford, Conn.	Dartmouth	A.R.C.
Stoughton, Philip Van Everen	T.M.U. 526	6 "	New York City	Univ. of Wisc.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Stout, Richard Harding †	S.S.U. 1	7 "	Indianapolis, Ind.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Strater, Edward La Nauze	S.S.U. 1	5 "	Louisville, Ky.	Dartmouth	U.S. Av.
Street, Albert Burton	T.M.U. 184	5 "	East Haven, Conn.	Leland Stanford	U.S. Av.
Strobel, Carolus Edward	S.S.U. 70	4 "	Oakland, Cal.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Strong, Benjamin, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	6 "	New York City	Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
Strong, Edmund Hutchinson	S.S.U. 4	2 "	Chicago, Ill.	Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S. †
Strong, Otis Ivan	S.S.U. 14-10	9 "	Alberta, Canada	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.C.
Strubing, John Kelly, Jr.	S.S.U. 28	5 "	Philadelphia, Pa.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.C.
Struby, George Berger, Cdt. Adj. †	S.S.U. 2 & T.M.U. 397	1 yr. 6 mos.	Denver, Colo.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Stuart, Joseph Francis Edward	S.S.U. 30	5 months	Newton, Mass.	Harvard	F.A.C.O.T.S.
Stuart, Kimberly, Cdt. Adj. †	S.S.U. 4-10	1 yr.	1916-17. Neenah, Wisc.	M.I.T.	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Sude, Louis Sherman	T.M.U. 184	4 months	Houston, Texas	Cornell	U.S.M.T.C.
Surdy, Herbert Knapp, Jr.	T.M.U. 397	3 "	New York City	Brown	A.R.C.
Sturges, George	S.S.U. 9	6 "	Chicago, Ill.	Yale	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Sturges, Eugene King	T.M.U. 133	4 "	Portland, Ore.	Univ. of California	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Stuckey, Henry E. M., Cdt. Adj. † (killed as volunteer)	S.S.U. 3-10	2 yrs. 1 m.	1915-16-17. Rhinebeck, N.Y.	Harvard	
Sudbury, Daniel H.	S.S.U. 2	3 months	1916. New York City	Amherst	Asp. Fr. Art.
Sullivan, Edward Joseph	S.S.U. 64	5 "	Fall River, Mass.	Harvard & Yale	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Sullivan, Eugene Leo	S.S.U. 8	4 "	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Holy Cross	Capt. U.S. Av.



ROLAND R. SPEERS, S.S.U. 71



WILLIAM E. WESTBROOK
S.S.U. 72



EDWARD I. TINKHAM, T.M.U. 526
Died in service



FREDERICK J. DALY, T.M.U. 526



HORTON P. KENNEDY, T.M.U. 526



PAUL F. CADMAN, T.M.U. 133

SECTION LEADERS

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Sullivan, Noel	S.S.U. 65	1 month	San Francisco, Cal.	Un. of Santa Clara	U.S.A.A.S.
Swain, Earl Francis	S.S.U. 65	"	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Swan, William Dennison, Jr.†	S.S.U. 10	"	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Swasey, John Moriarty	S.S.U. 71	"	Brookline, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Swigart, John, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	"	Toledo, Ohio	Dartmouth	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Sykes, Robert William	S.S.U. 4	"	Brooklyn, N.Y.		
Symonds, Brandreth, Jr.	S.S.U. 19	"	New York City	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
<i>Taber, Arthur Richmond</i>	S.S.U. 4	"	New York City	Princeton	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Taber, Leslie Ray	S.S.U. 4	"	Auburn, N.Y.	Syracuse & Brown	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
<i>Tabler, Kramer Cora</i>	T.M.U. 184	"	Parkersburg, W.Va	Marietta Coll.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Talbot, George Foster	S.S.U. 9	"	Falmouth, Me.	Harvard	Lt. U.S. Navy
Talbot, Melvin Frank	S.S.U. 3	"	Portland, Me.	Harvard	Lt. U.S. Navy
Tallafiero, Albert Pendleton, Jr.	S.S.U. 19	"	New York City	Cornell	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Tallmadge, Chester Livingstone, Jr.	S.S.U. 65	"	Momence, Ill.	Univ. of Illinois	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Talmage, Frank Mathias	T.M.U. 526	"	Andover, Mass.	Andover	2nd Lt. U.S.Q.M.C.
Tapley, Russell William†	S.S.U. 1	"	Springfield, Mass.	Lawrenceville School	U.S. Av.
Tapley, William Thorpe	T.M.U. 397	"	Revere, Mass.	New Hampshire Coll.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Tarpley, Donald Greene	T.M.U. 526	"	Portland, Ore.	M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S. Eng.
Tarrant, Thomas Richard	T.M.U. 526	"	Boston, Mass.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Tatem, Joseph Moore	T.M.U. 133	"	Haddonfield, N.J.	Williams	U.S. Navy
Taylor, Edward Hanlin	T.M.U. 184	"	Hyde Park, Mass.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Taylor, Frank John	S.S.U. 10	"	Los Angeles, Cal.	Leland Stanford	Correspondent att. U.S. Army
Taylor, James Irwin	S.S.U. 8	"	York, Pa.	Princeton	Chf. Q.M. U.S. Nav. Av.
Taylor, James Spear	S.S.U. 3	"	Rochester, N.Y.	Harvard	Emerg. Fleet Const.
Taylor, John Charles†	S.S.U. 2	"	New York City	Fordham	U.S.N.R.F.
Taylor, Joseph Matthew	S.S.U. 1	"	New York City	Fordham	Sgt. U.S.F.A.
Taylor, Rainey Startup	T.M.U. 133	"	Middletown, Conn.	Princeton	U.S.M.T.C.
Taylor, Ralph G.	T.M.U. 133	"	Columbia, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	U.S.M.T.C.
Taylor, Warren Earl	T.M.U. 184	"	Buffalo, N.Y.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Taylor, Wilberforce	S.S.U. 16	"	Hubbard Woods, Ill.	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
<i>Taylor, William Henry, Jr.</i>	T.M.U. 526	"	New York City	Andover	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Tedford, John Howard	T.M.U. 133	"	Peabody, Mass.		U.S. Av.
Tedford, Malcolm Edward	S.S.U. 70	"	Santa Ana, Cal.	Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Telf, Lionel Victor	S.S.U. 3	"	Peoria, Ill.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Temple, Richard	T.M.U. 526	5 months	1917..... Boston, Mass.	Harvard	Asp. Fr. Art.
Tenney, Luman Harris	S.S.U. 12-3	"	1917..... Ada, Minn.	Oberlin	2nd Lt. U.S.C.A.
Terry, Arthur, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	"	1917..... Short Hills, N.J.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Thatcher, George Atherton, Jr.	S.S.U. 12	"	1917..... Brockton, Mass.	R.I. St. Coll.	U.S.A.A.S.
Thayer, George Alexander, 3rd	T.M.U. 133	"	1917..... New York City	Harvard	U.S.M.T.C.
Thayer, Lucius Edisworth	S.S.U. 68	"	1917..... Portsmouth, N.H.	Amherst	U.S.N.R.
Thieme, Frederick John, Jr.	S.S.U. 69	"	1917..... Fort Wayne, Ind.	Univ. of Mich.	U.S. Eng.
Thomas, Aubrey Lee	S.S.U. 8-13	"	1916-17..... Washington, D.C.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Thomas, Carl Packard	S.S.U. 16	"	1917..... Brockton, Mass.	"	U.S.F.A.
Thomas, Gerald Eugene	T.M.U. 133	"	1917..... Paris, France	"	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Thomas, Josiah Barrows	S.S.U. 9	"	1917..... Peabody, Mass.	Worcester Academy	A.R.C.
Thomas, Moyer Delwyn	S.S.U. 4	1 yr.	1916-17..... Salt Lake City	Univ. of Utah	U.S. Nav. Av.
Thompson, Alan McEwen	S.S.U. 66	3 months	1917..... New York City	"	"
Thompson, Alfred Ross	S.S.U. 69	"	1917..... Rensselaer, Ind.	Univ. of Michigan	"
Thompson, Henry Burling, Jr. †	T.M.U. 133	"	1917..... Greenville, Del.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Thompson, James Livingston, Cdt. Adit. †	S.S.U. 13-65	"	1917..... Indianapolis, Ind.	Wesleyan	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Thompson, Leland Stanford, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 69	"	1917..... Toledo, Ohio	Univ. of Michigan	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Thompson, Vivian C. Neville	T.M.U. 133	"	1917..... Dorchester, Mass.	Princeton	U.S.M.T.C.
Thorington, Richard Wainwright	S.S.U. 27	"	1917..... Philadelphia, Pa.	"	S.A.T.C.
Tilton, Elmer Harrington	T.M.U. 184	"	1917..... Laconia, N.H.	"	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Tinson, Louis Earle	S.S.U. 13	"	1917..... Lynn, Mass.	"	U.S.A.A.S.
Tinkham, Clifford Mitchell	T.M.U. 397	"	1917..... Upper Montclair, N.J.	Princeton	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
<i>Tinkham, Edward Ilsey</i> , Cdt. Adit. †	S.S.U. 3-4 & T.M.U. 526	1 yr. 1 m.	1916 & 17..... Upper Montclair, N.J.	Cornell	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
Tison, Paul	S.S.U. 3-1 & T.M.U. 526	1 yr.	1916 & 17..... New York City	Harvard	A.R.C. — Civ. U.S. Av.
Todd, James Fuller	S.S.U. 3	5 months	1917..... Plymouth, Pa.	Oberlin Coll.	U.S.F.A.
Toland, Owen Jones	T.M.U. 133	"	1917..... Wynnewood, Pa.	Princeton	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Toms, Robert Cardell, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 4	"	1916..... Marion, Iowa	Ames-Iowa	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Tonkin, George Edward	T.M.U. 133	"	1917..... Newark, N.J.	"	U.S. Inf.
Toole, Wallace Franklin	S.S.U. 15	"	1917..... Holyoke, Mass.	Peckskill Mil.	U.S.Q.M.C.
Topping, Allen Stewart	T.M.U. 526	"	1917..... Greenwich, Conn.	"	R.A.F.
Torbensen, Allan Porter	T.M.U. 397	"	1917..... Cleveland, Ohio	"	Corp. U.S.M.T.C.
Tout, Alfred Russell	S.S.U. 28	"	1917..... Winchendon, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Towle, William Clark	S.S.U. 70	"	1917..... New York City	"	S/Lt. Ft. Art.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Townsend, Bruce Ogden.....	S.S.U. 32.....	4 months	1917.....	Trumansburg, N.Y.....	Union Univ.....2nd Lt. U.S.Sig.R.C.
Townsend, Edward Davis †.....	S.S.U. 1.....	2 yrs. 4 mos.	1915-16 & 1916-17.....	New York City.....	Princeton.....Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Townsend, Herbert Pell, Cdt. Adjt.....	S.S.U. 1.....	1 yr. 10 mos.	1915-16.....	New York City.....	Princeton.....Capt. U.S.A.A.S.
Townsend, William Silvester.....	T.M.U. 184.....	4 months	1917.....	Charlestown, Mass.....	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Toy, Channing Rust.....	S.S.U. 1.....	4 "	1916.....	New York City.....	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Tracy, B. Hammond, Jr.....	S.S.U. 8-3.....	9 "	1917.....	Wenham, Mass.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Trask, Everett.....	S.S.U. 71.....	2 "	1917.....	Newburyport, Mass.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Travis, Joseph William.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4 "	1917.....	Tarkio, Mo.....	Univ. of Missouri 1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Tremblay, Bertrand Evarick.....	S.S.U. 66.....	4 "	1917.....	Manchester, N.H.....	Brown.....1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Trotter, Spencer Lee.....	S.S.U. 8.....	3 "	1917.....	Cheyney, Pa.....	Princeton.....U.S.M.T.C.
Trowbridge, George Augustus.....	S.S.U. 29.....	5 "	1917.....	Princeton, N.J.....	Princeton.....
Trowbridge, Henry.....	T.M.U. 133.....	4 "	1917.....	New Haven, Conn.....	Cadet U.S. Av.
Tubbs, Austin Tallant.....	T.M.U. 397.....	3 "	1917.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Tuck, Carlton Webster.....	T.M.U. 133 & 397.....	5 "	1917.....	Greenwich, Conn.....	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Tucker, Murray Eaton.....	S.S.U. 14.....	6 "	1917.....	Denison, Texas.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Tufel, John Frank.....	S.S.U. 67.....	3 "	1917.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	Princeton.....U.S.A.A.S.
Turnbull, Daniel Gale.....	S.S.U. 66.....	3 "	1917.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	Pratt Inst.....Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Turnbull, Thomas, 3rd.....	S.S.U. 4.....	4 "	1917.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Cornell.....U.S.A.A.S.
Turrill, Edward Bartlett.....	T.M.U. 397.....	5 "	1917.....	Detroit, Mich.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Tusler, Henry Scott.....	T.M.U. 397.....	4 "	1917.....	Seattle, Wash.....	St. John's Mil.....
Tuteln, Chester Robinson.....	T.M.U. 526.....	5 "	1917.....	Winchester, Mass.....	M.I.T.....2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Twitchell, Roger Thayer.....	S.S.U. 4.....	9 "	1916-17.....	Dorchester, Mass.....	Harvard.....2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Tyson, Stuart Mitchell Stephen.....	S.S.U. 1.....	6 "	1916-17.....	Haverford, Pa.....	Sgt. Fr. Av.
Tyler, Charles Herman.....	S.S.U. 2.....	4 "	1915-16.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Cav.
Underhill, John Griffen.....	S.S.U. 1.....	5 "	1916.....	Oswego, N.Y.....	Williams.....1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Upton, Edward Russell.....	S.S.U. 69.....	4 "	1917.....	Mansfield, Ohio.....	Princeton.....
Urban, Raymond George.....	T.M.U. 184.....	4 "	1917.....	Buffalo, N.Y.....	Union Coll.....2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Valentine, Alastair Ian Grant.....	S.S.U. 32.....	4 "	1917.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Cornell.....Asp. Fr. Art.
Van Alstyne, David, Jr., Sous-Chef †.....	S.S.U. 15.....	7 "	1917.....	New York City.....	Williams.....1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Van Ansdall, Norman William.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5 "	1917.....	Oxford, Ohio.....	Miami.....Cadet U.S. Av.
Van Buren, James Henry.....	T.M.U. 184.....	2 "	1917.....	Niagara Falls, N.Y.....	Princeton.....1st Lt. U.S.G.S.D.
Vance, Robert Cummings.....	S.S.U. 14.....	3 "	1917.....	New Britain, Conn.....	Yale.....Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Van Cleve, John Reynolds.....	S.S.U. 29.....	5 "	1917.....	Eric, Pa.....	Princeton.....A.R.C. — U.S.C.A.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Vanderlin, Carl Joe.....	S.S.U. 67.....	3 months	Williamsport, Pa.....	Princeton.....	U.S.A.A.S. — Sgt. U.S. Tank C.
Van Dorn, William E.....	S.S.U. 2.....	4 "	Chicago, Ill.....	Wabash.....	Sgt. U.S. Av.
Van Ingen, John.....	T.M.U. 184.....	5 "	Rahway, N.J.....	Hobart Coll.....	
Van Santvoord, George.....	S.S.U. 8.....	6 "	Troy, N.Y.....	Yale.....	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Van Zandt, John Parker.....	T.M.U. 133.....	3 "	San Diego, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Varnum, Richard Blynn.....	S.S.U. 3.....	8 "	Jerome, Idaho.....	Harvard.....	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Vaughan, Newell.....	T.M.U. 526.....	6 "	Brookline, Mass.....	Noble & Greenough Sch.....	
Vaughan, Reginald Bowman.....	Hdqts.....	7 "	London, England.....	Cambridge.....	Sgt. U.S.C.A.C.
Verrill, Richard.....	S.S.U. 26.....	6 "	Portland, Me.....	Portland, Me.....	British Army
Verrill, Robinson.....	S.S.U. 3.....	5 "	Portland, Me.....	Yale.....	Sgt. U.S.C.A.C.
Vickers, John Harold.....	S.S.U. 32.....	4 "	New York City.....	Cornell.....	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Vories, Harry Fearn, Jr.....	S.S.U. 72.....	1 "	Chicago, Ill.....	Univ. of Chicago.....	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Vosburg, Keith, Cdt. Adjt.....	S.S.U. 15-32.....	8 "	Azusa, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal. & Oxf.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Wagner, Thomas Hall, Jr.....	S.S.U. 65.....	4 "	St. Louis, Mo.....	Wash. Univ.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Wainwright, Neal.....	S.S.U. 9.....	5 "	Concord, Mass.....	Harvard.....	Ens. U.S. Nav. Av.
Wait, Luther Ashton.....	T.M.U. 526.....	2 "	Hudson Falls, N.Y.....	Cornell.....	U.S.F.A.
Wait, Newman Edward.....	T.M.U. 526.....	1 "	Hudson Falls, N.Y.....		
Wakem, Francis John, Cdt. Adjt.....	T.M.U. 133.....	5 "	Bayside, L.I., N.Y.....	Yale.....	U.S.M.T.C.
Walden, Donald Morgan †.....	S.S.U. 2.....	10 "	Brooklyn, N.Y.....		2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Walker, Croom Ware, Jr., Cdt. Adjt. †.....	S.S.U. 12-68.....	9 "	Chicago, Ill.....	Univ. of Va.....	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Walker, J. Marquand, Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 2-3.....	2 yrs.	Lakewood, N.J.....	Harvard.....	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Walker, John Tempest, Jr., Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 29.....	4 months	Chicago, Ill.....	Brown.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Walker, Joseph Timothy, Jr.....	T.M.U. 133.....	6 "	Concord, N.H.....	Yale.....	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Walker, Samuel Sloan.....	S.S.U. 1.....	5 "	Garrison on Hud., N.Y.....	Yale.....	Lt. (Sr. Gr.) U.S. Nav. Av.
Walker, William Henry Clowes †.....	S.S.U. 2.....	1 yr. 4 mos.			
Wallace, Frederick Ellwood, Sous-Chef.....	S.S.U. 33.....	1915-16 & 1916-17.....	Hingham, Mass.....		Canadian Art.
Wallace, Henry Ashley.....	S.S.U. 70.....	2 months	Lynn, Mass.....		1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Wallace, Morris Titus.....	S.S.U. 66.....	2 "	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	Univ. of Utah.....	U.S.A.A.S.
Wallace, Robert Alexander, Jr.....	S.S.U. 71.....	3 "	Oak Park, Ill.....	Beloit Coll.....	U.S. Av.
Wallace, William Henry, Jr., Cdt. Adjt. †.....	S.S.U. 4-28.....	1 yr. 1 m.	Buffalo, N.Y.....		U.S.A.A.S.
Wallace, William Noble.....	S.S.U. 1.....	5 months	New York City.....	Columbia.....	Capt. U.S. Sig. C.
			Indianapolis, Ind.....	Yale.....	1st Lt. U.S. M.C.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Wallower, Herbert Hoover	T.M.U. 526	4 months	Webb City, Mo.	Princeton & Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Eng. A.R.C.
Walsh, Lloyd Edward	S.S.U. 68	3	Amherst, Mass.		
Walworth, Joseph	S.S.U. 72	2	Lawrence, Mass.		
Wanamaker, Percy Weston	S.S.U. 27	6	Melrose Highlands, Mass.	Andover	U.S.C.A.C.
Ward, Galbraith	Vosges Det.	6	New York City	Princeton	Sgt. U.S. Inf.
Wardner (de) Max	Hdqts.	3	Paris, France		
Ware, Edward Newell, Jr.	S.S.U. 13	5	Chicago, Ill.	Northwestern	U.S.A.A.S.
Ware, Gordon, Cdt. Adjt.	S.S.U. 10-33	1 yr.	Framingham Centre, Mass.		
Ware, Richard Cunningham	S.S.U. 4	10 months	Milton, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Warner, Goodwin, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 184-133	5	Jamaica Plain, Mass.	Harvard	Capt. U.S.F.A.
Warren, Hamilton Martin	T.M.U. 133	6	New York City	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.Q.M.C.
Warren, Henry Blodgett	S.S.U. 70	2	Los Angeles, Cal.	Leland Stanford	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Warren, Lansing	S.S.U. 70	2	Los Angeles, Cal.	Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.
Wass, William Ethelbert	S.S.U. 2	6	Brunswick, Me.		Sgt. Fr. Av.
Waters, Henry Goodman	S.S.U. 68	3	Springfield, Mass.	Yale	
Watkins, Charles Law	S.S.U. 3-8	6	New York City	Yale	Asp. Fr. Art.
Watkins, Charles Rives	T.M.U. 133	6	St. Louis, Mo.	Wash. Univ.	U.S.M.T.C.
Watkins, John Brownson	S.S.U. 15	5	Kankakee, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	U.S. Med. C.
Watson, Arthur Chase	T.M.U. 184	6	New Bedford, Mass.	Harvard	
Watson, Paul Barron, Jr.	S.S.U. 3	3	Milton, Mass.	Harvard	
Watts, Lawson Moore	T.M.U. 397	5	St. Louis, Mo.	Wash. Univ.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.
Webb, Harry Howard, Jr.	T.M.U. 133	5	New York City	Va. Mil. Inst.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Weber, Jonathan	S.S.U. 31	3	Parkston, S.Dak.	Beloit Coll.	U.S.A.A.S.
Webster, Herman A., Cdt. Adjt. †	Hdqts.-S.S.U. 2	1 yr. 4 mos.	Paris, France	Yale	Major San. C. U.S.A.A.S.
Weeden, Benjamin Dunham	S.S.U. 71	2	Alliston, Mass.	Cornell	U.S.A.A.S.
Weeks, Edward Augustus, Jr.	S.S.U. 71	1	Elizabeth, N.J.	Williams	U.S.A.A.S.
Weeks, Francis Darling †	S.S.U. 15	7	Dorchester, Mass.		
Weeks, Joseph Seelye	T.M.U. 133	4	Dorchester, Mass.		
Weeks, Raymond	Hdqts.	6	New York City	Harvard & Univ. of Paris	
Weir, William John	S.S.U. 8	6	Worcester, Mass.	Worcester Poly.	Major U.S. Eng.
Weld, Joseph Garneau	S.S.U. 1	9	New York City	Newman Sch.	U.S.A.A.S.
Welker, Paul Beck	S.S.U. 16	9	Cleveland, Ohio	Western Reserve	U.S.M.C.
Weller, Henry Seymour	S.S.U. 70	2	Milwaukee, Wisc.	Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Weller, John Cyrus	S.S.U. 9	5 months	Eagle Pass, Tex.	Univ. of the South	Major U.S.M.T.C.
Wells, Bennett	T.M.U. 526	6 "	Medford, Mass.	Harvard	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Wells, Hoyne, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 397	5 "	Chicago, Ill.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Wells, Joseph Kleiber	S.S.U. 70	3 "	Brownsville, Tex.	Univ. of Va.	1st Lt. U.S. Ord. C.
Wells, Newell Woolsey, Jr.	S.S.U. 28	4 "	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Newman Sch.	2nd Lt. U.S. San. C.
Wells, Robert Carlton	S.S.U. 70	4 "	Brownsville, Tex.	Western Reserve	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Wells, Wallace Nathan	S.S.U. 9	5 "	Cleveland, Ohio	Univ. of Illinois	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Welty, Duncan Oliphant, Jr.	T.M.U. 526	4 "	Chicago, Ill.		
Wendell, Frank Thaxter, Jr.	S.S.U. 30	5 "	Boston, Mass.		U.S. Shipping Bd.
Werlemann, Henri	S.S.U. 8	4 "	Brooklyn, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S.
Wesley, Kenneth Charles	S.S.U. 69	4 "	Adrian, Mich.	Univ. of Michigan	Asp. Fr. Art.
Wesson, David Moore	S.S.U. 70	4 "	Montclair, N.J.	Princeton	Asp. Fr. Art.
Westbrook, William Egert, Cdt. Adjt.	T.M.U. 526 & S.S.U. 72	6 "	Ogdensburg, N.Y.	Hobart	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Westcott, John Howell, Jr.	S.S.U. 9	6 "	Princeton, N.J.	Princeton	U.S. Inf.
Westfall, Paul Calvin	T.M.U. 184	5 "	Carthage, Ill.	Marietta Coll.	U.S.M.T.C.
Westwood, Richard Wilbur †	S.S.U. 64	4 "	Newton, Mass.	Columbia	U.S.A.A.S.
Wethey, Francis van Vechton	T.M.U. 184	5 "	Hanover, N.H.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Wharton, Henry, Jr.	S.S.U. 16	6 "	Chestnut Hill, Pa.	Harvard	Corp. U.S.F.A.
Wheeler, Arthur Livingston	S.S.U. 69	3 "	New York City	Columbia	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Wheeler, Berkeley, Cdt. Adjt. †	S.S.U. 2-27	1 yr. 1 m.	Concord, Mass.		
Wheeler, Roger	S.S.U. 64	4 months	Newtonville, Mass.	Columbia	U.S.A.A.S.
Wheeler, Sidney Sea	T.M.U. 397	4 "	Allston, Mass.		U.S.M.T.C.
Wheeler, Walter Heber †	S.S.U. 3	6 "	Yonkers, N.Y.	Harvard	U.S. Navy
Whidden, Harold Elvin	T.M.U. 184	5 "	Belmont, Mass.		U.S.N.R.F.
Whipp, Harold Burton	S.S.U. 13	6 "	Fall River, Mass.	Andover	1st Lt. R.O.T.C.
Whipple, Clarence Leland, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	5 "	Brookline, Mass.	Yale	O.T.C.
Whitbeck, Sherman Almon	S.S.U. 72	1 "	Chamberlain, S.D.	Univ. of Penn.	U.S.A.A.S.
Whitcomb, John Leonard	T.M.U. 526	6 "	Arlington, Mass.	Amherst	Cadet R.A.F.
White, Bradford Childs	S.S.U. 31	4 "	Fairhaven, Mass.	Powder Point Sch.	Y.M.C.A.
White, Donald Sherman	S.S.U. 26	6 "	Indianapolis, Ind.	Bradford & Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
White, James Mayne, Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 1	6 "	New York City	M.I.T.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S. — Capt. Gas Corps
White, Joris MacDonald	S.S.U. 4	6 "	Basking Ridge, N.J.	M.I.T.	Brit. Royal Engineers
White, Joseph Spencer	S.S.U. 4	3 "	Medford, Mass.	Tufts	U.S.A.A.S.
White, Kenneth Taylor	S.S.U. 4	10 "	Grosse Ile, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	1st Lt. U.S.F.A.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
White, Valmah Sherman	T.M.U. 3974 months	Elkader, Iowa	Univ. of Iowa & Minnesota	U.S.M.T.C. — Corp. U.S. Inf.
White, Victor G., Sous-Chef †	S.S.U. 11 yr. 8 mos.	New York City	Cornell	1st Lt. Chem. Service
White, Walter	S.S.U. 49 months	Brookline, Mass.	Princeton	Ensign U.S. Nav. Av.
White, William Wallace	T.M.U. 526 & S.S.U. 655	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Ill.	
Whiting, John L.	T.M.U. 3974	East Aurora, N.Y.		U.S.M.T.C.
Whiting, Lloyd Morris	T.M.U. 1844	Buffalo, N.Y.		U.S.M.T.C.
Whitman, Alfred Machado	S.S.U. 99	New York City		U.S. Tank C.
Whitman, Roger Warren	S.S.U. 9 & T.M.U. 3979	New York City		
Whitney, Howard	S.S.U. 281	Topopah, Nevada		1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Whitney, Raymond James †	S.S.U. 29	Bedford, Ind.	Randolph-Macon	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Whitney, Robert	S.S.U. 683	Lexington, Mass.	Harvard & Mich.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Whiton, Sylvester Gilbert	S.S.U. 285	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Coll. of Mines	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Whitten, Lester Clark	S.S.U. 266	Spokane, Wash.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.
Whittlesey, Elisha	T.M.U. 1335	Pittsfield, Mass.	Leland Stanford	U.S. Av. Sig. C.
Whitton, John Boardman	T.M.U. 1333	Oakland, Cal.	Harvard	Civ. Employee
Wholey, William Francis	S.S.U. 313	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Univ. of Cal.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Whytaw, Graeme Gardiner	S.S.U. 26	New York City	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Whyte, William Jewell	T.M.U. 5264	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Chicago	Cadet R.A.F.
Wick, Myron Converse, Jr. †	S.S.U. 157	Youngstown, Ohio	Yale	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Wicks, Bartlett	S.S.U. 673	Syracuse, N.Y.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Wigand, Robert Charles	S.S.U. 45	Stapleton, N.Y.	Yale	U.S.A.A.S.
Wiggins, John Gregory	T.M.U. 3974	Pomret Center, Conn.	Cornell	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Wilcox, Clement Baldwin	T.M.U. 3974	Westfield, N.J.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Wilcox, Roger Tryon	T.M.U. 3975	Westfield, N.J.	Westleyan	Sgt. U.S. Tank C.
Wilcox, Roy Cornwell	T.M.U. 3974	Meriden, Conn.	Westleyan	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Wilcox, Windrop	T.M.U. 5266	Sewickley, Penn.	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Wilder, Amos Niven †	S.S.U. 2-39	Mt. Carmel, Conn.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Heavy Tank C.
Wildor, Warwick Temple	T.M.U. 1844	Marietta, Ohio	Yale	Tank C.
Wilkinson, James Humphrey	T.M.U. 3974	St. Paul, Minn.	Marietta Coll.	U.S.F.A.
Wilkinson, Lawrence Egar	T.M.U. 1843	Chicago, Ill.	Carleton Coll.	U.S.M.T.C.
				Univ. of Illinois	U.S.M.T.C. — Sgt. U.S. Eng.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Wilkinson, Morton Herbert.	T.M.U. 184.	1917	Buffalo, N.Y.	Univ. of Mich.	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Wilks, Archie Perry.	T.M.U. 526.	3	Newport, R.I.	M.I.T.	A.R.C. — S.A.T.C.
Willard, Russell Lewis.	S.S.U. 10.	10	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Poly. Inst. of Brook- lyn.	2nd Lt. U.S. Art. (Anti-Aircraft)
Willcox, Bertram Francis, Sous-Chef.	S.S.U. 19.	6	Ithaca, N.Y.	Cornell.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Williams, George Howe.	T.M.U. 184.	3	Cynwyd, Pa.	Penn. State Coll.	U.S. San. Train.
Williams, Harvey Ladew.	S.S.U. 26.	6	Morristown, N.J.	Harvard	A.R.C.
Williams, Herbert England.	S.S.U. 14.	3	Gainesville, Ga.		U.S.A.A.S.
Williams, Ira Jewell, Jr.	T.M.U. 526.	4	Philadelphia, Pa.	Harvard	O. Tr. Sch.
Williams, Irving, Jr.	T.M.U. 184.	4	Buffalo, N.Y.		2nd Lt. F.A., U.S.A.
Williams, Ray Evan.	S.S.U. 12.	9	Parkerton, Wy.	Univ. of Wis.	1st Lt. U.S. Inf.
Williamson, Allen Davidson.	T.M.U. 397.	5	Asheville, N.C.	U. of N.C. & Ala.	Poly. Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Willis, Harold Buckley †.	S.S.U. 2.	1 yr. 3 mos.	Boston, Mass.	Harvard	Sgt. Fr. Av.
Willson, Albert Newton.	S.S.U. 67.	5 months	Princeton, N.J.	Lawrenceville School	Y.M.C.A. — U.S.N.
Wilmington, John Doane.	T.M.U. 526.	4	Toledo, Ohio.	Cornell.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Wilson, Charles Oscar.	S.S.U. 69.	4	Muskegon, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	
Wilson, George Andrew.	Hdqs.	2	New York City		U.S. Nav. Av.
Wilson, George Landis, Jr.	S.S.U. 13-69.	7	Oak Park, Ill.	Lewis Inst.	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Wilson, Gill Robb.	Vosges Det. & S.S.U. 33.	5	Wheeling, W.Va.	Wash. & Jefferson	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Wilson, Homer Evereth.	T.M.U. 537.	2	Wilmette, Ill.	Loyola Univ.	A.R.C.
Wilson, John Kirk.	S.S.U. 16.	1	Ridgewood, N.J.		
Wilson, Lloyd Richards.	T.M.U. 133.	6	Los Angeles, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Wilson, Randolph Colclough.	S.S.U. 1.	6	New York City	Columbia.	A.R.C.
Wilson, Thomas Francis.	Hdqs.	2	New York City		U.S.N. Int.
Wilt, Glen Audubon.	S.S.U. 69.	4	Franklin, Pa.	Univ. of Mich.	
Winant, Cornelius †.	S.S.U. 3.	1 yr. 2 mos.	New York City	Princeton.	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Winant, Frederick, Jr.	S.S.U. 3.	2 months	New York City	Princeton.	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Winebrenner, David Charles, 3rd.	T.M.U. 184.	6	Frederick, Md.	Princeton.	U.S. Av.
Wing, Forrest Bond.	T.M.U. 526.	4	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Wing, Robert Frank.	S.S.U. 8.	2	Brookport, N.Y.		U.S.A.A.S.
Winship, Roger.	T.M.U. 184.	5	Melrose, Mass.	Dartmouth.	Cadet U.S. Av.
Winslow, Bernard Covill.	S.S.U. 19.	6	Ware, Mass.		
Winslow, Edward Nicholas.	T.M.U. 526.	4	Lawrence, Mass.	M.I.T.	Sgt. Ord. Dept.
Winsor, Charles Paine.	S.S.U. 1.	1 yr.	Concord, Mass.	Harvard.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Winsor, Harry Bishop.	S.S.U. 9.	8 months	Cleveland, Ohio	Western Reserve	2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
<i>Winsor, Philip</i>	S.S.U. 4	3 months	Weston, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Winter, Daniel Robbins	S.S.U. 64	5 "	Chicago, Ill.	Yale	2nd Lt. U.S.F.A.
Winton, David Judson	S.S.U. 67	3 "	Minneapolis, Minn.	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.—2nd Lt. U.S. Tank C.
Wiswall, Harold Curtis	S.S.U. 30	5 "	Wellesley, Mass.	Harvard	2nd Lt. Ord. Dept.
Wohlford, Burnet Coleman	S.S.U. 10	5 "	Escondido, Cal.	Leland Stanford	U.S.A.A.S.
Wolcott, Oliver, Sous-Chef	S.S.U. 2	4 "	Readville, Mass.	Harvard	Capt. U.S. Inf.
Wolf, John Frederick	S.S.U. 8	4 "	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.		S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Wolfe, Avery Royce	S.S.U. 31	3 "	Buffalo, N.Y.	Lafayette	U.S.A.A.S.
Wolfe, Henry Cutler	T.M.U. 526	6 "	Coshocton, Ohio	Andover	A.R.C.
Wood, Alton Fraser	S.S.U. 68	3 "	Buffalo, N.Y.	Mich. Coll. of Mines	Sgt. U.S.C.A.C.
Wood, Harry Dale	S.S.U. 69	4 "	Adrian, Mich.	Univ. of Mich.	Asp. Fr. Art.
Wood, Kenneth Axford	S.S.U. 68	3 "	Buffalo, N.Y.	Yale	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Wood, Lee Blair	T.M.U. 133	4 "	Cleveland, Ohio	Amherst	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Wood, Philip Emerson	T.M.U. 526	4 "	Brookline, Mass.		2nd Lt. U.S. Inf.
Wood, Robert Williams, Jr.	S.S.U. 9-10	1 yr.	Baltimore, Md.	Harvard	S/Lt. Fr. Art.
Woodbridge, John Sylvester †	S.S.U. 66	4 months	Shanghai, China	Princeton	U.S.A.A.S.
Woodell, Joel Lewis	T.M.U. 397	3 "	Franklin, Pa.		U.S.Q.M.C.
Woodend, Ralph Augustine	T.M.U. 397	3 "	St. George, N.Y.	Manhat. & Fordh.	U.S.M.T.C.
Woodhouse, Ira Sterling	S.S.U. 17	6 "	Arthur, Nevada	Univ. of Nevada	2nd Lt. R.A.F.
Woodman, Paul Davis	T.M.U. 526	6 "	Haverhill, Mass.	Dartmouth	U.S.M.T.C.
Woodruff, John Finney	T.M.U. 526	4 "	Ardmore, Pa.	Cornell	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Woods, Ezra Halladay	S.S.U. 8	2 "	Delhi, N.Y.	Hamilton Coll.	British Inf.
Woods, Preston, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	5 "	Long Island City, N.Y.	Dartmouth	U.S.F.A.
Woodward, Henry H. Houston	S.S.U. 13	5 "	Philadelphia, Pa.	Yale	Corp. Fr. Av.
<i>Woodworth, Benjamin R., Cdt. Adjt. † (died while volunteer)</i>	S.S.U. 1	1 yr. 11 mos.			
Woodredge, John	S.S.U. 30	3 months	1915-17 . Germantown, Pa.		
Woolley, Charles Hildreth	S.S.U. 9	4 "	1917 . West Newton, Mass.	Harvard	U.S.A.A.S.
Woolley, Douglas Farwell	S.S.U. 31	3 "	Winchester, Mass.	M.I.T.	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Woolley, Roi Bronson	S.S.U. 18	3 "	New York City	Wesleyan & N.Y.	U.S.A.A.S.
Woolverton, John Hillman	S.S.U. 72	1 "	Toledo, Ohio		
			1917 . Trenton, N.J.	Dartmouth	U.S.A.A.S.—U.S. Art. Sch.
Woolverton, William Henderson †	S.S.U. 1	8 "	1915-16 . New York City	Yale	1st Lt. U.S.A.A.S.
Wornall, Richard Bristoe	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917 . Liberty, Mo.	Univ. of Mo.	

NAME	SECTION	PERIOD OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE	SUBSEQUENT SERVICE
Wright, Avery Granger	S.S.U. 29	5 months	1917..... Toledo, Ohio.	Lawrenceville Sch.	R.A.F.
Wright, Charles Shelton	S.S.U. 12	4 "	1917..... Tallmadge, Ohio.	Oberlin Coll.	Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.
Wright, Jack Morris	T.M.U. 526	4 "	1917..... New York City.	Andover	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Wright, Livingston	S.S.U. 71	2 "	1917..... Quincy, Mass.	M.I.T.	U.S.A.A.S.
Wright, Whitney Braymer	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917..... Camden, N.J.	Univ. of Cal.	Sgt. U.S.M.T.C.
Wright, William Jenks	S.S.U. 18	5 "	1917..... Philadelphia, Pa.	Haverford	U.S.A.A.S.
Wyckoff, John Walter Vogel	T.M.U. 184	6 "	1917..... Martins Ferry, Ohio.	Marietta Coll.	S.A.T.C.
Wyllie, Walter Fairfield	T.M.U. 133	6 "	1917..... Evanston, Ill.	Princeton	2nd Lt. U.S. Tank C.
Yarrington, Frederic Lefebvre	S.S.U. 68	3 "	1917..... Brooklyn, N.Y.	Amherst	U.S.A.A.S.
Younmans, Charles Le Roy	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917..... Brooklyn, N.Y.	Dartmouth	2nd Lt. U.S. Av.
Young, Arthur Osgood, Jr.	T.M.U. 397	4 "	1917..... Worcester, Mass.		U.S.M.T.C.
Young, Elbert Anderson, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917..... St. Paul, Minn.		2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Young, John Spear	T.M.U. 526	4 "	1917..... Montpelier, Vt.	Dartmouth	1st Lt. U.S. Av.
Young, Raymond Morrison	T.M.U. 184	5 "	1917..... Somerville, Mass.	Tufts	2nd Lt. U.S.M.T.C.
Young, Robert Gordon	S.S.U. 15	3 "	1917..... Minneapolis, Minn.	Williams	U.S.A.A.S.
Young, Walter Leroy	S.S.U. 65	3 "	1917..... Cambridge, Mass.		U.S.A.A.S.
Yule, Seneca Bryan	T.M.U. 184	3 "	1917..... Lincoln, Nebr.	Univ. of Nebraska	
Zualart (de) Jacques	Hdqts.	1 yr. 6 mos.	1916-17.. Namur, Belgium		



HENRY H. HOUSTON, 2d. T.M.U. 133
Killed in action



FRANK O. ROBINSON, T.M.U. 184



ROBERT A. BROWNING, T.M.U. 526



THOMAS H. DOUGHERTY
T.M.U. 397



DOWS DUNHAM, T.M.U. 184



ARCHIE B. GILE, T.M.U. 526

CAMION SECTION LEADERS

Appendix H

VOLUNTEERS ARRIVING IN FRANCE DURING MILITARIZATION OF THE SERVICE

WHO ENLISTED IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY AMBULANCE SERVICE WITH THE FRENCH ARMY, OR THE RÉSERVE MALLET OF THE U.S. MOTOR TRANSPORT SERVICE

NAME	SECTION	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE
Allredge, Samuel Marcus	S.S.U. 634	Mt. Vernon, Ind.	Univ. of Mo.
Allen, Charles Maxwell	S.S.U. 633	Hamilton, Bermuda	Blair Academy
Allison, Philip Douglas	S.S.U. 630	Salt Lake City, Utah	Yale
Anderson, Beverly Caldwell	S.S.U. 625	Long Beach, Cal.	Oregon Agri.
Anderson, Rembert Cassells	S.S.U. 631	Los Angeles, Cal.	
Ash, Wesley Owen	S.S.U. 630	Carthage, N.Y.	Wesleyan
Ashmore, Sidney Beckwith	S.S.U. 631	New York	
Bailey, Samuel Prentiss	S.S.U. 628	Winona, Minn.	Williams & Univ. of Minn.
Barker, Joseph Shumway	S.S.U. 627	Chicago, Ill.	Univ. of Mich.
Bissell, Percy Raymond	S.S.U. 625	Mt. Vernon, N.Y.	Iowa State
Bixby, Philip Locke	S.S.U. 621	Long Beach, Cal.	
Blake, Herbert Clark	S.S.U. 630	Troy, N.Y.	Syracuse
Brewster, Oswald Cammann	S.S.U. 632	Denver, Colo.	Univ. of Col. & Cornell
Bruggemann, Lester Gustave	T.M.	Scarsdale, N.Y.	
Burke, Edmund Byron	S.S.U. 630	Dorchester, Mass.	Boston Univ.
Burroughs, Robert Joseph	S.S.U. 630	Vergennes, Vt.	Syracuse
Carlisle, Averill Dailey	S.S.U. 629	Mesa, Ariz.	Harvard
Carr, Bradley	S.S.U. 630	Piedmont, Cal.	
Catuna, Percy James	S.S.U. 637	Waltham, Mass.	Dean Academy
Church, William Pate	S.S.U. 635	Brooklyn, N.Y.	
Clapp, Roger Francis	S.S.U. 634	Salem, Mass.	Mass. Agri.
Coman, Francis Dana	S.S.U. 642	Buffalo, N.Y.	Syracuse
Coolidge, Edmund Jefferson	S.S.U. 635	Concord, Mass.	Harvard
Crane, Walter Brainard	S.S.U. 625	Dover Plains, N.Y.	Cornell
Crawford, Harold Gay	S.S.U. 642	East Orange, N.J.	Williams
Crawford, Warren	S.S.U. 625	Chicago, Ill.	
Crosby, Arthur Uberto	S.S.U. 631	Philadelphia, Pa.	Yale
Culbertson, Paul Tranger	S.S.U. 644	Washington, D.C.	Emporia
Cunningham, Alan, Jr.	T.M.	Media, Pa.	Delaware
Davenport, Russell Wheeler	S.S.U. 629	Philadelphia, Pa.	
Davis, Robert Calder	S.S.U. 645	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Iowa
deForest, George Wright	S.S.U. 634	Evanston, Ill.	
dePotter, Victor Armand	T.M.	Red Hook, Dutchess Co., N.Y.	Columbia
Des Cognets, Russell	S.S.U. 642	Lexington, Ky.	
Dewey, Donald Mack	S.S.U. 629	Wauwatosa, Wis.	Cornell
Dick, Charles Mathews	S.S.U. 633	Lake Forest, Ill.	Yale
Donahue, Leon Henlon	S.S.U. 623	Gloucester, Mass.	
Donovan, Cecil Vincent	S.S.U. 639	Cazenovia, N.Y.	Syracuse
Donovan, Welton Jerome	S.S.U. 622	Holyoke, Mass.	Syracuse
Dunnell, William Wanton, Jr.	S.S.U. 621	Providence, R.I.	Colorado
FitzPatrick, John Frederick	S.S.U. 631	Saticoy, Cal.	Univ. of Cal.
Flanagan, Harry Emmet	T.M.	Dickinson, N.D.	Whitworth
Foltz, DeFred Gouve	S.S.U. 622	Richmond, Va.	Syracuse
Fowler, William Smith	S.S.U. 640	Springfield, Mass.	Yale

APPENDIX

NAME	SECTION	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE
Frost, Philip Prescott.....	S.S.U. 640...	Evanston, Ill.....	Wesleyan
Fulcher, Paul Milton.....	S.S.U. 631...	Morgantown, W. Va.....	W. Va. & Harvard
Ganz, Frederick M.....	T.M.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.
Garden, Solomon.....	S.S.U. 637...	Corona, Ala.....	Univ. of Ala. & Columbia
Garritt, Walter Grant, Jr.....	S.S.U. 635...	Brookline, Mass.....	Harvard
Gibbs, Edward Martin.....	S.S.U. 631...	Long Beach, Cal.....	Pomona
Gilbert, Edward Ashley, Jr.....	S.S.U. 621...	Santa Barbara, Cal.....	
Gildersleeve, Albert Rawson.....	S.S.U. 637 & P.O.....	Waltham, Mass.....	
Glazier, William Lacy, Jr.....	T.M.....	Newport, Ky.....	Purdue
Graf, Robert Edward, Jr.....	S.S.U. 631...	Los Angeles, Cal.....	Univ. of Cal.
Greene, Frederick Charles.....	S.S.U. 642...	Waverly, Mass.....	
Griffin, Clarence Joseph.....	S.S.U. 630...	Carthage, N.Y.....	
Hale, Girard Van Barkaloo.....	S.S.U. 636 & 642.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	Beaux-Arts, Paris
Hankison, Kenneth.....	T.M.....	Glen Moore, N.J.....	N.J. Agri.
Harrington, Edwin Dunn.....	S.S.U. 640...	Somerville, Mass.....	Boston Univ.
Hedges, Lawrence Seitz.....	S.S.U. 626 & P.O.....	New York.....	Baylor Univ. & Univ. of Ariz.
Henderson, Benjamin.....	S.S.U. 626...	Honolulu, Hawaii.....	
Henry, Edwin Barbour.....	S.S.U. 631...	Detroit, Mich.....	Yale
Herdic, John Franklin.....	S.S.U. 621...	Williamsport, Pa.....	Univ. of Pa.
Herrick, Philip Abbot.....	S.S.U. 633...	York Village, Me.....	Phillips-Andover
Hildebrand, Frederick Watkin, Jr.....	S.S.U. 632...	Milwaukee, Wis.....	
Honey, John Kohmen.....	S.S.U. 640...	Gresham, Oregon.....	Leland Stanford
Hopkins, Frank, Jr.....	S.S.U. 622...	Syracuse, N.Y.....	Syracuse
Hopkins, John Gilbert.....	S.S.U. 622...	Fly Creek, N.Y.....	Syracuse
Hoskins, Charles Calvin.....	S.S.U. 637...	Libertyville, Ill.....	Iowa State
Houghton, Henry Lincoln, Jr.....	S.S.U. 626...	Boston, Mass.....	Noble & Greenough
Howard, Charles Manning.....	S.S.U. 639...	Waterloo, N.Y.....	Syracuse
Hughes, Edwin Holt, Jr.....	S.S.U. 632...	Malden, Mass.....	Ohio Wesleyan
Humphreys, Walter.....	S.S.U. 632...	Los Angeles, Cal.....	
Huston, James Stewart.....	S.S.U. 625...	Coatesville, Pa.....	Haverford
Jacobsen, Benjamin Otto.....	S.S.U. 626...	Syracuse, N.Y.....	
James, Harry Karl.....	S.S.U. 636 & 642.....	Bristol, R.I.....	
Johnson, William Leo.....	S.S.U. 630...	Solvay, N.Y.....	Columbia
Jopling, Richard Mather.....	S.S.U. 623...	Marquette, Mich.....	Harvard
Keith, Donald McKee.....	S.S.U. 629...	Los Angeles, Cal.....	Univ. of So. Cal.
Kemble, Roy Hinesley.....	S.S.U. 642...	Oskaloosa, Iowa.....	
Kingman, Alan.....	S.S.U. 621...	Claremont, Cal.....	Pomona
Kleineck, George William.....	S.S.U. 625...	Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....	
Knisely, George Frederick, Jr.....	S.S.U. 644...	Bay City, Mich.....	North Western
La Forge, Edward Charles.....	S.S.U. 629...	Palms, Cal.....	Leland Stanford
Lancaster, Earle Winship.....	S.S.U. 638...	Boston, Mass.....	Phillips-Andover
LaPlante, Albert Aurelius.....	S.S.U. 622...	Williamstown, Mass.....	Williams & Syracuse
Lavender, Herbert George.....	S.S.U. 637...	New York.....	City College, N.Y.
Lavin, Henry Kenneth.....	S.S.U. 630...	Troy, N.Y.....	Syracuse
Leavitt, Russell.....	S.S.U. 626...	Trenton, N.J.....	Harvard
Le Veillie, Norbert.....	S.S.U. 622...	Syracuse, N.Y.....	Syracuse
Littlefield, Edmund Arthur.....	S.S.U. 642...	Ogden, Utah.....	George Washington
Loucks, John Warren.....	S.S.U. 621...	Pomona, Cal.....	Pomona
Love, Charles Wayman.....	S.S.U. 636 & 642.....	Syracuse, N.Y.....	Syracuse
Lutz, Hugh Ward.....	S.S.U. 635...	North Seattle, Wash.....	Univ. of Washington
Maddocks, Thomas Herbert.....	S.S.U. 626...	Detroit, Mich.....	
Maritz, Raymond Edward.....	S.S.U. 632...	New Orleans, La.....	Wash. Univ.
Marshall, Frank Bradford.....	S.S.U. 625...	Chicago, Ill.....	
Maury, Dabney Herndon, Jr.....	S.S.U. 623...	Washington, D.C.....	
Maxwell, Douglas Pierce.....	S.S.U. 626...	New York.....	
McAnelly, Homer Herbert.....	S.S.U. 640...	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	
McArdell, Charles Vincent.....	S.S.U. 622...	Syracuse, N.Y.....	

APPENDIX

NAME	SECTION	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE
McArthur, Chester Chaloner	S.S.U. 635	West Roxbury, Mass.	
McCarthy, William Wood	S.S.U. 635	Evanston, Ill.	Wesleyan
McClellan, George, Jr.	S.S.U. 622	Chatham, N.Y.	Syracuse
McClelland, Verner	S.S.U. 621	Ben Avon, Pa.	Wash. & Jefferson
McCreedy, Charles Elbert	S.S.U. 626	Milwaukee, Wis.	
McDowell, Maxwell Erwin	S.S.U. 632	Troy, N.Y.	Colgate
Merrill, Perry Heney	S.S.U. 630	Westport, N.Y.	Syracuse
Miller, Donald Waters	S.S.U. 636 & 642	Lincoln, Neb.	Univ. of Neb.
Miller, Hugh	S.S.U. 650	White Plains, N.Y.	
Miller, Martin	S.S.U. 623	Weehawken, N.J.	
Miner, Frederick Mason, Jr.	S.S.U. 645	Madison, Wis.	Univ. of Wis.
Mitchell, Alexander	S.S.U. 631	Jacksonville, Fla.	
Mooney, James Hatchell	S.S.U. 625	West Somerville, Mass.	
Morningstar, Benjamin Peixotto	T.M.	New York	Wesleyan
Munro, Frank Willis	S.S.U. 633	Detroit, Mich.	
Murphy, Don Carlos	S.S.U. 636 & 642	Lincoln, Ill.	Cincinnati
Murphy, William Storey	S.S.U. 634	Fall River, Mass.	Harvard
Mustard, Lewis West, Jr.	S.S.U. 635	Brookline, Mass.	
Nash, Dennis Peter	S.S.U. 637	Syracuse, N.Y.	Syracuse
Nazel, John Milton	S.S.U. 635	Philadelphia, Pa.	Cornell
Nevin, Hardwicke Marmaduke	S.S.U. 644	New York	Princeton
Newell, Joel Harris	S.S.U. 631	Springfield, Mass.	
Norton, Robert Merrick	S.S.U. 630	New York	
O'Brien, Thomas Joseph	S.S.U. 633	Salt Lake City, Utah	
Orcutt, Orville Hussey	T.M.	Houlton, Me.	
Paine, Richard Cushing	S.S.U. 645	Boston, Mass.	Harvard
Palmer, James	S.S.U. 635	Chicago, Ill.	
Partridge, Nelson Howard, Jr.	S.S.U. 625	Norwalk, Ct.	Harvard & Univ. of Cal.
Pitkin, Donald Stevenson	T.M.	Boston, Mass.	Harvard
Prentice, Samuel Kenneth	S.S.U. 629	Adrian, Mich.	
Quirk, Leslie W.	T.M.	New York	Univ. of Wis.
Redman, Frederick Grant	S.S.U. 644	Salt Lake City, Utah	
Redmond, Paul Augustine	S.S.U. 622	Utica, N.Y.	
Reynolds, Alonzo Peckham	S.S.U. 552	Petersburg, N.Y.	
Ricks, Carson Stimson	S.S.U. 622	Eureka, Cal.	
Robinette, George Earle	S.S.U. 634	Philadelphia, Pa.	Univ. of Pa.
Rubel, August Alexander	S.S.U. 631	New York	Princeton
Sanford, John DeRemer	S.S.U. 621	Claremont, Cal.	Pomona
Sauters, John Davis, Jr.	T.M.	Martins Ferry, Ohio	Cornell
Savage, Draper	S.S.U. 649	Wilmington, N.C.	
Scholle, Robert Melville	S.S.U. 637	New York	
Scott, Hubert George	S.S.U. 623	Santa Ana, Cal.	
Shaw, James Winchester	S.S.U. 626	West Allis, Wis.	
Shepley, Philip	S.S.U. 504 & 641	Brookline, Mass.	Harvard
Skeele, Franklin Bosworth	S.S.U. 632	Los Angeles, Cal.	Leland Stanford
Smith, Cyril Bertram	S.S.U. 630	Syracuse, N.Y.	Syracuse
Smith, Elliott William	S.S.U. 632	Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	
Smith, George Joseph	S.S.U. 637	Boston, Mass.	
Smith, Leigh Hackley	S.S.U. 629	Modesto, Cal.	Yale
Smith, Leo Vincent	S.S.U. 622	Syracuse, N.Y.	
Smyth, Gouverneur	S.S.U. 635	Westfield, N.J.	
Soles, Clifford Oscar	S.S.U. 647	Woburn, Mass.	
Sudbury, Gordon Heron	S.S.U. 627	Mt. Vernon, N.Y.	Syracuse
Suter, Philip Hales	S.S.U. 631	Boston	Harvard
Talcott, Seth	S.S.U. 623	Hartford, Conn.	Yale
Tallant, George Payne	T.M.	Santa Barbara, Cal.	Lawrenceville
Taylor, James Jay	S.S.U. 623	Los Angeles, Cal.	
Taylor, Willard	S.S.U. 622	Mexico, N.Y.	Middlebury
Thorpe, Frank Sydney	S.S.U. 626	Alta Loma, Cal.	Pomona

APPENDIX

NAME	SECTION	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE
Tiffany, Willard Henry, Jr.	S.S.U. 622	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Syracuse
Toll, John DeWitt, Jr.	S.S.U. 635	New York	Lafayette
Tower, Benjamin Curtis	T.M.	Dover, Mass.	Harvard
Trude, Alfred Samuel, Jr.	S.S.U. 632	Chicago, Ill.	
Upson, Merrill Arlington	S.S.U. 622	Springfield, N.Y.	Syracuse
Upson, Millard Chauncey	S.S.U. 622	Springfield, N.Y.	Syracuse
Vail, Carl Waldemar	S.S.U. 637	Ridgewood, N.J.	Cornell & Columbia
Varney, Walter King	S.S.U. 632	Zanesville, Ohio	Wilmington
Wade, Jephtha Homer, Jr.	S.S.U. 633	Cleveland, Ohio	Yale
Walton, Charles Wayne	S.S.U. 635	Woodbury, N.J.	Univ. of Pa.
Warner, Luther Christopher, and	S.S.U. 632	Altamont, N.Y.	Cornell
Weller, Alfred Bradford	S.S.U. 630	Milwaukee, Wis.	
Weller, Douglas McEldery	S.S.U. 630	Milwaukee, Wis.	Cornell
Wiard, Harry Gayard	S.S.U. 630	Batavia, N.Y.	Syracuse
Wight, Van Drew	S.S.U. 630	Spragueville, N.Y.	Syracuse
Williams, Robert Hussey	T.M.	Houlton, Me.	Colby
Willis, Edward Hammond	S.S.U. 629	Pittsford, Vt.	
Wolfe, Clifford Warren	S.S.U. 632	Glen Cove, Me.	Phillips-Andover
Woodruff, Walter Arthur	S.S.U. 627	Mount Carmel, Ct.	
Woolf, Mark Edward	S.S.U. 637	Chicago, Ill.	
Woolf, William Buxton	S.S.U. 635	Keyser, W.Va.	Maryland State & Cornell
Wright, Carleton Fay	S.S.U. 635	Plymouth, Mass.	St. Mark's
Wylie, Edward A. Gill	S.S.U. 625	New York	Yale S.



Appendix I

THE AMERICAN STAFF OF THE FIELD SERVICE

COMPRISING THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO SERVED AT THE PERMANENT AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS IN BOSTON, OR OFFICES IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, OR LOS ANGELES, AND OF THOSE WHO ACTED IN THE CAPACITY OF STAFF MEMBERS BY THEIR DIRECTION, IN THEIR RESPECTIVE CITIES OR UNIVERSITIES, IN RECRUITING OR COMBINED RECRUITING AND FINANCIAL EFFORTS FOR THE SERVICE

NAME	LENGTH OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	SUBSEQUENT OR CONTEMPORARY SERVICE
BOSTON			
De Forest, George Wright	3 months	1917.....Evanston, Ill.	U.S.A.A.S.
Keith, Leland	8 months	1917-18.....Worcester, Mass.	Cadet, U.S. Av.
McCullough, Welcome William	7 months	1917-18.....Saugus, Mass.	U.S.A.
Sampson, Prof. Martin W.	2 months	1917.....Ithaca, N.Y.	
Sleeper, Henry Davis	3 years, 9 months	1915-16-17	
American Representative	1 year, 2 months	1918-19.....Boston, Mass.	Dir. A.F.S. Hdqts., France
Thompson, William T.	3 months	1917-18.....Hartford, Conn.	U.S. Navy
Watkins, <i>Osric Mills</i>	3 months	1917.....Indianapolis, Ind.	2d Lt., U.S. Av.
Young, George Ranney	10 months	1917.....Cambridge, Mass.	2d Lt., U.S. Av.
Recruiting Officer			
NEW YORK			
Bedard, Pierre Armand	4 months	1917.....Lynn, Mass.	2d Lt., U.S. Ord.
Blodgett, Delos Abiel, 2d	5 months	1917.....Grand Rapids, Mich.	2d Lt., C.W.S., U.S.A.
Hecht, George J.	3 months	1917.....New York City	Stat. Div., U.S.A.
Hereford, William R.	2 years, 6 months	1915-16-17.....New York City	Exec. Sec'y, Am. Amb. Hosp. and A.R.C., Italy
New York Representative			
Holden, Edwin Whittier	4 months	1917.....Pittsfield, Mass.	U.S. Int., A.R.C.
Ingham, James	4 months	1917.....Buffalo, N.Y.	Nav. Air Service, C.Q.M.
Kahle, Curt	10 months	1917.....New York City	U.S. Tank Corps
Morgan, Gorton P.	5 months	1917.....Norwalk, Conn.	U.S. Nav. Av.
Mulligan, Ralph F.	4 months	1917.....New York City	U.S.N.R.

*Legion of Honor

SUBSEQUENT OR CONTEMPORARY

NAME	LENGTH OF SERVICE	HOME ADDRESS	SERVICE
Myles, Beverly Russell	5 months	1917.....New York City	A.R.C., Italy
Newman, Robert E.	3 months	1917.....New York City	U.S. Av.
Petticolas, James M.	3 months	1917.....New York City	Ensign, U.S.N.R.
Robbins, Douglas	4 months	1917.....Brooklyn, N.Y.	Am. Pro. League
Sartorius, Herman U.	3 months	1917.....Boston, Mass.	S/Lt., Fr. Art.
Sculder, Ewart S.	5 months	1917.....New York City	A.R.C., Italy
Solley, Theodore Houston	3 months	1917.....New York City	Y.M.C.A.
Webster, Harold M.	3 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	A.R.C., Italy
CHICAGO		1917.....Chicago, Ill.	U.S.A.A.S.
Cordner, Edward Q.	3 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	Belgian Relief Fund, etc.
Hummel, Fred C.	2 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	
Hutchinson, Charles L.	5 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	
Treasurer			
Insull, Samuel	5 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	
Chairman			
Macfarland, Lanning	3 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	A.R.C., Serbia
McCormick, Chauncey	5 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	Capt., U.S.Q.M.C.
Western Representative			
Pike, Charles B.	1 year, 3 months	1917-18.....Chicago, Ill.	Chrmn., Exec. Comm. Mil. Train- ing Camps Assoc., Cen., So., and West. Depts.
Western Representative			
Smith, Rae H.	2 months	1917.....Winnetka, Ill.	2d Lt., U.S. Av.
Thomas, Gaylord	9 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	Civ. U.S. Av.
Trude, Alfred S.	3 months	1917.....Chicago, Ill.	U.S.A.A.S.
Varney, Walter K.	4 months	1917.....Zanesville, Ohio	U.S.A.A.S.
LOS ANGELES			
Brunswig, Lucien N.	8 months	1917.....Los Angeles, Calif.	Secours aux Blessés Militaires, etc.
Rep. for Los Angeles and Southern California			
Goodhue, Frank D.	2 months	1917.....Pasadena, Calif.	A.R.C., etc.
Lane, Lewis P.	2 months	1917.....Long Beach, Calif.	U.S. Ord. Dept.
McKay, William S.	2 months	1917.....Pasadena, Calif.	A.R.C., etc.
Reagan, William Nilson	2 months	1917.....Long Beach, Calif.	1st Lt., U.S. Signal Corps
Director, Los Angeles Headquarters			

APPENDIX

COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVES

AMHERST COLLEGE

Frederick S. Allis
Oliver H. Schaaf

BOWDOIN COLLEGE

Pres. Kenneth C. M. Sills
Carleton M. Pike
Loyal F. Sewall

BROWN UNIVERSITY

Claude R. Branch
Alan S. Browne
John B. Gibson

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Professor Martin W. Sampson
Francis H. Scheetz
Edward I. Tinkham
R. E. Treman
Donald B. Vail
C. W. Whitehair

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Eugene D. Towler

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

J. Paulding Brown
Walter H. Wheeler
Julian L. Lathrop

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

E. C. Davidson
W. Allison Richards
Robert W. Wolcott

LELAND STANFORD JR. UNIVERSITY

Robert A. Donaldson
Joseph H. Eastman
W. H. Gibson
Carl A. Randau
Clemens A. Randau
Frank J. Taylor

MARIETTA COLLEGE

Beman G. Dawes
Beman G. Dawes, Jr.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Irving G. Hall
Harold E. Kebbin

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER

Dr. Alfred I. Stearns

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

G. McF. Galt
W. D. F. Hughes
Dean Howard McClenahan
Robert L. Nourse
Prof. E. G. Spaulding
Arthur R. Taber

TUFTS COLLEGE

Prof. William L. Hooper
Herbert D. Miller

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

J. Herbert Brown
Prof. Gilbert Chinard
Prof. Charles M. Gayley
Harry B. Seymour

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Christian Gross

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A. D. Rathbone, 4th
J. Ward Starrett

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

Virgil S. Beck
Howard W. Hailey
Dr. Guy L. Noyes

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Prof. Eugene H. Bryne
Prof. A. L. P. Dennis
Prof. Carl R. Fish

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Prof. John L. Lowes

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE

J. Elson Jeffres

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

Pres. Charles F. Thwing

YALE UNIVERSITY

Lloyd Kitchel

CITY REPRESENTATIVES

BUFFALO, N.Y.

Seth S. Spencer, Jr.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

H. M. Hanna, Jr.

NEW YORK CITY CLUB

Charles E. Whitmore,
Pres., New York City Club

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Henry Wharton

PORTLAND, OREGON

James F. Ewing
Wells Gilbert,
Northwestern Representative

APPENDIX

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

F. S. Murphy

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

W. B. Bourne,
President, Friends of France
E. C. LaMontagne
F. S. Moody,
San Francisco Representative
Arthur S. Ward

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Dr. Malvern B. Clopton
C. H. Langenberg

J. Clarence Taussig
Edward J. Walsh

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

C. W. Gordon
C. R. Vincent

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Judge D. Raymond Cobb
Cyril B. Smith

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Luke C. Doyle,
Representative at War Department



CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

1914

1918



AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE

To
the members of
Class of 1885, Harvard University
Friends of the
American Field Service

Donors of cars Nos 530 and 639
bearing inscription:

Harvard Class of 1885. 1^{re} I
Harvard Class of 1885. 1^{re} II

Ambulance N° 530 went to the front April 12, 1917, to form part of Section Sanitaire N° 15. It was attached to the 32nd Division of the French Army operating in the Verdun Sector, where, during the victorious French attack of August, 1917, with 16 Ambulances running for a period of six hours, the Section evacuated 537 wounded and covered a distance of 3,240 Kilometres. Eight of the drivers were decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

Ambulance N° 639 went to the front May 28, 1917, to form part of Section Sanitaire N° 26, serving in the region of St. Etienne and Verdun for distinguished conduct under fire, this section was cited to the Order of the 10th Corps d'Armée.

When the American Field Service was federalized, these cars were turned over to the United States Army Ambulance Service with the French Army

*Very truly,
D. H. H.*



Donor's G. Gray

ONE OF THE CERTIFICATES SENT TO EACH DONOR, SUMMARIZING
THE SERVICE RENDERED BY HIS CAR

Appendix J

NAMES AND DONORS OF CARS IN THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE

INSCRIPTION

The Acheson Ambulance.....	DONOR
In Memory of Dr. Carl S. Adams.....	Edward J. Acheson, N.Y.
A.D. Club (2 cars).....	Mrs. Charles Adams, Brookline, Mass.
A.K.A.....	A.D. Club, Harvard University
Akron, Ohio.....	Mrs. A. H. Anderson, Seattle, Wash.
Albany, N.Y.....	Mrs. John Earl, Mrs. Richard P. Marvin, Mrs. Charles B. Raymond, Miss Mary M. Fuller, Akron, Ohio
Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich.....	Citizens of Albany, N.Y.
Alec.....	Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich, N.Y.
Rose L. Alling.....	Mrs. Joseph T. Alling, Rochester, N.Y.
Aloha from Hawaii.....	Three Friends
American Artists.....	Miss Phoebe Carter, Hawaii
American Booksellers. In the cause of Democracy, Liberty and Humanity.....	American Artists, through Augustus Vincent Tack, N.Y.
American Perfumers (2 cars).....	Through Edward J. Clode, N.Y.
American Red Cross Car.....	Through W. G. Ungerer, N.Y.
American Students' Committee of the École des Beaux-Arts.....	American Red Cross
Amherst Alumni.....	Through Henry R. Sedgwick, N.Y.
Amherst Club of Chicago.....	Alumni of Amherst College, Mass.
Amitié Américaine (2 cars).....	Members of Amherst Club of Chicago, Ill.
Anne Anderson.....	Anonymous
Mrs. A. A. Anderson (4 cars).....	C. W. Anderson, Upper Montclair, N.J.
Elizabeth Milbank Anderson (2 cars).....	Mrs. A. A. Anderson, Greenwich, Conn.
Anonymous (4 cars).....	Mrs. A. A. Anderson, Greenwich, Conn.
Lacy Armour, Chicago, Ill.....	Anonymous
Carolyn Wick Arms.....	Laurence H. Armour, Chicago, Ill.
Benjamin Walworth Arnold.....	Mrs. Henry M. Robinson, Pasadena, Cal.
E. D. Arnold.....	Benjamin W. Arnold, Albany, N.Y.
	E. D. Arnold, N.Y.

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

Asheville, N.C.	Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.
Asheville, N.C., U.S.A., presented by the Buncombe County Committee of the North Carolina Society of the Colonial Dames of America.	Buncombe County Committee of the North Carolina Society, Colonial Dames of America.
Frederick Atherton.	Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Atherton, Washington, D.C.
Automobile Club of Philadelphia (2 cars)	Members of Auto. Club of Philadelphia
Florence G. Avery	Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Avery, Newtonville, Mass.
Mrs. Jules Bache	Mrs. Jules S. Bache, N.Y.
Mrs. Jules Bache (trailer)	Mrs. Jules S. Bache, N.Y.
George F. Baker, Jr.	George F. Baker, Jr., N.Y.
Mrs. George F. Baker, Jr.	George F. Baker, Jr., N.Y.
Sarah Beatty Ball, donated by Charles and Sarah Ball Allis.	Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allis, Chicago, Ill.
Baltimore	Citizens of Baltimore, Md.
Given by Members of the Chamber of Commerce, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.	Through George F. Randolph, N.Y.
Given by Members of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.	Through George F. Randolph, N.Y.
William M. Barber	Citizens of Toledo, Ohio
Henri Bargey	Henri Bargey, Paris
B. M. Baruch	B. M. Baruch, N.Y.
Emile Baup	Miss E. Mabel Clark, N.Y.
Le Chevalier Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche.	Mrs. Thomas Ewing, Washington, D.C.
Belmont, Mass.	Citizens of Belmont, Mass.
Ben-San Francisco	Mrs. W. G. Irwin, San Francisco, Cal.
Bethlehem-Lehigh	Citizens of the Bethlehems, Pa.
Billings, Montana (trailer)	Picnic Club, through Mrs. Frank Carl, Billings, Montana
Mrs. Robert W. Bingham (3 cars)	Mrs. Robert W. Bingham, Palm Beach, Fla.
D. W. Bishop, 2d	Mrs. John E. Parsons, N.Y.
Natalie K. Blair	Mrs. J. Insley Blair, N.Y.
In Memory of William Blair	Miss Jennie Blair, San Francisco, Cal.
Joseph B. Bloodgood	Joseph B. Bloodgood, Straford, Pa.
Bohemian Club, San Francisco	Barbour Lathrop, through Darrah Amb. Fund
Bohemian Club, San Francisco (3 cars)	Bohemian Club, through Darrah Amb. Fund
Marshall Darrah Memorial-Bohemian Club.	Bohemian Club, through Darrah Amb. Fund
School Teachers of Massachusetts	School Teachers of Massachusetts, through Darrah Amb. Fund
Chester C. Bolton	Chester C. Bolton, Cleveland, Ohio
From Citizens of Boston, Mass., in the cause of Democracy, Liberty and Humanity.	Through Greater Boston Amb. Committee
From Citizens of Boston, Mass., in the cause of Democracy, Liberty and Humanity.	Boston Chamber of Commerce
From Citizens of Boston, Mass., in the cause of Democracy, Liberty and Humanity.	Through Greater Boston Amb. Committee

DONOR

527

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

In Memory of Stephen M. Clement, Buffalo, N.Y.	Mrs. S. M. Clement, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Memory of S. Douglas Cornelli, Buffalo, N.Y.	Miss Lydia H. Cornell, Colburg, Ontario
Mrs. Thomas F. Cooke, Buffalo, N.Y.	Mrs. Thomas F. Cooke, Buffalo, N.Y.
The Chance, Buffalo, N.Y.	Miss Hilda Hill Hoyt, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Memory of Elbert Hubbard, New York, N.Y.	Francis Hubbard Larkin, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Memory of Silas Hubbard, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.	Francis Hubbard Larkin, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Memory of D. J. Coss, Buffalo, N.Y.	The Larkin Company, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Memory of Alexander W. Reidpath, 21st N.Y. Volunteers, Buffalo, N.Y.	Isabel Reidpath Martin, Buffalo, N.Y.
William Ashley Brewster, Buffalo, N.Y.	Mr. and Mrs. George W. Olmsted, Buffalo, N.Y.
"The Syd," Buffalo, N.Y.	Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wright, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Memory of Jewett M. Richmond, Buffalo, N.Y.	Mrs. Richmond and Family, Buffalo, N.Y.
F. Kingsbury Bull	F. Kingsbury Bull, N.Y.
Ludlow S. Bull	Ludlow S. Bull, N.Y.
Burlingame Club, San Francisco, Cal.	Through Mrs. Francis Carolan, San Francisco, Cal.
Francis Hardon Burr (2 cars)	Mr. and Mrs. Allston Burr, Boston
Butte, Montana	Citizens of Butte, Montana
H. M. Byllesby & Company, Chicago, Ill.	The Byllesby Organization, Chicago, Ill.
Harry Butters, R.F.A., an American Citizen, killed on the Somme, August 31, 1916. "From those to whom he was dearest," through Darrach Ambulance Fund	Mrs. Arthur T. Cabot, Ponkapoag, Mass.
In Memory of Arthur T. Cabot, M.D.	Mrs. Arthur T. Cabot, Ponkapoag, Mass.
Calumet Club	Members of Calumet Club, N.Y.
In Memory of John Canfield	Miss Margaret C. Snow, Chicago, Ill.
Amory Carhart (3 cars)	Mrs. Amory Carhart, Tuxedo Park, N.Y.
Mrs. Andrew Carnegie	Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, N.Y.
"Carry On," Fredonia, N.Y.	Mrs. Grace S. Richmond, Fredonia, N.Y.
Mrs. R. D. Carter, East Orange, N.J.	Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Carter, East Orange, N.J.
In Memory of Alice Forbes Cary	Through Miss Alice H. Forbes, Milton, Mass.
Kate Cary	Miss Kate Cary, Lenox, Mass.
Cascade, Montana	Charles A. Dyar and C. R. Tintinger, Cascade, Mont., and John D. Holliday, Chicago, Ill.
Casino	Members of Casino Club, Chicago, Ill.
Cecily Casserly, San Francisco	Miss Cecily Casserly, San Francisco, Cal.
Col. John Caswell Car.	John Caswell, N.Y.
Chain Letter, U.S.A. (2 cars)	12,800 Friends of the Allied Cause
Champion Fibre Company, Canton, N.C.	Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.
Octave Chanute	Children and Grandchildren of Octave Chanute, Denver, Colo.
Frederick S. Chase	Frederick S. Chase, Waterbury, Conn.
Chicago	Mrs. Robert Alex. Waller, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Athletic Association, No. I.....	Chicago Athletic Association, Chicago
Chicago Athletic Association, No. II.....	Lamson Brothers, Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Board of Trade (2 cars).....	Chicago Board of Trade
Chicago City Club.....	Members of Chicago City Club
Two Chicago Friends of France.....	Through Miss Susan P. Ryerson, Chicago
Chicago Hotchkiss, 1910.....	Through Richard D. Stevenson, Chicago
Chicago Telephone Company.....	Employees of Chicago Telephone Company
The Choate School.....	Students of Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.
Hendon Clubb.....	Hendon Clubb, N.Y.
City Club of New York.....	Through C. E. Whitmore, City Club of New York
City Club of New York Unit, The Authors' Club.....	The Authors' Club
City Club of New York Unit, The Bronx.....	Residents of the Bronx
City Club of New York Unit, Brooklyn.....	Residents of Brooklyn
City Club of New York Unit, The College of the City of New York.....	Alumni
City Club of New York Unit, Lincoln Cromwell.....	The City Club
City Club of New York Unit, Mrs. Lincoln Cromwell.....	Lincoln Cromwell
City Club of New York Unit, Delta Sigma Pi Fraternity.....	The Fraternity
City Club of New York Unit, Henry L. Doherty.....	Henry L. Doherty Organization
City Club of New York Unit, Du Pont Powder Company, Haskell Plant.....	Employees
City Club of New York Unit, Frank W. Frueauff.....	Henry L. Doherty Organization
City Club of New York Unit, Julius Goldman.....	The City Club
City Club of New York Unit, John Shook Hancock.....	Mrs. Clarence E. Hancock
City Club of New York Unit, S. Anna Ives.....	Walter Ives
City Club of New York Unit, Jersey.....	Residents of New Jersey
City Club of New York Unit, Edmond Kelly.....	Incorporators and charter members of the City Club
City Club of New York Unit, Adolph Lewisohn.....	The City Club
City Club of New York Unit, Manhattan.....	Residents of Manhattan
City Club of New York Unit, New York University, Classes 1917.....	New York University, Classes 1917
City Club of New York Unit, Passaic.....	Residents of Passaic, N. J.
City Club of New York Unit, Kate L. Paynter.....	Edward B. Paynter
City Club of New York Unit, Queensboro.....	Residents of Queensboro
City Club of New York Unit, Nelson S. Spencer, President of the City Club.....	Charles Schweidler
City Club of New York Unit, Joseph H. Spofford.....	Mrs. Joseph H. Spofford
City Club of New York Unit, Staten Island.....	Residents of Staten Island
City Club of New York Unit, University Glee Club.....	The City Club
City Club of New York Unit, Westchester.....	Residents of Westchester

INSCRIPTION

Charles Martin Clark, Jr. In Memory of Crawford W. Clarke, given by his family, San Francisco.

Edward H. Clark, Jr.

John Standish Clark.

W. A. Clark, III, of Butte, Mont. Presented by the Employees of the American Multigraph Company and the American Multigraph Sales Company, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

Mrs. Matthew Andrews, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. A. Augustus, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blossom, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Bolton, Cleveland, Ohio.

Borton & Borton, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Eleanor W. Bourne, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob B. Perkins and J. C. Brooks, Cleveland, Ohio, in Memory of Frances Perkins Brooks

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Chisholm, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Cleveland Athletic Club, Cleveland, Ohio.

Cleveland Lodge, No. 18, B.P.O. Elks, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Commercial Travelers Life and Accident Association of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Drake, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Excelsior Club, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. William Gates, Elyria, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Ginn, Cleveland, Ohio.

Edward Grasselli, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Hermit Club, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. J. C. MacLennan, Cleveland, Ohio.

W. C. Scofield, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Severance, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Charles Sheffield, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Martin Snider and Mrs. Alfred Brewster, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Tavern Club, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman H. Treadway, Cleveland Ohio.

This Ambulance is one of two purchased and equipped by the University Club of Cleveland, Ohio (2 cars).....

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Waycott, Cleveland, Ohio.

DONOR

Miss E. Mabel Clark, New York

Mrs. C. W. Clarke, San Francisco, Cal.

Edward H. Clark, N.Y.

John S. Clark, Mission Inn, Cal.

Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Mont.

Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

Mrs. Matthew Andrews, Cleveland, Ohio

Mrs. Matthew Andrews, Cleveland, Ohio

A. A. Augustus, Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham, Cleveland, Ohio

Mrs. Elizabeth Blossom, Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Bolton, Cleveland, Ohio

Borton & Borton, Cleveland, Ohio

Miss Eleanor W. Bourne, Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob B. Perkins and J. C. Brooks, Cleveland, Ohio

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The Tavern Club, Cleveland, Ohio

The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman H. Treadway, Cleveland, Ohio

The University Club, Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Waycott, Cleveland, Ohio

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

The Western Reserve Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, Cleveland, Ohio		
The Western Reserve Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, Cleveland, Ohio		
Roy F. York, Cleveland, Ohio.		Through Mrs. Samuel Hoar, Concord, Mass.
C. A. Coffin.		Through Mrs. Elizabeth W. Roberts, Concord, Mass.
Mrs. C. A. Coffin and Miss Coffin.		Miss Elizabeth H. Conc.
Mrs. C. A. Coffin and Miss Coffin.		Wm. Woodverton, N.Y.
Mrs. Francis Draper Colburn, Paris		
College Women's Club of Chicago		
Alumni of Columbia University		
Teachers College, Columbia University, N.Y.		
Members of the Faculty of Columbia University		
Columbia University, Class of 1881.	William I. Walker.	
Columbia University, Class of 1881.	William I. Walker.	
Columbia University, Class of 1881.	Daniel J. Leary.	
Columbia University, Class of 1883.		
Columbia University, Class of 1886.		
Columbia University, Class of 1887.		
Columbia University, Class of 1888.		
Columbia University, Class of 1889.		
Columbia University, Class of 1890.		
Columbia University, Class of 1892.		
Columbia University, Class of 1894 (7 cars)		
Columbia University, Classes of 1896 and 1897 (truck).		
Columbia University, Class of 1898.		
Columbia University, Class of 1899.		
Columbia University, Class of 1900.		
Columbia University, Class of 1901.		
Columbia University, Class of 1902.		
Columbia University, Class of 1903.		
Columbia University, Class of 1904.		
Columbia University, Class of 1906.		
Columbia University, Class of 1911.		
(Staff car, repair cars, trailer, etc., to complete section)		
Concord, Massachusetts, U.S.A.		
Concord, Massachusetts.		
Mrs. Frederick H. Conc.		

INSCRIPTION

Mrs. Frederick H. Cone.....	Mrs. F. H. Cone, N.Y.
E. J. DeCoppet (2 cars).....	E. J. DeCoppet, N.Y.
Juliet DeCoppet.....	Miss Juliet DeCoppet, N.Y.
Cornell Car.....	John C. Gibbons, N.Y.
Cornell, 1887.....	Cornell Club of New York
Armco-Cornell.....	American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio
Cornell Club of Michigan.....	Members of Cornell Club, Michigan
Gift of the Women-undergraduates of Cornell University, July, 1917 (staff car)	Women-undergraduates of Cornell University
John S. Cosden.....	John S. Cosden, Tulsa, Okla.
Henry B. Coxe.....	H. B. Coxe, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cornelius Crane, Chicago, Ill.....	R. T. Crane, Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Florence H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.....	R. T. Crane, Jr., Chicago, Ill.
The Gift of the Criterion Club of New York (6 cars).....	R. T. Crane, Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Alvah Crocker.....	Mrs. Alvah Crocker, Douglas Crocker, Fitchburg, Mass.
C. T. Crocker.....	Charles T. Crocker, Fitchburg, Mass.
Mary Crosby.....	Oliver Crosby, St. Paul, Minn.
Mary T. Cudaby.....	Miss Mary T. Cudaby, Chicago, Ill.
In Memory of Edward Cunningham, M.I.T., 1891.....	Through Mass. Inst. of Technology
Mrs. H. Darlington, Pittsburg, Pa.....	Mrs. H. Darlington, Pittsburg, Pa.
Dartmouth College (2 cars).....	Students of Dartmouth Colleges
The Dartmouth Car, In Memory of Howard B. Lines and Richard N. Hall	
	Dr. and Mrs. Louis P. Hall, Douglas Hall, Louis Hall and Miss Elizabeth Hall, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Donated by Madame D'Aubigné.....	Mrs. Sarah S. D'Aubigné, N.Y.
Frank Hamilton Davis.....	Frank H. Davis, N.Y.
Henry P. Davison (2 cars).....	H. P. Davison, N.Y.
D. and C.....	Miss Margaret B. Conover, Chicago, Ill.
In Memory of Mary E. Dennis.....	Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Nichols, Boston
Denver Club.....	Members of Denver Club, Denver, Col.
Detak.....	Anonymous
Deux Américains Reconnaissants (26 cars — Section 9 complete).....	Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, Paris
Dobbs Ambulance, Given by the Misses Masters' School.....	Misses Masters' School, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.
Cleveland H. Dodge (3 cars).....	Cleveland H. Dodge, N.Y.
In Memory of Jane E. Dodson.....	Mrs. W. R. Coyle, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Don.....	Three Friends
Dora.....	Mrs. Thomas Crimmins, N.Y.

Douleday,	Mrs. George Doubleday, N.Y.
Dover, New Hampshire Citizens of Dover, N.H.
George Draper (2 cars)	George A. Draper, Hopdale, Mass.
The Drysalers Club of New England, U.S.A. Members of Drysalers Club of N.E.
In Memory of Dr. Abram DuBois	Wm. A. DuBois and Miss Katherine DuBois, N.Y.
Ethel DuBois	Wm. A. DuBois and Miss Katherine DuBois, N.Y.
Margaret DuBois Miss Margaret DuBois, N.Y.
William A. and Miss Katherine DuBois (2 cars)	Wm. A. DuBois and Miss Katherine DuBois, N.Y.
Holland S. Duell Holland S. Duell, Yonkers, N.Y.
Durham, N.C. Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.
Durham, N.C., Red Cross Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.
Wily Morehead, Durham, N.C. Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.
Dutchess County Dutchess County, N.Y., Branch of American Red Cross
The Gift of the Citizens of Elmira, N.Y., U.S.A. Citizens of Elmira, N.Y.
Emergency Aid Committee (5 cars) Emergency Aid Committee of Philadelphia
Emergency Aid Committee (2 cars) French Com. of the Emer. Aid, Philadelphia
Emergency Aid Committee American Ambulance Com. of the Emer. Aid, Philadelphia
Emergency Aid Committee (2 cars) Red Cross Com. of the Emer. Aid, Philadelphia
In Memory of William Forbes Emerson Family and Friends of William Forbes Emerson, Concord, Mass.
From Enfield, Conn., for Liberty and Humanity Misses Parsons, Enfield, Conn.
Englewood, N.J. Citizens of Englewood, N.J.
Evanston Club Members of Evanston Club, Evanston, Ill.
Evanston, Ill. Citizens of Evanston, Ill.
Exmoor Country Club of Highland Park, Ill. Exmoor Country Club, Highland Park, Ill.
The Women of Fairfield County, Conn. Through Darrach Ambulance Fund
Estelle Farrel Miss Estelle Farrel, Ansonia, Conn.
Mrs. Franklin Farrel Mrs. Franklin Farrel, Ansonia, Conn.
In Memory of Bryant S. Fasset Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Sloat Fasset, Elmira, N.Y.
Princesse Aymon de Faucigny Lucinge Princesse Aymon de Faucigny Lucinge, Paris
T. J. Felder T. J. Felder, Paris
The Gordon Fellows Ambulance Capt. Henry Beaumont, Washington, D.C.
Paul E. De Fere Paul E. De Fere, N.Y.
Finch, Pruyn & Company Finch, Pruyn & Co., Glens Falls, N.Y.
Citizens of Fitchburg, Mass. (3 cars) Citizens of Fitchburg, Mass.
Mrs. H. M. Flagler (2 cars) Mrs. H. M. Flagler, Palm Beach, Fla.
Joseph A. Flannery Mrs. Joseph A. Flannery, N.Y.

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

Flushing.....	Citizens of Flushing, L.I.
Tod Ford.....	Mrs. George Tod Ford, Washington, D.C.
Fort Henry Club, Wheeling, W.Va. (trailer).....	Members of Fort Henry Club, Wheeling, W.Va.
William H. Foster.....	William H. Foster, Norfolk, Va.
Fourth Presbyterian Church (2 cars).....	Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Ill.
Anderson Fowler.....	A Friend
Anderson Fowler, No. II.....	Anonymous
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Franchot.....	Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Franchot, Tulsa, Okla.
Franklin, N.H.....	Citizens of Franklin, N.H.
George H. Frazier.....	George H. Frazier, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. C. Frick.....	H. C. Frick, N.Y.
Helen Clay Frick.....	H. C. Frick, N.Y.
M. Sergey Friede, Petrograd.....	M. Sergey Friede, N.Y.
From a Friend.....	Anonymous
Frigorifico, Armour De La Plata Buenos Aires, Argentine.....	Employees of Armour & Co., Argentine
Howard Fuguet.....	Howard Fuguet, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Homer Gage.....	Mrs. Homer Gage, Worcester, Mass.
In Memory of P. S. Galatti.....	Messrs. Ralli Bros., N.Y.
In Memory of George A. Gardner.....	Mrs. Samuel Vaughan, Beverly Farms, Mass.
Mrs. A. H. Gates & Sons.....	Mrs. A. H. Gates & Sons, South Pasadena, Cal.
Mrs. J. W. Gates.....	Mrs. J. W. Gates, N.Y.
Merrill Gaunt.....	Boys and Teachers of Worcester Academy, Mass.
Gaylord.....	Mrs. George T. Smith, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Edward W. Gibbs.....	Mrs. Edward W. Gibbs, N.Y.
James Parke Gillespie, No. I.....	D. L. Gillespie, Pittsburg, Pa.
James Parke Gillespie, No. II.....	T. A. Gillespie, N.Y.
Girard College Alumni.....	Girard College Alumni, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Gladwin.....	Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Gladwin, Madison, N.J.
Glencoe, Ill.....	War Emergency Union of Glencoe, Ill.
From the Citizens of Glencoe, Ill., in Honor of Dougall A. Kittmaster.....	War Emergency Union of Glencoe, Ill.
Glens Falls, N.Y.....	Dr. Thomas H. Foulds and the Boys' Battleship Club of Glens Falls, N.Y.
J. H. Glide Memorial.....	Mrs. J. H. Glide, West Sacramento, Cal.
Gloucester.....	Through J. H. Hammond, Jr., Gloucester, Mass.
Col. Robert H. I. Goddard.....	Anonymous
Joe Godsol (2 cars).....	Mrs. A. H. Woods, N.Y.
Erna Sawyer Goodman.....	William O. Goodman, Chicago, Ill.

INSCRIPTION

Marjorie Sawyer Goodman.....	DONOR	Kenneth S. Goodman, Chicago, Ill.
Goodwill (2 cars).....		Mrs. Alfred C. Bosson, N.Y.
In Memory of James Barnett Goodwillie.....		Mrs. Thomas Goodwillie, Baltimore, Md.
E. G. Grace.....		E. G. Grace, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Grand Rapids, No. I.....		Mrs. Clay H. Hollister, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Grand Rapids, No. II.....		D. McCool, Newaygo, Mich.
Mrs. Adam Grant, San Francisco.....		Mrs. Adam Grant, San Francisco, Cal.
Great Neck, L.I.....		Through Morgan H. Grace, Great Neck, L.I.
Mrs. W. E. S. Griswold.....		Mrs. W. E. S. Griswold, Lenox, Mass.
Groton.....		The Groton School, Groton, Mass.
Grub Club.....		Members of Grub Club, Philadelphia, Pa.
Don de Margaret Guilhou.....		Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fuller and Miss Mary Taber, Boston
C. H. S. H.....		Mrs. S. F. Houston, Philadelphia, Pa.
In Memory of Richard Hall.....		Miss Mary Livingston Willard, N.Y.
In Memory of Richard Hall.....		Through Dr. Owen Kenan, Kenansville, N.C.
In Memory of Col. N. P. Hallowell, Boston, U.S.A.....		Mr. and Mrs. N. Penrose Hallowell, Boston
Hamilton College.....		Students of Hamilton College, Clinton, N.Y.
H. Harbison.....		H. Harbison
Edward S. Harkness (10 cars).....		Edward S. Harkness, N.Y.
Mrs. E. S. Harkness (5 cars).....		Mrs. E. S. Harkness, N.Y.
Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness (5 cars).....		Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, N.Y.
W. A. Harriman.....		Mrs. E. H. Harriman, N.Y.
Delancey P. Harris.....		Delancey P. Harris, N.Y.
Huntington H. Harter.....		Huntington H. Harter, Dongan Hills, N.Y.
From Citizens of Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., in the cause of Democracy, Liberty and Humanity.....		
From Citizens of Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., in the cause of Democracy, Liberty and Humanity.....		
Edward Milligan, Charles H. Talcott.....		Edward Milligan and Charles H. Talcott, Hartford, Conn.
Harvard Class of 1885 (2 cars).....		Members of Class of 1885, Harvard Univ.
Harvard Class of 1900 (2 cars).....		Members of Class of 1900, Harvard Univ.
Harvard Class of 1901 (2 cars).....		Members of Class of 1901, Harvard Univ.
From the Class of 1908, Harvard University.....		Members of Class of 1908, Harvard Univ.
Harvard, Class of 1910.....		Members of Class of 1910, Harvard Univ.
Harvard University, Henry Rogers Benjamin.....		Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by William Everts Benjamin, N.Y.
Harvard University, Marijorie Burnes.....		Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by Mrs. Marijorie Burnes, N.Y.
Harvard University, Mme. Diaz Albertini.....		Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by Mme. Diaz Albertini, N.Y.
Harvard University, Amory Carliart.....		Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by Mrs. Amory Carliart, Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

INSCRIPTION

Harvard University, Goodhue Livingston	Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by Goodhue Livingston, N.Y.
Harvard University, C. W. Rantoul, Jr.	Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by C. W. Rantoul, Jr., N.Y.
Harvard University, Mrs. Wm. Lowe Rice	Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by Mrs. Wm. Lowe Rice, N.Y.
Harvard University, Mrs. G. S. Scott	Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by Mrs. G. S. Scott, N.Y.
Harvard University, R. D. Wrenn	Contribution to Harvard Unit Fund, by R. D. Wrenn, N.Y.
Harvard University (5 cars)	Contributions to Harvard Unit Fund
Harvard Club of Chicago	Members of Harvard Club of Chicago
Harvard Club of Fall River	Members of Harvard Club of Fall River, Mass.
Harvard Club of London	Members of Harvard Club of London
Harvard Club of New York City (2 cars)	Members of Harvard Club of New York City
Fly Club of Harvard University (2 cars)	Members of Fly Club of Harvard University
Spee Club of Harvard University	Members of Spee Club of Harvard University
Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop A. Harvey	Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop A. Harvey, Dover, Mass.
Coburn Haskell	Coburn Haskell, Cleveland, Ohio
John Nicols Haupt Memorial. Gift of the Dean Family of St. Paul	Mr. and Mrs. Archibald MacLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Lightner, St. Paul, Minn., and Mr. and Mrs. S. H. De Forest, Babylon, N.Y.
Hebeke	Miss Betsey Baird, N.Y.
R. C. Henderson	F. C. Henderson, N.Y.
Mrs. Harriet A. Henshaw (trailer)	Mrs. Harriet A. Henshaw, Boston
Edwin H. Hewitt, Anden Eleve de l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts	Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Hewitt, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Crawford Hill, Denver, Col.	Mrs. Crawford Hill, Denver, Col.
Horace L. Hill, Jr.	Horace L. Hill, Jr., San Francisco, Cal.
The Hillis Car	Mr. Hillis, Paris
In Memory of William Hockings	Employees of Weston, Dodson & Co., So. Bethelchem, Pa.
William L. Hodgman, Adelaide K. Hodgman, Hope K. Hodgman	Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Hodgman and Miss Hope K. Hodgman, Providence, R.I.
In Memoriam, Charles W. Hogan, 1859-1915	Mrs. C. W. Hogan, N.Y.
Mrs. E. V. Holter	Mrs. E. V. Holter, Mt. Kisko, N.Y.
Home Club of Meriden	Members of Home Club of Meriden, Conn., through Dr. Bradstreet
Honolulu Ad Club, Hawaii	Honolulu Ad Club, Hawaii
The Honor Legion of the Police Department of New York City	Honor Legion of Police Department, N.Y.C.
The Hope Club	Members of Hope Club, Providence, R.I.
In Memory of Amos Lawrence Hopkins, Major 1st Cavalry, U.S. Civil War, 1863	Mrs. Amos L. Hopkins, Boston
Hotchkiss School	Students, Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.
Frances G. Hovey	Mrs. Edwin S. Webster, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

J. S. Hoyt.....	J. S. Hoyt, N.Y.
Hudson River Valley (2 cars).....	Through Miss Helena Fish, Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y.
William Dudley Foulke Hughes.....	Mrs. Wm. Dudley Foulke, Newport, R.I.
Marvin Hughtitt.....	Marvin Hughtitt, Chicago, Ill.
To the Memory of Mary A. Huntington.....	Through Darrach Ambulance Fund
Huntingdon Valley Country Club (2 cars).....	Huntingdon Valley Country Club
Sydney E. Hutchinson.....	Sydney E. Hutchinson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Henry Baldwin Hyde.....	Mrs. James H. Hyde, Paris
Indianapolis.....	Through Mrs. C. S. Lewis, Indianapolis, Ind.
L. O. J.....	Anonymous
Jacklin.....	Mrs. Daniel Jacklin, N.Y.
In Memory of Herbert Jaques, Boston, U.S.A. (20 cars).....	National Allied Relief Committee, as contribution from Boston Allied Bazaar
Edwin C. Jameson (2 cars).....	Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jameson, N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Jennings.....	Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Jennings, N.Y.
In Honor of Marechal Joffre, from Chicago.....	Peabody, Hougheling & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. S. de Jonge.....	Mrs. S. de Jonge, N.Y.
George M. Jones.....	George M. Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Helen C. Juillard.....	Mrs. Helen C. Juillard, N.Y.
Junior War Relief Society of New York City, U.S.A. (2 cars).....	Junior War Relief Society of New York City
C. J. K.....	Mrs. A. W. King, N.Y.
Kansas City Country Club.....	Kansas City Country Club
Katy Lou.....	Lottery at St. Louis Bazaar, drawn by Miss Katherine Louise Crunden
In Memory of Edward J. Kelley.....	Through Dr. Owen Kenan, Kenansville, N.C.
William V. Kelley.....	Anonymous
Kentucky.....	Through Mrs. Samuel Culbertson, Louisville, Ky.
The Kenwood Church, Chicago.....	The Kenwood Evangelical Church, Chicago, Ill.
Kenyon College.....	Students of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio
Mrs. Arthur K. Kimball.....	Mrs. Arthur K. Kimball, Waterbury, Conn.
Elizabeth and Chase Kimball.....	Miss Elizabeth and Master Chase Kimball, Waterbury, Conn.
Florence King and Frederick P. King, Jr.....	Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King, N.Y.
Isabel Rountree King.....	Van R. C. King, Wilmington, N.C.
John C. King.....	John C. King, N.Y.
Frederick John Kingsbury.....	Miss Alice E. Kingsbury, Waterbury, Conn.
Francis S. Kinney.....	Mrs. Warren Kinney, Butler, N.J.
Knickerbocker Club (2 cars).....	Members of Knickerbocker Club, N.Y.

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

E. C. Knight.....	E. C. Knight, N.Y.
Louise Knoedler.....	Mrs. Roland F. Knoedler, N.Y.
S. L. G. Knox.....	S. L. G. Knox, San Francisco, Cal.
De Korwin.....	Mrs. Cecile Young De Korwin, N.Y.
L. B. No. I.....	Mrs. E. P. Williams, Washington, D.C.
L. B. No. II.....	Mrs. H. Lyman and Mrs. S. Cabot, Boston
L. B. No. III.....	Dr. C. H. Henderson, Samarcand, N.C.
L. B. No. IV.....	Miss Mary L. Willard, <i>et al.</i> , N.Y.
L. B. No. V.....	Mrs. Percy Jennings, N.Y.
Lake Bluff, Ill.....	Mrs. Frederick B. Jennings, <i>et al.</i> , N.Y.
Lake Forest, Ill.....	Citizens of Lake Bluff, Ill.
Lakewood, N.J.....	Citizens of Lake Forest, Ill.
T. W. Lamont (2 cars).....	Citizens of Lakewood, N.J.
In Memory of Amy McKee Lancel, from Sally Spens Black, California.....	H. P. Davison, N.Y.
Carl and Harry H. and Alice Langenberg.....	Mrs. Spens Black, San Francisco, Cal.
In Memory of Philip V. Lansdale, U.S.N.....	Carl and Harry H. Langenberg, St. Louis, Mo.
La Porte.....	Mrs. Philip V. Lansdale, San Francisco, Cal.
La Sainte Patronne.....	Mr. and Mrs. Landon C. Rose, Chicago, Ill.
La Salle Steel Company.....	La Salle Steel Co., Chicago, Ill.
A Gift of the Lawyers of Boston, U.S.A.....	Lawyers' Preparedness Committee, Boston
In Memory of John Howard Latham.....	Mrs. John H. Latham, N.Y.
Francis Lawrence.....	Mrs. Francis Lawrence, Paris
Mrs. James Lawrence.....	Mrs. James Lawrence, Groton, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Lea.....	Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Lea, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Nina Lea.....	Miss Nina Lea, Philadelphia, Pa.
Elizabeth Drexel Lehr.....	Mrs. Henry Symes Lehr, Paris
Anna Elizabeth Lewis.....	Miss Anna S. Lewis, Philadelphia, Pa.
In Memory of Lawrence Lewis.....	Miss Anna S. Lewis, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lexington, Massachusetts, U.S.A.....	Citizens of Lexington, Mass.
Miss Elizabeth Ligon, Ellicott City, Md.....	Lottery Allied Bazaar, Baltimore, Md.
Estate of Frederick W. Loew (2 cars).....	Charles E. Loew, N.Y.
Loiseau.....	Mr. Loiseau, Paris
Catherine Loney.....	Catherine Loney, N.Y.
Miss Alice M. Longfellow.....	Miss Alice M. Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass.
Albert C. Blicke Memorial, Los Angeles, Cal.....	Mrs. A. C. Blicke, Los Angeles, Cal.
Marguerite W. Brunswig, Los Angeles, Cal.....	L. N. Brunswig, Los Angeles, Cal.

- Bradley-Nettleton, Los Angeles, Cal. F. H. Nettleton and Mrs. Lucy Bradley, Los Angeles, Cal.
 C. A. Canfield Memorial, Los Angeles, Cal. Sons and Daughters of C. A. Canfield, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Druggists of Los Angeles and Southern California Druggists of Los Angeles and Southern California
 French Colony of Los Angeles, Cal. Members of French Colony, Los Angeles, Cal.
 A Friend of France, Los Angeles, California
 Germaine Fussenot, Los Angeles, Cal. Anonymous
 H. E. Huntington, Los Angeles, Cal. George Fussenot, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. H. E. Huntington, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Laurence Milbank Memorial, Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Los Angeles, Cal. Isaac Milbank, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Katherine Robbins, Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Natalie Wilshire Memorial, Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Susan E. Wilshire, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Loudon County A. C. Robbins, Los Angeles, Cal.
 A Jeanne d'Arc en souvenir de son admirateur et historien, Francis Cabot Lowell. Mrs. Eustis, Leesburg, Va.
 Mrs. Charles Ludington Mrs. Francis Cabot Lowell, Boston
 In Memory of Lewis Bowyer Lueders Mrs. Charles Ludington, Ardmore, Pa.
 Lucy Moffit Lynch Mrs. Lewis B. Lueders and the Misses Lueders, Philadelphia
 Lys Mrs. John H. Lynch, New York
 Catherine M. L. Y. Spear, New London, Conn.
 D. M. E. H. Pearson, Chicago, Ill.
 L. P. M., No. VI, San Francisco. Donald Moffat, N.Y.
 Mrs. John W. Mackay (3 cars) Mrs. Louis Montague, San Francisco, Cal.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. King Macomber Mrs. John W. Mackay, Paris
 In Memory of Duncan Archibald MacTavish Mr. and Mrs. A. King Macomber, San Francisco, Cal.
 Florence Magee Mrs. Eugene Fuller, N.Y.
 John Magee Mrs. John Magee, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.
 Magnolia John Magee, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.
 Henrietta Magnus Through Mrs. William Farnham
 State of Maine Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Magnus, Chicago, Ill.
 State of Maine, No. II Citizens of Maine and Alumni of Bowdoin College
 In Memory of Jean Augier de Maintenenon, Lt. 8th Colonial, Toulon, died on the Field of Honor, August 11, 1915. Citizens of Maine and Students of Bowdoin College
 Presented by the First Congregational Church of Malden, Mass., U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. George C. Lee, Boston, Mass.
 Manhattan Club, New York First Congregational Church, Malden, Mass.
 Mrs. J. Hartley Manners Members of Manhattan Club, N.Y.
 Gilbert Beebe Manlove Memorial Mrs. J. Hartley Manners, N.Y.
 Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia Mrs. Robert Laflin Rea, Chicago, Ill.
 Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, Pa. Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, Pa.

INSCRIPTION

Marienfeld Car	Dr. C. Hanford Henderson, Samarcand, N.C.
Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio (15 cars)	B. G. Dawes and Friends, Marietta, Ohio
Marin County, California	Through Mrs. Wm. Babcock, San Rafael, Cal.
Laura Young Martin	Mrs. L. Y. Martin, N.Y.
Mask and Wig Club	Mask and Wig Club of Univ. of Pennsylvania
Charles Mather	Charles Mather, Philadelphia
Herbert McBride	Mrs. Herbert McBride, N.Y.
In Memory of James R. McConnell	Mrs. Archer M. Huntington, Baychester, N.Y.
In Memory of Sergeant James R. McConnell	Leslie Buswell, Gloucester, Mass.
Chauncey McCormick, Chicago, Ill.	Mrs. Chauncey McCormick, Chicago, Ill.
Nettie F. McCormick, Chicago, Ill.	Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, Sr., Chicago, Ill.
Nettie F. McCormick, Chicago, Ill.	Lottory at Allied Bazaar, Chicago, Ill.
McCullough	Mrs. John G. McCullough, N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter McConnell	Robert E., James F., Peter, Alexander and Hubert McDonnell, N.Y.
George H. McFadden	George H. McFadden, Philadelphia, Pa.
George H. McFadden & Bros.	George H. McFadden & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.
J. Franklin McFadden	J. Franklin McFadden, Philadelphia, Pa.
John H. McFadden	John H. McFadden, Philadelphia, Pa.
In Memory of John H. McNee	Mrs. Morrison, San Francisco, Cal.
Grace Murray Meeker, Chicago, Ill.	Arthur Meeker, Chicago, Ill.
In Memory of Timothy Merrick	Mrs. George A. Heywood, Arden, N.C.
Barbara Merriman	Mrs. Henry Pearce, N.Y.
Jesse H. Metcalf, Providence, R.I.	Jesse H. Metcalf, Providence, R.I.
Mrs. Jesse H. Metcalf, Providence, R.I.	Mrs. Jesse H. Metcalf, Providence, R.I.
J. Henry Meyer	J. Henry Meyer, San Francisco, Cal.
Henri F. Micolean	Students of Brown University, Providence, R.I.
Middlesex School (3 cars)	Students and Graduates of Middlesex School
Middlesex School Car	Students of Middlesex School
Carl W. Miller	Carl W. Miller, Chicago, Ill.
Starr Miller	Mrs. Wm. Starr Miller, Chicago, Ill.
Wm. Starr Miller	Wm. Starr Miller, Rhinebeck, N.Y.
The Minnesota Club, St. Paul, Minn (2 cars)	Wm. Starr Miller, Rhinebeck, N.Y.
Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Minor	Members of Minnesota Club, St. Paul, Minn.
Billy Mitchell Section.	Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.
In Memory of the Rev. George D. Hulst	William Mitchell, N.Y.
Billy Mitchell Section.	Grace H. Mitchell (2 cars)
Billy Mitchell Section.	William Mitchell, N.Y.
Janet C. Mitchell (2 cars)	William Mitchell, N.Y.

INSCRIPTION

Billy Mitchell Section.	Malcolm T. Mitchell (3 cars)	William Mitchell, N.Y.
Billy Mitchell Section.	Margaret H. Mitchell (2 cars)	William Mitchell, N.Y.
Billy Mitchell Section.	William Mitchell (7 cars)	William Mitchell, N.Y.
J. Kearsley Mitchell		J. Kearsley Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa.
In Memory of Morton Mitchell		Mrs. Morton Mitchell, N.Y. and Paris
R. Burnham Moffat		Mrs. R. Burnham Moffat, N.Y.
In Memory of Frederic W. Monahan		Employees of American Radiator Co. in U.S., Chicago, Ill.
Montana		John D. Holliday, Cascade, Mont.
R. L. Montgomery		R. L. Montgomery, Philadelphia, Pa.
E. W. Moore		E. W. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. James Hobart Moore, Santa Barbara, Cal.		Mrs. James Hobart Moore, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Caroline L. Morgan		Miss Caroline L. Morgan, N.Y.
Morristown School, Morristown, N.J.		Students of Morristown School, Morristown, N.J.
D. W. Morrow (2 cars)		H. P. Davison, N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Levi P. Morton		Mr. and Mrs. Levi Morton, Washington, D.C.
S. G. Murphy		S. G. Murphy, N.Y.
Newark		Mrs. Arthur H. Mackie, Newark, N.J.
From Citizens of New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A., in the cause of Democracy, Liberty and Humanity		Citizens of New Bedford, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Newbold		Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Newbold, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
C. W. Newbold		C. W. Newbold, Philadelphia, Pa.
New Britain		Charles F. Smith, New Britain, Conn.
New Britain (2 cars)		Twenty Citizens of New Britain, Conn.
In the Cause of Democracy, Liberty and Humanity, from New England Branch of the Coal Trade of the U.S.A. (18 cars)		New England Coal Trade, Mr. Borden Covel, Sec. of Committee, Boston, Mass.
New Haven (2 cars)		Through Mrs. Edwin H. English, New Haven, Conn.
New Rochelle, New York		Citizens of New Rochelle, N.Y.
Mrs. Charles C. Newton (2 cars)		Mrs. Charles C. Newton, Philadelphia, Pa.
Newton South Allies Relief Association, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.		Newton South Allies Relief Assn., Boston
New Trier High School, Kenilworth, Ill.		Students of New Trier High School, Kenilworth, Ill.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	J. E. Aldred	J. E. Aldred, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	Bettina	Lee Gazley, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	A. B. Gwathmey	A. B. Gwathmey, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	E. F. Hutton	E. F. Hutton, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	Russell A. Cowles	Russell A. Cowles, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	F. R. and J. R. Mayer	F. R. Mayer, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	George H. McFadden, No. II.	George H. McFadden, Philadelphia, Pa.

INSCRIPTION

New York Cotton Exchange Section.	George H. McFadden & Bros. (2 cars)	Geo. H. McFadden & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	John H. McFadden (3 cars)	John H. McFadden, Philadelphia, Pa.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	McFadden-Sands	J. Franklin McFadden, Philadelphia, Pa.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	N. Bruce MacKelvie.	N. Bruce MacKelvie, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	Betty Lee Rich	Charles Vanderlip Rich, Sr., N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	Charles Vanderlip Rich, Jr.	Charles Vanderlip Rich, Sr., N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	H. S. Shonnard.	H. S. Shonnard, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	In Memory of Sidney J. Townsend.	Robert Van Iderstine, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	Edward M. Weld	Edward M. Weld, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	In Memoriam, Alfred Rodman Weld.	Edward M. Weld, N.Y.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	Stephen M. Weld	Gen. S. M. Weld and sons, Boston, Mass.
New York Cotton Exchange Section.	Willcox, Peck & Hughes	William Prince, N.Y.
New York Fire Department		Robert H. Mahner, N.Y.
New York Stock Exchange		Through Graham F. Blandy, N.Y.
New York Stock Exchange (24 cars — Section 10 complete)		Through Henry E. Montgomery, N.Y.
School of Pedagogy, New York Univ., New York City		School of Pedagogy, New York City
New York Yacht Club (2 cars)		Commodore Geo. F. Baker, Jr., N.Y. Yacht Club
The Niagara Falls, N.Y., in Memory of A. A. Porter	Through A. G. Porter, by subscriptions from number of citizens and corporations of Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Through Mrs. Edward W. Clark, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Nirvana, Keewaydin, Cherokee, Oltiron.		Mrs. Guy Norman and others, Beverly, Mass.
Norman Car		Robert B. Hawley, N.Y.
Hawley and Jack Oakes, Galveston, Texas.		F. D. Ogilvie, Lindfield, Sussex, Eng.
F. D. Ogilvie Car.		Citizens of Ononta, N.Y.
Citizens of Ononta, N.Y.		Ononta State Normal School, Ononta, N.Y.
Ononta State Normal School		Mrs. Wm. Church Osborn, N.Y.
Mrs. Wm. Church Osborn (2 cars)		Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Packard, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Packard		Mr. and Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, 2d, Boston
Charles Jackson Paine.		Mrs. Wm. Barclay Parsons, N.Y.
Walter Cabot Paine.		Parsons Family, Seattle, Wash.
Parsons.		Misses Parsons, N.Y.
Donated by Anne, Reginald B., George H., and Mary B. Parsons, Seattle, Wash.		James A. Patten, Evanston, Ill.
Mary and Gertrude Parsons		Members of Paul Jones Club, N.Y.
James A. Patten, Evanston, Ill. (3 cars)		Charles F. Paxton, Pasadena, Cal.
Paul Jones Club.		Frank E. Peabody, Boston
Mary D. Paxton		Billy Peake.
Frank E. Peabody (trailer)		
Billy Peake.		

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

Mrs. Henry Pearce, N.Y.	Through Mr. Sumner Cushing, Salem, Mass.
Robert Pellissier Memorial, Established by Graduates and Undergraduates of the Bridgewater Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass., U.S.A.	Through Prof. Oliver M. Johnston, Stanford, Cal.
Ambulance offerte par les membres et les amis de l'Université de Stanford en Californie en memoire du professeur Robert Edouard Pellissier, sergent au 5me. bataillon des chasseurs à pied	Mrs. Harold Godwin, Roslyn, L.I.
In Memory of Arthur Lowell Percy, Oakland, Cal.	Members of Phi Kappa Sigma, Fraternity
Claude Pernet	Miss K. K. Harte, Philadelphia
Phi Kappa Sigma	The Garden Club of Philadelphia
Philadelphia	Miss Gertrude Abbott, Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia Cricket Club	Through Mr. Frank H. Simmons, N.Y.
Philadelphia French War Relief Committee	Alfred I. DuPont, Wilmington, Del.
Phillips Academy, Andover, U.S.A.	Students of Phillips Andover Academy
Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.	Mrs. Wm. Reed Thompson, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Phillips Andover Academy	Citizens of Pittsfield, Mass.
Pittsburgh — Mrs. W. R. Thompson	Anonymous
Pittsfield, Mass.	Dr. James O. Ely, Chicago, Mr. J. K. Pollock, Cincinnati, and the family and friends of Dinsmore Ely.
The Mary Pollock Memorial	Alumni of Polytechnic Elementary School, Pasadena, Cal.
Polytechnic Elementary School Alumni, Pasadena, Cal.	Students and Graduates of Pomfret School
Pomfret School	Mrs. George A. Pope, San Francisco, Cal.
George A. Pope, Jr., San Francisco	Members of Porcellian Club, Harvard Univ.
P. C., in Memory of Dillwyn Parrish Starr	H. P. Davison, N.Y.
W. H. Porter (2 cars)	The Ainsworth Family, Portland, Ore.
Ainsworth, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Members of the Arlington Club, Portland, Ore.
Arlington Club, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burns, Portland, Ore.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burns, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	
Columbia River Steel Ship Builders, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	
Columbia River Steel Building Corp., Smith & Watson Iron Works, Northwest Steel Company, Willamette Iron and Steel Works, Portland, Ore.	
Helen W. Farrell and James B. Farrell, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Helen W. and James B. Farrell, Portland, Ore.
In Memory of Henry Failing, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mrs. Henry Coalter Cabell, Miss Mary F. Failing, Portland, Ore.
In Memory of Giles Gilbert, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mr. Frank S. Gilbert, Mr. Wells Gilbert, Portland, Ore.
Capt. Kenneth Hauser, Guy Robert Porter, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Porter Bros. Co., Grant Smith & Co., Portland, Ore.
Kamm, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mrs. Jacob Kamm, Portland, Ore.
In Memory of W. S. Ladd, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Ladd & Tilton Bank, Portland, Ore.
In Memory of C. H. Lewis, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Miss Sarah H. Lewis, Mr. L. A. Lewis, Portland, Ore.

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mrs. Solomon Hirsh, Mrs. Isam White, Mr. Joseph Simon, Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cobbs, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Mendez, Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Kerr, Gifford & Co., Miss Caroline Flanders, Macleay Estate Co., Rodney L. Glisan, Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ladd Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Rugles Corbett, Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mr. and Mrs. Winslow B. Ayer, Portland, Ore.
Shewlin, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Shevlin, Portland, Ore.
William Stevens, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Wilcox, Portland, Ore.
Genevieve Thompson, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	Miss Genevieve Thompson, Portland, Ore.
University Club, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit (staff car)	Members of University Club, Portland, Ore.
Warren, Portland, Ore., U.S.A. Unit	The Warren Family, Portland, Ore.
Portville and Olean, N.Y.	Citizens of Portville and Olean, N.Y.
Regis Post	Mr. Regis Post, N.Y.
George D. Pratt	George D. Pratt, Albany, N.Y.
Easter Preston	J. Wm. Smith, Syracuse, N.Y.
Florence J. H. Price	Students of Brown University, Providence, R.I.
Princeton	Mrs. John Y. Boyd, Paxtang, Pa.
Princeton, No. II	Mrs. Junius S. Morgan, Princeton, N.J.
Princeton, No. III	Mrs. John Garrett, Paris
Princeton, No. IV	Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ashton Rollins, N.Y.
Class of 1897 of Princeton University	Class of 1897, Princeton University
Princeton University, Class of 1905	Class of 1905, Princeton University
Princeton, 1916	Mrs. Arthur C. James, N.Y.
Princeton University	Students of Princeton University
Princeton Club of New York	James Barnes, N.Y.
Princeton Club of Philadelphia	Members of Princeton Club of Philadelphia
Princeton-Pasadena	Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Gamble, Pasadena, Cal.
Percy R. Pyne	Percy R. Pyne, Princeton, N.J.
Rainier Club, Seattle	Members of Rainier Club, Seattle
Mrs. Henry Rea	Mrs. H. R. Rea, Sewickley, Pa.
Robert Redfield and Friends	Students of University of Chicago
First National Bank of Redlands, Cal	First National Bank of Redlands, Cal.
Maurice de Reiset	Mrs. George F. Tyler, Elkins Park, Pa.
H. J. Kelly Car	Henry J. Kelly, Winnetka, Ill.
Henry Reinhardt	Henry Reinhardt, N.Y.
Relief	Mr. and Mrs. Hugh King, Tulsa, Okla.

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

Dr. and Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice	Dr. and Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice, Elkins Park, Pa.
R. C. Richmond	R. C. Richmond, Boston.
Ridgefield, Conn.	Through Miss Clemence Crafts, Ridgefield, Conn.
Ridgewood Chapter Red Cross, Surgical Dressings Car	Anonymous
Riverside	Citizens of Riverside, Ill.
Presented to France in Grateful Appreciation of Her Heroic Efforts in Behalf of Humanity, by the Citizens of Riverside, Cal.	Citizens of Riverside, Cal.
Rochester	Citizens of Rochester, N.Y.
Rochester, N.Y., Junior Horse Show	Proceeds of Junior Horse Show, Rochester
In Memory of Kiffin Rockwell	Mrs. C. C. Newton, Asheville, N.C.
H. H. Rogers	Mrs. W. R. Coe, N.Y.
Julia R. Rogers	Miss Julia R. Rogers, Baltimore, Md.
Montgomery Rollins	Montgomery Rollins, Boston
Roxana Petroleum Corporation	W. A. J. M. Van Waterschoot Van Der Gracht, Tulsa, Okla.
Mrs. C. C. Rumsey	Mrs. C. C. Rumsey, Hempstead, L.I.
Donald Ryerson, Jr., Chicago, Ill.	Mrs. Donald Ryerson, Chicago, Ill.
In Memoriam A. L. S.	Mrs. Frederick Allen, Paris
Saddle and Cycle Club, Chicago	Members Saddle and Cycle Club, Chicago, Ill.
Isabel W. Sage	Mrs. Wm. H. Sage, Albany, N.Y.
Salt Lake City, No. I.	Citizens of Salt Lake City, Utah
Salt Lake City, No. II.	Joseph F. Smith, Salt Lake City, Utah
Mary Ware Sampson	Mrs. Robert D. Sampson, Magnolia, Mass.
Sandy	Three Friends
San Francisco (3 cars)	Mrs. Berthe L. Welch, San Francisco, Cal.
Presented by the Young Girls of San Francisco	Through Miss Frederica E. M. Otis, San Francisco, Cal.
San Rafael	Through Mrs. Wm. Babcock, San Rafael, Cal.
Santa Barbara, Cal. (5 cars)	Citizens of Santa Barbara, Cal.
Mrs. E. P. Moore, Santa Barbara, Cal.	Mrs. E. P. Moore, Santa Barbara, Cal.
J. W. Saunders	J. W. Saunders, Chicago, Ill.
In Memory of Walter M. Schefel	Mrs. Sophie Schefel, N.Y.
Schenectady	Through Mrs. John S. Conover and Mrs. Kenneth Torrance, Schenectady, N.Y.
Charles M. Schwab	Charles M. Schwab, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Mrs. Morton L. Schwartz	Mrs. Morton L. Schwartz, N.Y.
Miss Edith Scoville	Miss Edith Scoville, N.Y.
Miss Mary F. Scoville	Miss Mary F. Scoville, N.Y.
Mrs. H. W. Seale	Mrs. H. W. Seale, San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. Henry F. Sears	Mrs. Henry F. Sears, Boston

INSCRIPTION

Mrs. Jay K. Secor.....	Mrs. Jay K. Secor, Toledo, Ohio
Eleanor Semple.....	Mr. John B. Semple, Sewickley, Pa.
Nicholas Senn High School, Chicago.....	Students of Nicholas Senn High School, Chicago
Sewickley (2 cars).....	Through Mrs. Alex. L. Laughlin, Sewickley, Pa.
Miss Ellen Dexter: Sharpe, Providence, R.I.....	Miss E. D. Sharpe, Providence, R.I.
Shelburne Farms.....	Mrs. Wm. Seward Webb, Shelburne, Vt.
In Memory of Frank Parsons Shepard, from his family.....	S. M. Shepard, Roger B. Shepard, D. C. Shepard, 2d, and Frank P. Shepard, Jr., St. Paul, Minn.
Charles Kocchin Sherman.....	Mrs. H. F. Boardman, Bennington, Vt.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sherrill.....	Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sherrill, N.Y.
Zalmon G. Simmons, Jr., Kenosha, Wis.....	Mr. and Mrs. Z. G. Simmons, Kenosha, Wis.
E. C. B. Simonin.....	I. M. Simonin, Philadelphia, Pa.
Wharton Sinkler, Jr.....	Mrs. Wharton Sinkler, Jr., Elkins Park, Pa.
H. S. Snyder.....	H. S. Snyder, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Mrs. W. P. Snyder, Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Mrs. W. P. Snyder, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Solace.....	Mr. and Mrs. Hugh King, Tulsa, Okla.
Somerset Hills, New Jersey.....	Through Mrs. Clarence B. Mitchell and Mr. Reginald Lanier, N.Y.
Edward Carter Sortwell.....	Mrs. A. Sortwell, Cambridge, Mass.
In Memory of Lt. A. Goodwill Spalding (2 cars).....	Mrs. Keith Spalding, Chicago, Ill.
Sarah E. Spalding.....	Mrs. S. M. Spalding, Menlo Park, Cal.
Catherine B. Spaulding, Chicago, Ill.....	Mrs. Howard H. Spaulding, Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Spence's School Class of 1914.....	Through Miss K. Bonner, N.Y.
Miss Spence's School Class of 1916.....	Miss Lila Lancashire, N.Y.
From One Who Loves France, Elnor W. Squier.....	Mrs. Charles B. Squier, N.Y.
Donated by Citizens of South Orange, N.J.....	Through Wm. Torrey Baird, So. Orange, N.J.
Staff Car.....	Charles Frechorn, Paris
Staff Car.....	A. Kingsland, Paris
Staff Car.....	J. H. McFadden, Jr., Paris
Staff Car.....	Allan H. Muhr, Paris
Caroline Stambaugh.....	H. H. Stambaugh, Youngstown, Ohio
Statesville, N.C.....	Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.
In Memory of Henry M. Stehman, Pasadena, Cal.....	Number of Pasadena, Cal., Citizens
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Stetson.....	Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Stetson, New Bedford, Mass.
E. R. Stettinius (2 cars).....	H. P. Davidson, N.Y.
City of St. Louis, Amcla.....	Mrs. William H. Scudder, St. Louis, Mo.
City of St. Louis.....	Anonymous
City of St. Louis, W. K. Bixby.....	W. K. Bixby, St. Louis, Mo.

INSCRIPTION

British Societies, St. Louis, Mo. British Societies, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Dan and Theron Catlin. Daniel K. and Theron E. Cadin, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Presented by Members of the City Club of St. Louis. City Club, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Edwina Crunden. Columbian Club, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight F. Davis. Mrs. Robert B. Tweedy, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Mrs. John T. Davis, Mr. J. L. Mauran, Mr. H. H. Langenberg, Mrs. George S. Tiffany. Dwight F. Davis, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Benjamin Gratz, John D. Filley and the Directors of the International Shoe Co. Mrs. George S. Tiffany, St. Louis, Mo.

George Hitchcock, Collier Estate. Judge Hitchcock, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Hodgman-Randolph. George A. Randolph, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Marion Lambert. Mrs. Marshall Hodgman and Mrs. George A. Randolph, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Virgil A. Lewis. R. D. Lewis, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Log Cabin Club. Log Cabin Club, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Teddy Mallinckrodt. Edward Mallinckrodt and Edward Mallinckrodt, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Mary-Anne-Jane. Mr. and Mrs. George O. Carpenter, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Merchants Exchange. Merchants Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Millinery Interests. Millinery Interests, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Misses Gertrude A. and Wilhelmina E. Mitchell. Misses Gertrude A. and Wilhelmina E. Mitchell, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Mrs. Geo. W. Niedringhaus. Mrs. Geo. W. Niedringhaus, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Caroline O'Fallon. Col. Joseph G. Miller, St. Louis, Mo.
 Scottish Clans, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. Scottish Clans, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Shapleigh. Richard W. Shapleigh, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. J. P. Tirrell. Frank P. Crunden, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Walsh. Mr. J. P. Tirrell, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Julia Maffit Walsh. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Walsh, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. St. Louis Wholesale Grocers and Brokers. Mrs. Julia Maffit Walsh, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wiggins. St. Louis Wholesale Grocers and Brokers, St. Louis, Mo.
 City of St. Louis. The St. Louis Women's Ambulance. Charles Wiggins, St. Louis, Mo.
 St. Mark's School. Students of St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.
 St. Paul's School. Students and Graduates of St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H.
 St. Stephen's. Members of St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass.
 St. Thomas's Church. Misses Scoville, Salisbury, Conn.

INSCRIPTION

E. T. Stotesbury, Philadelphia, Pa.	E. T. Stotesbury, Philadelphia, Pa.
Albert Strauss	Albert Strauss, N.Y.
Frederick Strauss	Frederick Strauss, N.Y.
In Memory of Walter Knight Sturges	Miss Dorothy Sturges, Providence, R.I.
In Memory of Henry M. Suckley	Anonymous
In Memory of Henry M. Suckley	From a Friend
In Memory of Henry M. Suckley	Mrs. Henry P. King, Boston
In Memory of Henry M. Suckley	Through Dr. Owen Kenan, Kenansville, N.C.
In Memory of Henry Montgomery Suckley	Mrs. H. Morton, Paris
Summit, N.J.	Citizens of Summit, N.J.
Sunnie Holme, Fairfield, Conn.	Mrs. H. G. Glover, Fairfield, Conn.
In Memory of E. B. T.	Mr. Roger Tileston, Mrs. J. B. Tileston, and Mrs. F. A. Eustis, Pawtucket, R.I.
Wilson P. Tanner	Wilson P. Tanner, New York
Tavern Club	Members of Tavern Club, Boston
Rev. and Mrs. William Rivers Taylor	Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Rivers Taylor, Rochester, N.Y.
The Telephone Operators of the Metropolitan Division, New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.	Operators, N. E. Telephone & Telegraph Co., Boston, Mass.
Annie Frances Tener, Sewickley, Pa.	Mrs. George E. Tener, Sewickley, Pa.
Edith A. Tener, Sewickley, Pa.	Mrs. George E. Tener, Sewickley, Pa.
The Thacher School, Cal.	Students of Thacher School, Nordhoff, Cal.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Thieriot	Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Thieriot, N.Y.
Joseph B. Thomas	Joseph B. Thomas and Friends, N.Y.
Miss Anna B. Thompson	Miss Anna B. Thompson, Boston
Mrs. Robert J. Thorne	Mrs. Robert J. Thorne, Chicago, Ill.
The Thurston Schools, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.	Through Miss Alice Thurston, Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. M. Tilford	H. M. Tilford, Tuxedo, N.Y.
David Tod	David Tod, Mrs. Fred Tod, Youngstown, O., Mrs. James R. Sheffield, and Mrs. Frank Billings, Cleveland, Ohio
In Memory of Sarah Keys Tod	Mrs. Jonathan Bulkeley, N.Y.
Toledo	Citizens of Toledo, Ohio
Dr. and Mrs. Norman B. Tooker	Dr. and Mrs. Norman B. Tooker, Princeton, N.J.
Kenneth Torrance	Mrs. Kenneth Torrance, Schenectady, N.Y.
Traffic Club of Chicago	Members of Traffic Club of Chicago, Ill.
Through the "Trench," Morristown, N.J., from Chapman-La Montagne-Maitland-Taylor	Through Charles D. Chapman, Morristown, N.J.
Through the "Trench," Morristown, N.J., from Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Thebaud	Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Thebaud, Morristown, N.J.
Through the "Trench," Morristown, N.J., from Mr. and Mrs. Paul Moore, Convent, N.J.	Mr. and Mrs. Paul Moore, Convent, N.J.
True Blue Club	Members of True Blue Club, Beverly, Mass.

INSCRIPTION

Tryon, N.C.	Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.	DONOR
Tulsa Country Club	Members of Tulsa Country Club, Tulsa, Okla.	
Oil Men of Tulsa, Okla.	Miss Katherine E. Turnbull, Princeton, N.J.	
Mr. and Mrs. George E. Turnure	Mr. and Mrs. George E. Turnure, N.Y.	
University of Chicago High School	Students of Univ. of Chicago High School	
University Club of Detroit	Members of Univ. Club of Detroit, Mich.	
University Club of Hawaii	Members of Univ. Club of Hawaii	
University Club of New York	Members of Univ. Club of N.Y.	
University Club of Philadelphia	Members of Univ. Club of Phila., Pa.	
University of Pennsylvania	Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Allen, Colorado Springs, Colo.	
University of Pennsylvania	Anonymous	
The Valentine	Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Pulsifer, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Pulsifer, Mr. Harold T. Pulsifer, Mountainville, N.Y., and Miss Dorothea V. Abbott, Cornwall, N.Y.	
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt (4 cars)	Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, N.Y.	
W. K. Vanderbilt (10 cars)	George B. Vanderpoel, Chatham, N.J.	
George B. Vanderpoel (2 cars)	P. V. R. Van Wyck, Summit, N.J.	
George Van Wyck	P. V. R. Van Wyck, Summit, N.J.	
Philip Van Wyck	P. V. R. Van Wyck, Summit, N.J.	
Prescott Van Wyck	Students of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	
Vassar College	Through H. S. Kelsey, Boston	
Compliments Waldorf Lunch System (trailer)	Citizens of Waltham, Mass.	
Waltham, Mass.	Mrs. A. Montgomery Ward, Chicago, Ill.	
A. Montgomery Ward, No. 1	Miss Marjorie Ward, Chicago, Ill.	
A. Montgomery Ward, No. 2	Through Mrs. Wm. Eustis, Washington, D.C.	
In Memory of David R. Warden, John B. Warden, H. Page Warden	Through Mrs. I. H. Chase, Waterbury, Conn.	
Washington, D.C.	Citizens of Watertown, N.Y., through Mrs. F. K. Houston	
Waterbury	Students of Wellesley College, Mass.	
The Watertown, N.Y.	Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hallock, Middletown, Conn.	
Wellesley College	Westminster School Alumni Assn., Simsbury, Conn.	
Wesleyan University	Citizens of Westfield, N.J.	
Westfield, New Jersey	Citizens of West Newton, Mass.	
Westminster School	Miss Lilla C. Wheeler, Portville, N.Y.	
West Newton, Mass.		
Miss Lilla C. Wheeler (2 trailers)		

INSCRIPTION

Mrs. W. O. Whitcomb	Mrs. W. O. Whitcomb, New Haven, Conn.
H. B. White (10 cars)	H. B. White, Paris
Horace White	Misses Amelia and Martha R. White, N.Y.
Dr. J. William White, Philadelphia	Mrs. J. Wm. White, Philadelphia, Pa.
White, Weld & Company	White, Weld & Co., N.Y.
Henry A. Whitley, San Francisco, Cal.	Henry A. Whitley, N.Y.
Mrs. H. P. Whitney (13 cars)	Mrs. H. P. Whitney, Roslyn, L.I.
Harris Whittemore	H. Whittemore, Naugatuck, Conn.
Harris Whittemore, Jr.	H. Whittemore, Jr., Naugatuck, Conn.
George D. Widener	George D. Widener, Elkins Park, Pa.
Mary Livingston Willard	Miss Mary Livingston Willard, N.Y.
Willard-Rhett	Miss Mary L. Willard, Miss Florence Rhett, N.Y.
Williams College	Students and Friends of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.
Williams College Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi	Wm. Adams Kissam, N.Y.
Williams College, No. 1.	May 18, 1917	E. C. Wright, Newark, Ohio
Williams College, No. 2.	May 18, 1917	Mrs. Lewis M. Borden, N.Y.
Williams College, No. 3.	May 18, 1917	Mrs. George H. Danforth, N.Y.
Williams College, No. 4.	May 18, 1917	Mrs. Clarence Porter, N.Y.
Williams College, No. 5.	May 18, 1917	Mrs. H. S. Patterson, Mrs. Francis S. Hutchins, E. D.
Miss M. L. Pruyn, Mrs. Louis M. Starr, Mrs. J. C. McCoy	

Redfield

Williams College, No. 6.	May 18, 1917	Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, N.Y., Mrs. Percy H. Stewart, N.Y.
Williams College	May 18, 1917 (3 cars)	Friends of Williams College
Williams College, Class of 1917	Dr. and Mrs. Harry A. Garfield, Williamstown, Mass.
Williams College, Class of 1914	Rev. and Mrs. Harris E. Adriance, Englewood, N.J.
Williams College	Mrs. David M. Milton, Williamstown, Mass.
Williams Club	Members of Williams Club, N.Y.
Arthur Williams, Jr., in Memory of Herbert Jacques	Lottery, Allied Bazaar, Boston
John N. Willys	John N. Willys, Toledo, Ohio
Mrs. John N. Willys	Mrs. John N. Willys, Toledo, Ohio
Wilmette, Ill.	Citizens of Wilmette, Ill.
Edwin C. Wilson	Edwin C. Wilson, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Newton R. Wilson (2 cars)	Mrs. Newton R. Wilson, St. Louis, Mo.
Wilson, N.C., Red Cross	Through Dr. Francis B. Boyer, Asheville, N.C.
Winchester, Mass.	Citizens of Winchester, Mass.
Winnetka, Illinois	Through Robert Stevenson, Jr., Chicago
Robert Winsor	Robert Winsor, Boston

INSCRIPTION

DONOR

Winsor School 1916 Ambulance Association.....	Through Miss Sarah Bradley, Boston
Wissahickon, Cedron, Longmeadow, Muskoday.....	Through Mrs. Edw. W. Clark, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Elsie de Wolfe.....	Miss Elsie de Wolfe, N.Y.
Women's University Club.....	Members of Women's Univ. Club, N.Y.
E. Wood.....	E. Wood, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Grahame Wood.....	Mrs. Grahame Wood, Philadelphia, Pa.
In Memory of Walter A. Wood, Hoosick Falls, N.Y. Donor, Julia Wood Blackinton.....	Mrs. Hugh Blackinton, Hoosick Falls, N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Al Woods.....	Mrs. A. H. Woods, N.Y.
Worcester (2 cars).....	Through Major Luke C. Doyle, Worcester, Mass.
Worcester Ambulance-Brayton Nichols.....	Brayton Nichols, Worcester, Mass.
J. Dunbar Wright.....	J. Dunbar Wright, N.Y.
"Y".....	Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston
Yale Class of 1881.....	Philo C. Fuller, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Yale Class of 1894.....	Members Class of 1894, Yale University
Yale Class of 1895.....	Members Class of 1895, Yale University
To the Soldiers of France from Yale, Class of 1896.....	Members Class of 1896, Yale University
Yale, Class of 1897 (4 cars).....	Members Class of 1897, Yale University
Yale, Class of 1898.....	Members Class of 1898, Yale University
Presented to the Soldiers of France by Class of Yale, 1899.....	Members Class of 1899, Yale University
Yale, Class of 1903.....	Members Class of 1903, Yale University
Yale, Classes of 1916 and 1916 S.....	Members Classes 1916 and 1916 S, Yale University
Mrs. Hugh Hampton Young, Baltimore.....	Mrs. Hugh Hampton Young, Baltimore, Md.
Sarah Titus Zabriskie.....	Anonymous

Appendix K

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE FIELD SERVICE

BOOKS BY FIELD SERVICE MEN

Friends of France. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1916.

An interesting account of the American Field Service from its conception in 1914 up to the beginning of 1916. The stories of the work of the various sections are told by the volunteers themselves in articles, letters, and diaries. The first formal history of the work of the American Field Service.

Amis de la France. Paris: Plon-Nourrit & C^{ie}. 1917.

A French edition of the above book, translated by M. Firmin Roz, with a preface by the French Ambassador to the United States, M. Jules J. Jusserand. It contains several modifications and additions not found in the American edition.

Letters Written Home from France. By A. Piatt Andrew; edited by Henry D. Sleeper. Boston: Privately printed. 1916.

A collection of letters by A. Piatt Andrew written during the first half of 1915. "These pages," says Mr. Sleeper in his preface, "give little idea of the very difficult task their author has successfully accomplished. Largely through his perseverance against great odds the American Ambulance Field Service has become a very distinguished organization, trusted and relied upon by the Armies of France."

Ambulance No. 10. By Leslie Buswell. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1916.

A volume of ambulance letters written from Section Two at Pont-à-Mousson during the summer of 1915.

This is a duplication, somewhat augmented, of *With the Ambulance Field Service in France*, privately printed in 1915.

A Volunteer Poilu. By Henry Sheahan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1916.

The interesting and admirably written story of Section Two of the Field Service at Pont-à-Mousson during the autumn of 1915 and the early winter of 1916. The author was a member of this Section.

At the Front in a Flivver. By William Yorke Stevenson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1917.

The author of this diary joined Section One in the Spring of 1916, and he well describes the volume, which deals with the history of the Section during that year, in these words taken from his introductory 'Note': "This little book is merely a record of what one driver of a 'Tin Lizzie' happened to see during some nine months spent on the Somme, around Verdun, and in the Argonne."

APPENDIX

From Poilu to Yank. By William Yorke Stevenson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1918.

A continuation of the foregoing book, bringing down the history of Section One to the time when it was taken over by the U.S. Army, in September, 1917.

Behind the Wheel of a War Ambulance. By Robert W. Imbrie. New York: Robert W. McBride & Co. 1918.

This book treats most humanly of life in Section One and in Section Three in the Orient during the earlier days of the service, giving a full and vivid impression of the work of a *conducteur*. The author has a pleasant straightforward style, a good eye for color, and for the significance of events. The book is well organized and hardly a phase of the ambulance life is overlooked.

Soldier Letters. By Coleman Tileston Clark and Salter Storrs Clark, Jr. Privately printed. 1919.

A volume of home letters from two brothers, both of whom were killed in the war. Coleman Clark was one of the veterans of Section Three, and his letters cover the activities of that Section at Verdun and in Lorraine in 1916, and in the Balkans in 1916 and 1917.

Diary of Section VIII. Edited by H. D. Sleeper. Privately printed. Boston. 1917.

As the editor well says in his preface, "This record is typical of the day's work of every section in the Field Service." It throws many side-lights on the great struggle at Verdun, where the Section was stationed during the summer and autumn of 1916.

Diary of S.S.U. 18. Privately printed. Paris. 1917.

A brief section history, covering the period from May, 1917, to the following autumn, when the Section was "federalized," and affording glimpses of Verdun, where the Section did some fine work, immediately after "the great days."

Diary of S.S.U. 19. In three parts. Privately printed. Paris. 1917 and 1918.

A brief history of Field Service Section Nineteen, from its organization in May, 1917.

Ambulance 464. By Julien H. Bryan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1918.

The author was a Princeton Freshman of seventeen, and a member of Section Twelve from January to July, 1917; an excellent example of the way our American college youth entered into the true spirit of the contest on the Western Front. Many illustrations. The introduction is by the Reverend Lyman Abbott.

An American Crusader at Verdun. By Philip Sidney Rice. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press. 1918.

This little volume is made up of recollections of the work during 1917

APPENDIX

in the Champagne region, at Verdun, and in Lorraine of Section One, of which the author was a member. The Introduction is by Major-General C. B. Dougherty, of the Pennsylvania National Guard. It appeared originally as "*An Ambulance Driver in France*" which was privately printed in 1918 at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

The White Road of Mystery. By Philip Dana Orcutt. New York: John Lane Company. 1918.

The author of this book was formerly a member of Section Thirty-One of the Field Service, and its pages are made up of extracts from his notebook kept during the Verdun offensive of the summer of 1917.

Personal Letters. By Reginald Noël Sullivan. Printed for private circulation. 1917.

These letters from France covering a period extending from August to November, 1917, are edited by the author's uncle, United States Senator James D. Phelan, of California. Mr. Sullivan was a member of Section Sixty-Five of the Field Service.

En Repos and Elsewhere. By Lansing Warren and Robert A. Donaldson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1918.

A small volume of verses touching on the ambulance-driver's life in France. The book is by two former Leland Stanford students who were volunteers in Section Seventy, and later Section Eighteen, of the Field Service. There is an amusing preface by the authors, and a humorous glossary of war terms. The introduction is by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Piatt Andrew.

Turmoil. By Robert A. Donaldson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1919.

A volume of light and serious verses written in France, 1917-19, by one of the co-authors of *En Repos and Elsewhere*.

Verse. By William Cary Sanger, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1920.

A collection of poems published previously in four separate volumes. One group, "With the Armies of France" is made up chiefly of verses written in France and while the author was a member of Section Nine. With sincerity and success they express the fine fire of the French Army.

Camion Letters. Edited by Professor Martin W. Sampson, of Cornell University. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1918.

The editor of this charming little book was one of the official agents in America of the Field Service. It is made up of the home letters of a dozen college men at the front who were acting as motor-transport drivers with the French Armies during 1917.

APPENDIX

Trucking to the Trenches. By John Iden Kautz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1918.

Written with graphic and humorous touches, these letters, by a young American truck-driver of the American Field Service, give a somewhat exaggerated picture of life near the front.

Camion Cartoons. By Kirkland H. Day. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. 1919.

A little volume of cartoons of life in the *Camion* Service, with humorous home letters accompanying them, by a cartoonist-writer who went to France in July, 1917, with the first Technology Unit, and later enlisted in the U.S. Motor-Transport Service.

I Was There. By C. LeRoy Baldrige and Hilmar R. Baukage. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1919.

Sketches that bring to life moments and men of "every day over there." Their range of subject and manner is exceptionally broad, and Mr. Baldrige, one of the early volunteers in the transport branch of the Field Service, catches unerringly in his drawings the spirit not only of the *Camion* Service and the French soldiery, but also of that Franco-American *camaraderie* which was such a wonderful, strong outgrowth of the American Field Service. The occasional verses are the work of a fellow private in the A.E.F.

A Stop at Suzanne's. By late Second Lieutenant Greayer Clover. New York: George N. Doran & Co. 1919. Sketches originally published in *Collier's*, etc.

Letters and sketches describing the life of our boys in France, by a Yale student who served with the French *Camion* Service and later in the American Aviation Corps.

The Story of the First Flag. Compiled by Clara E. Kimber. San Francisco. 1920.

An account compiled from his letters and other documents of the mission of Arthur Clifford Kimber, killed in action September 26, 1918, who in May, 1917, carried to France the first American flag authorized by the United States Government to be borne at the front. This flag, destined for the first Stanford unit, Section Fourteen, was presented on June 4, 1917, at Tréveray, France.

OTHER BOOKS

The Harvard Volunteers. Edited by M. A. de Wolfe Howe. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1916.

As the sub-title reads, we have here "personal records of experience in military ambulance and hospital service." A half-dozen of the chapters of this admirable story of worthy deeds are from the pens of members of the American Field Service.

Les Volontaires américains dans les rangs alliés. By Paul-Louis Hervieu. Paris: Edition de *La Nouvelle Revue*. 1917.

APPENDIX

This book tells briefly what Americans did for the Allies before the United States entered the war officially. Chapters 10, 11, and 12 are devoted to an account of the work of the Field Service, "whose extraordinary services will not be forgotten, any more than the splendid impulse which gave it birth."

The American Volunteers with the Allies. By Paul-Louis Hervieu. Paris: Edition de *La Nouvelle Revue*. 1918.

An English version of the book just mentioned.

Our Part in the Great War. By Arthur H. Gleason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1917.

The opening section of this book, one of the first published in the United States which fearlessly exposed the crimes of Germany in her conduct of the war, is entitled "Americans Who Helped," and contains chapters devoted to the American Field Service, whose activities the author pronounces "the most brilliant, the most widely known of any we are doing in France, a powerful factor in rescue work."

The Latin at War. By Will Irwin. London: Constable & Company. 1917.

A most admirably written and moving book, dwelling on the first two years of the war along the Franco-Italian front. Some of the author's most interesting episodes, especially in Chapter 6, "Beyond Verdun," and Chapter 7, "A Drive with the Kid," are based on his relations with Sections Two, Three, Four, and Eight of the American Field Service.

The Vanguard of American Volunteers. By Edwin W. Morse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1918.

This book tells briefly what Americans did in the Great War before the United States entered the struggle officially. Part IV, entitled "American Ambulances in France," is largely devoted to the American Field Service. The frontispiece is a group of the early ambulance-drivers of Sections One and Two.

Phillips Academy, Andover, in the Great War. Edited by Claude Moore Fuess. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1919.

A record of Andover and Andover men in the Great War. There is a chapter on the Field Service Unit from Andover, telling of its work at the front and the individual records of the men.

New England Aviators. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1920.

This book contains the war record of nearly a score of men who began their world war career in the American Field Service.

ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

"With the American Ambulance in France." By J. R. McConnell. New York: *The Outlook*, September 15, 1915.

The author of this illustrated article, who was a graduate of the University of Virginia and member of Section Two of the Field Service,

APPENDIX

gives here some account of the early days of the Field Service, aiding "the brave French people in their sublime struggle." Mr. Roosevelt, in an introduction to the article, speaks of "the splendid work of the American Ambulance in France." Later, Mr. McConnell met his death in the Lafayette Escadrille.

"An American Ambulance in the Verdun Attack." By Frank Hoyt Gailor. London: *Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1916.

The ambulance in question was in Section Two of the Field Service, of which the author of the article — a resident of Memphis, Tennessee, and a student of Sewanee University — was a member. Two somewhat modified extracts from this interesting article are found in the body of this history.

"*Sur le Front.*" Speech by M. Alexandre Millerand, Deputy and ex-Minister. *France-États-Unis*, Sept.-Dec., 1916.

Speaking of the sections and the drivers, M. Millerand said: "*Elles se sont distinguées en maintes circonstances critiques; les conducteurs, presque tous étudiants, accomplirent leur devoir avec intelligence et ardeur, initiative et courage.*"

"An American Ambulance at Verdun." By W. Kerr Rainsford. New York: *The World's Work*, December, 1916.

The author belonged to Section Three of this Service. The article is made up of extracts from his diary kept during the great Verdun battle. Portions of this diary will be found, in a slightly different form, in the chapter devoted to Section Three in this History.

"America's Men." New York: *The Bookman*, October, 1916.

A book review of *Friends of France*.

"For Love of France." By Lieutenant-Colonel A. Piatt Andrew. New York: *The Outlook*, December 27, 1916.

The Inspector-General of the American Field Service in France gave here, in a few pages, the history of the conception, growth, and character of the organization which he founded and did so much to develop.

"Friends of France." Supplement, *New York Herald* (Paris Edition), December 17, 1916.

An illustrated supplement based on the book bearing the same title and noted above, "an enduring monument to the gallant youths who have shown their love for France."

"*Une Ambulance Américaine.*" Paris: *Bulletin des Armées de la République*, February 20-23, 1916.

One of the earliest articles published in France describing and praising the Field Service. The *Bulletin* was edited at the French War Office for circulation in the trenches. "All these volunteers,"

APPENDIX

writes the author of the article, "are prudent, brave, intrepid, and devoted beyond measure. We shall never forget the great service they have rendered our dear wounded."

"My Trip to the Front." By Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. New York: *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1917.

A spirited account of an adventurous visit to the Verdun front in the company of the Inspector-General of the American Field Service; glimpses are afforded of four of the Field Service sections in action.

"The Harvest of the Night." By John Masefield. New York: *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1917.

The British poet, naval writer, and Red Cross worker gives in this article a striking picture of the American Field Service as he saw it at work on the Western Front. "To this company of splendid and gentle and chivalrous Americans," he says, "be all thanks and greetings from the friends and allies of sacred France."

"In the Vosges." By John Masefield. Philadelphia: *Saturday Evening Post*, July 21, 1917.

The story, as told to John Masefield, of an American ambulance driver's first night under fire.

"*Les Ambulances Américaines*." Paris: *L'Illustration*, April 14, 1917.

An illustrated article on the Field Service. "At this moment, when America enters the war on the side of the Allies, special honor should be rendered to those of her sons who, during two years and a half, shared the dangers and glories of our troops."

"The First American Belligerents." By George H. Seldes. Paris: *L'Ambulance*, April and May, 1918.

Two articles devoted to the praise mainly of the Field Service. "France will never forget these three thousand Americans."

"With the American Ambulance in France." By Grenville Keogh. New York: *Red Cross Magazine*, July and August, 1918.

A series of home letters giving a good idea of the ambulance life and work.

"Letters from the War." By Will Irwin. Philadelphia: *Saturday Evening Post*, July 28, 1917.

This, one of a series of letters and articles from France, deals with the work of the then newly organized *Camion* Service, and the Meaux School.

Appendix L

GLOSSARY OF FRENCH EXPRESSIONS USED IN THE TEXT

N. B. Unless otherwise designated, all the words or phrases in the first column are French.

abri: dugout, bomb-proof shelter. May consist of anything from an elaborate system of underground rooms with accommodations for many men, in which case it is usually called a *sape*, to a cellar of a ruined house offering but slight protection against shells.

"à droite": "to the right," a cry of ambulance and truck drivers trying to make their way along roads obstructed with traffic.

"à gauche": "to the left."

aide-major: assistant military surgeon with the rank of first or second lieutenant.

alerte: alarm. Usually employed to designate the alarm sounded in towns and villages to signal the presence in the vicinity of enemy airplanes. The *alerte* is sounded by means of a bell, siren, or whistle.

allemand: German, a word seldom used in conversation during the war, the word "boche" being preferred both as noun and adjective.

ambulance: a field hospital consisting of a small number of military surgeons and their personnel in charge of a *médecin-chef*. It may be attached to a division or a base hospital. The word *ambulance* in French does not designate a vehicle.

ambulancier: strictly speaking, one of the personnel of an *ambulance*. Frequently used here to designate an ambulance-driver.

argot: slang.

Armand (le Vieil): "Old Armand," the name given by the poilus to Hartmannsweilerkopf, a word the sound of which suggested to these soldiers Armand Fallières, the venerable ex-president of France.

"armes sur épaules": "shoulder arms"; a military command.

arrivé: incoming shell.

as: ace; the popular term for a champion aviator.

aspirant: a cadet; a candidate for a second-lieutenancy.

assis: sitting case; a slightly wounded man who can sit up.

atelier: workshop; used here to designate the automobile repair shop of an ambulance section.

"attendez": "wait."

attente des couchés: waiting-room for stretcher cases.

"Attention!": "Look out!"

APPENDIX

auberge: small inn.

"au beau milieu": "right in the middle."

aumonier: chaplain.

avant-garde: vanguard. Marechal Joffre has spoken of the Field Service as the *avant-garde* of the United States Army.

avion de chasse: aeroplane especially designed and equipped for fighting.

avion de bombardement: aeroplane especially designed and equipped for dropping bombs.

avion de reconnaissance: aeroplane especially designed and equipped for taking photographs and reconnoitring.

bague: ring. Finger rings made of aluminum, obtained from German shell-fuses, were made by French soldiers as a pastime. Sometimes these were more or less artistically inlaid with designs in brass or copper, or set with fragments of colored glass from church windows.

barrage: curtain of artillery fire thrown ahead of advancing forces to protect them or to repel an attack. It is also used by both sides during an attack to cut off the enemy's communications with the rear.

bâtiment: building.

bataille: battle.

"belles petites voitures": "fine little cars."

béret: a round, flat, woollen cap worn by the *chasseurs alpins* or "blue devils."

grosse Bertha (German): popular name for the long-distance cannon which fired on Paris, beginning March 23, 1918, and continuing off and on for six months.

bidon: tin can used to carry gasoline, water, or oil on a car; small canteen worn by soldiers to carry wine or drinking-water.

bistro: cheap drinking-place and restaurant.

blessé: a wounded man.

bleu, bleuet: popular name for a young French recruit recently called to the ranks; since the present war *bleu* has given way to *bleuet*, as the new recruits are two or three years younger than in time of peace. These terms, familiar in the metropolitan press, were seldom used at the front. Literally the word designates a blue wild flower prevalent in France.

boche: popular name for a German since the outbreak of the present war. The authorities do not all agree as to the etymology of the word, but the generally accepted explanation is that it is a corruption of *alboche*, an early French slang term for *allemand*, German. *Les alboches* has been turned popularly and wittily into *les sales boches*.

"bon!" "good!" "fine!" "all right!" The word also means a ticket entitling the holder to something. Thus *bon de pain* (bread ticket), *bon d'essence* (gasoline ticket).

bonnet de police: French military fatigue cap, similar to our overseas cap.

boue: mud.

APPENDIX

boyau: communication trench. The word literally means intestine, and the military usage is derived from the resemblance of the tortuous zig-zags of the trenches.

brancard: stretcher or litter for carrying wounded.

brancardier: stretcher or litter bearer.

brassard: an arm band bearing insignia indicating the kind of service rendered by certain troops. Stretcher-bearers, for instance, wear white brassards with a red cross, indicating to the enemy their non-combatant activity.

brigadier: a corporal in artillery, cavalry, and automobile service.

briquet: a pocket cigarette or pipe lighter usually containing a wick immersed in gasoline. These were made by the French soldiers during their idle hours from every possible kind of material, such as shell-cases, fuses, medals, coins, and even sardine tins.

brisque: popular name for service or wound stripe. In the French Army, when worn on the left arm one stripe means a year's active service, and each subsequent stripe represents six months' additional service. If worn on the right arm, it means that the wearer has been wounded or gassed. See *chevron*.

brouette: wheelbarrow; wheel-litter; stretcher hung between two large light wheels and pushed by hand. Used to transport wounded back to the *poste de secours* where they can be loaded into an ambulance.

bureau: office; in an ambulance section, the office and headquarters of the section.

buvette: small drinking-place, bar, or café.

cabaret: village café or restaurant.

"ça chauffe": "it's warming up," referring to increasing artillery fire or other activity on the front.

cadavre: a corpse.

cafard: popular name for a cockroach; French Army slang for the "blues."

"café chaud à toute heure": "hot coffee at all hours."

cagnat: slang name rather affectionately used by a *poilu* in referring to the bomb-proof hole in which he lives, in which he has perhaps installed some such comforts as a shelf, a piece of carpet, a small mirror, a photograph of his mother, or wife, or family, pictures cut from a newspaper or more probably from the "*Vie Parisienne*," and which for the time being is his "home."

caleçon: underdrawers.

calvaire: a crucifix erected by a roadside or in a churchyard.

camion: motor-truck or lorry.

camionnette: a small motor-truck.

camouflage: means used to disguise objects of military importance and to render them inconspicuous to the enemy's observers.

cantine: military refreshment station, usually located in a railway station or near rest billets; an officer's trunk.

APPENDIX

- cantonnement**: cantonment; billets; military quarters.
- capot**: military overcoat; hood of an automobile.
- capote**: the long blue outer coat worn by French infantrymen except *chasseurs*, *zouaves*, and colonial troops.
- carrefour**: cross-roads; crossways.
- carrière**: quarry; abandoned quarries often serve as excellent dugouts, being used as dressing-stations or staff headquarters as well as soldiers' shelters.
- caserne**: military barracks.
- casque**: helmet.
- cave**: cellar; wine-cellar.
- cave voutée**: vaulted cellar.
- centime**: monetary value about one fifth of a cent; five *centimes* make one sou.
- cercle**: club; clubrooms. The French officers in towns back of the lines frequently established officers' clubs with a moderate priced restaurant, reading-rooms, and such comforts as the circumstances allowed. In these clubs American and Allied officers were always welcome.
- "c'est défendu"**: "it is forbidden."
- chambre à air**: inner tube.
- charge maximum**: maximum load.
- chasseur alpin**: French mountain soldier; the *chasseur* regiments are as a rule crack troops and excellent fighters. They are known as the "blue devils" on account of their distinctive dark-blue uniforms and *bérets* as opposed to the light-blue uniform and *képi* of the ordinary infantryman.
- chef**: the head of an organization; here used to designate the American officer in command of a volunteer ambulance section.
- chef d'escadron**: an officer of the rank of Major in certain branches of the French Army, such as cavalry and artillery.
- chef de peloton**: platoon commander.
- chemin interdit**: closed road.
- chevaux de frise**: iron saw-horses on which barbed wire is coiled.
- chevron**: service stripe like an inverted V worn on the left arm to show length of service. See *brisque*.
- circulation interdite**: closed to traffic.
- circulation interdite de jour**: traffic forbidden by day.
- citation à l'ordre**: mention in orders.
- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| de l'armée: | of an army. |
| du corps d'armée: | of an army corps. |
| de la division: | of a division. |
| du régiment: | of a regiment. |
| du service de santé: | of the medical corps. |

Such mention carries with it the award of the French war cross. See *Croix de Guerre*.

APPENDIX

clef: key.

cocarde: a small knot or button of ribbons of the national colors.

cochon: pig; a very insulting appellation in French.

cognac: a kind of brandy.

coiffeur: barber; hairdresser.

commandant: major.

commandant de la place: military commander of a town or village in the war zone.

commissaire de gare: military railway station-master.

communiqué: the official statement concerning military events at the front, issued daily from Army Headquarters.

concierge: janitor.

conducteur: driver; ambulance-driver.

confiture: preserves; jelly; jam.

contagieux: contagious; a contagious case.

convoi: convoy of wagons or automobiles.

coopérative: quartermaster supply stores run on a coöperative basis and attached to the various formations of the French Army. The object of these stores was to supply the soldiers with all sorts of necessities and extras at moderate prices, both in the trenches and at the rear. Familiarly called the *copé* (kopy).

coquelicot: wild poppy.

corvée: fatigue duty; fatigue party; used to designate the squads of French territorial soldiers detailed to load and unload trucks.

couché: stretcher case; a severely wounded man who must be carried on a stretcher.

coup de main: trench raid for the purpose of reconnoitring and taking a few prisoners from whom military information may be secured.

crapouillot: a small trench mortar.

créneau: a small aperture in a trench or wall through which one can fire or observe.

croisement: cross-roads.

Croix Rouge: Red Cross.

Croix de Guerre: French War Cross established by the law of April 8, 1915, and awarded for bravery. When awarded by a regimental or brigade commander, the red and green ribbon from which it is suspended bears a bronze star; when by a divisional commander, a silver star; when by an army corps commander, a gold star; and when by an army commander a bronze palm branch.

C.S.A. (Chef du Service Automobile): the officer in charge of the automobile service of a division, army corps, or army.

cuisine: kitchen.

cuisine roulante: rolling kitchen.

cuistot: slang for army cook.

APPENDIX

curé: Catholic priest.

débrouillard: capable of getting out of difficulties or of avoiding red tape and embarrassing regulations. See "*système D.*"

débrouiller (se): to cut red tape, to get results regardless of obstacles or regulations. See "*système D.*"

défendu de passer le jour: forbidden to pass by day.

défense d'allumer: lights forbidden.

défilé: procession; review; parade.

dégel: thaw.

de même: in the same way.

démerder: slang for *débrouiller*. To get cleverly out of difficult situations.

départ: outgoing shell.

de piquet: on duty; on call.

dépôt de génie: *dépôt* of engineering supplies.

dépôt d'artillerie: artillery *dépôt*.

dépôt de munitions: ammunition *dépôt*.

descente dangereuse: dangerous slope.

descente rapide: steep slope.

"dis-donc": colloquial and familiar word for calling any one's attention, like the English word "say."

divisionnaire: see *médecin divisionnaire*.

doucement: slowly; gently.

douches: shower baths. Villages, towns, or military cantonments in the war zone are usually provided with a shower-bath establishment for the use of the troops quartered there.

douille: thin brass cylinder which envelops shell.

D.S.A. (Direction du Service Automobile): office and staff of officer, usually a major, in charge of the Automobile Service of a French army.

dud (Eng.): a faulty shell which does not explode.

eau de vie: brandy.

eau potable: drinking-water.

eau non potable: water condemned for drinking-purposes.

éclairage permis: lights permitted.

éclat: shell splinter or fragment of exploded shell.

"économisez l'essence": "save gasoline."

embusqué: a slacker.

emplacement: gun-pit.

"en avant par quatries": "right by squads" (a military command).

en arrière: backwards; back; behind.

en panne: in trouble; broken down; used in referring to an automobile, truck, aeroplane, etc.

en permission: on furlough; on leave.

APPENDIX

en repos: in rest billets behind the lines.

entonnoir: literally a funnel; in military language, a very large shell-hole.

entrée: entrance.

entrée interdite: entrance forbidden; no admittance.

entrée pour malades: the entrance of a hospital reserved for the sick as opposed to the wounded cases.

essence: gasoline.

état-major: military staff.

"éteignez tous les feux": "put out all lights."

"éteignez vos lumières, vos phares": "put out your lights."

évacuation: transportation of wounded to the rear or from one hospital to another.

évacués: wounded brought from the front to the rear; also civilians forced by military operations to leave their homes.

feuillée: latrine.

fiche: tag, or card. Every wounded or sick soldier before being evacuated to the rear is supplied with a tag, carried in his pocket or attached to his buttonhole, which states his name, matriculation number, and the nature of his wound or illness.

fil-de-fer barbelé: barbed wire.

"fixe": "attention" (military command).

fourgon: supply or ammunition wagon.

fourragère: a cord in the colors of the *Croix de Guerre*, *Médaille Militaire*, or *Légion d'Honneur*, worn around the left shoulder by all members of a military formation which has been decorated a certain number of times by an army commander: twice for the first, green and red; four times for the second, yellow and green; six times for the third, red; nine times for the first double *fourragère* composed of the red of the *Légion d'Honneur* and the red and green of the *Croix de Guerre*; twelve times for the second double *fourragère* composed of the red of the *Légion d'Honneur* and the yellow and green of the *Médaille Militaire*; and fifteen times for the double red *fourragère*. Section One of the American Field Service was one of the few American formations in France to be awarded the *fourragère*.

fourrier: non-commissioned officer who provides for the feeding and lodging of troops.

foyer du soldat: canteens established wherever French troops were quartered, by a benevolent organization like the American Y.M.C.A.

fromage: cheese.

fumiste: practical joker; literally a chimney-sweep.

fusant: a shrapnel shell set with a time fuse to explode in the air.

fusée: fuse; percussion cap of a shell.

fusée éclairante: illuminating rocket; star-shell.

fusil: rifle.

APPENDIX

fusilier marin: French marine soldier. These came very largely from the sailors and fishermen of Brittany.

galon: gold or silver stripe worn on the sleeve just above the cuff to indicate rank in the French Army. A second lieutenant wears one *galon*; a first lieutenant, two; a captain, three; a major, four; a lieutenant-colonel, five (alternately silver and gold); and a colonel, five (gold for infantry, silver for cavalry and other services, including the automobile service).

gamin: child; youngster; street urchin (boy).

gamine: same (girl).

"garde à vous": "attention" (military command).

garde champêtre: rural policeman.

gare: railway station.

gateau: cake.

G.B.D. (Groupe des Brancardiers Divisionnaire): corps of stretcher-bearers attached to each division under the command of a *médecin-chef* and including one or more assistant military surgeons. It is the duty of this formation to superintend the evacuation of the sick and wounded, and care for them from the time they leave the regimental dressing-stations until they arrive at the hospital.

gelée blanche: hoar frost.

génie: engineering corps.

gendarme: military policeman. One of their duties was to direct traffic at the front.

gentil: nice, kind.

gniole: slang term for brandy.

gosse: a child; baby.

gotha (German): the popular name in Paris for the big German bombarding planes which began to appear in the winter of 1917-18 and continued until September of the latter year.

gourbi: the improvised hut or hole in the ground which serves as the poilu's shelter and home at the front. See *cagnat*.

gradé: non-commissioned officer.

G.Q.G. (Grand Quartier Général): general headquarters.

grand blessé: a severely wounded man.

grignoter: to nibble; in army slang, to destroy slowly. General Joffre was reported to have described his policy in the first years of the war as "*je les grignoterai*," "I will nibble them." For this he was frequently called the *grignoteur* (the nibbler).

grosse pièce: heavy cannon.

groupement: automobile formation corresponding to the regiment in the infantry.

haute paye: extra pay allowance.

H.O.E. (Hôpital d'Observation et d'Evacuation): evacuation hospital back of the lines and situated at a railhead; familiarly called the "hash-away" by American drivers.

APPENDIX

"ils ne passeront pas": "They shall not pass"; a declaration of General Pétain in an *ordre du jour* promulgated at the most critical moment of the battle of Verdun, which became a proverbial expression of faith in the French Army.

infirmier: hospital orderly.

infirmière: hospital nurse.

impermeable: raincoat.

intendance: the quartermaster's corps; colloquially used for the place where quartermasters' supplies were distributed.

intransportable: a man too badly wounded to be carried farther.

jamais: never; not at all; no.

jus: slang for coffee.

képi: French infantry cap.

kilomètre: about five eighths of a mile.

Kultur: German cruelty.

là-bàs: yonder; used here to designate the trenches.

laisser passer: permit to circulate.

Légion d'Honneur: a civil and military order instituted by Napoleon in 1802. The grades are *chevalier*, *officier*, *commandeur*, *grand-officier*, *grand-croix*. Given to officers in the army for long or distinguished service and more rarely to non-commissioned officers and privates. Awarded to civilians for distinguished public service.

lessiveuse: washing apparatus.

livret: matriculation record book for soldiers or military automobiles.

"long, dur, sur": "long, hard, certain," a prophecy attributed to General Foch, in the early months of the war.

machine à écrire: typewriter.

magasin des pièces de rechange: automobile supply store.

maire: mayor.

mairie: town hall.

maison brûlée: house destroyed by fire.

major: see *médecin-major*.

major de cantonnement: billeting officer; officer stationed in a town or village to arrange for the billeting of troops.

malade: sick; a sick man.

maréchal des logis: a non-commissioned officer with the rank of sergeant in certain branches of the French Army, such as artillery, cavalry, and the automobile service.

marmite: literally, a kettle; trench slang for a big shell.

marraine: godmother; it was common during the war for French women of all classes to adopt one or more soldiers at the front for the purpose of sending them regularly packages of little luxuries, such as food and warm clothing, books, etc. The woman was known as the *marraine* and the soldier thus adopted was her *filleul* or godson. More often than not the

APPENDIX

marraine and her *filleul* were total strangers, knowing each other only by correspondence, and were of entirely different walks in life, but there are many stories of such relationship ending in interesting romances.

mauvais coin: bad corner.

M.C.A. (Magasin Central Automobile): central automobile supply *dépôt*.

Médaille Militaire: highest distinction medal, instituted by Napoleon III in 1852 and awarded to enlisted men in the French Army for bravery. A peculiarity of this medal is that only enlisted men and generals of the highest rank can receive it.

médecin-chef: military surgeon or doctor in the French Army in command of a hospital, field hospital, or *G.B.D.*

médecin-divisionnaire: divisional surgeon; the medical officer in charge of the medical corps of an army division.

médecin-major: a military surgeon or doctor with the rank of captain or major.

médecin-principal: a military surgeon or doctor with the rank of colonel or lieutenant-colonel.

"méfiez-vous": "beware."

merci: thanks; thank you.

merci quand même: thanks all the same.

mitrailleuse: machine gun.

"Mon centre cède, ma droite recule, situation excellente, j'attaque!": "My centre yields, my right is retreating, situation excellent. I am attacking!" General Foch's famous telegram to French headquarters, on September 9, during the first Battle of the Marne.

"mon vieux": "old man"; a familiar and friendly term of address. (Often abbreviated to *vieux*.)

mort: dead (noun and adjective).

mort sur le champ d'honneur: died on the field of honor.

mot: word; password.

moulin: mill.

moulin à café: literally, coffee mill; a slang expression for a machine gun.

musette: haversack.

"nom de Dieu": a French oath.

obus: shell.

"On les aura": "We'll get them." A popular expression of confidence in the outcome of the war appearing frequently on posters and medals and in the press.

ordre de mouvement: order authorizing a displacement of troops or individuals.

paillasse: a rough mattress filled with straw or similar material and much used at the front.

pain: bread.

palme: see *Croix de Guerre*.

APPENDIX

Panam: soldiers' slang for Paris.

panne: see *en panne*.

paperaise: red-tape; official formality and delay.

parc: automobile repair *dépôt*, one of which was attached to every French army, and which served as a base for motor supplies and repair work for the various automobile formations.

pâtisserie: pastry; pastry shop.

patois: dialect.

patronne: woman proprietor, or wife of owner or proprietor of a hotel, restaurant, boarding-house, or private home.

pavé: pavement. Certain villages and country roads in France are paved with large, uneven cobblestones, very difficult for automobiles to travel.

peau de mouton: sheepskin-lined coat.

peloton: platoon.

péniche: large barge; canal-boat.

pépère: a territorial, an old soldier.

perdu: lost.

permis rouge: pink pass issued by the army without which no automobile could circulate. Each day's itinerary was supposed to be written on the back of the pass, and signed by the commanding officer.

permission: leave; furlough. Colloquially shortened into *perme*.

permissionnaire: a soldier on furlough.

petit blessé: a slightly wounded man.

pétrole: kerosene; coal oil.

pièce: a cannon.

pinard: trench slang for ordinary red wine which forms part of the French soldiers' regular rations.

piste: path, trail.

planche: a board.

plaque d'identité: identification tag or disc; a piece of metal attached to the soldier's wrist or about his neck, and inscribed with his name, matriculation number, and the formation to which he belongs.

pneu: automobile tire.

poilu: popular term for a French soldier during the war. It is generally supposed that this term, which means "hairy," "unshorn," came into use through the unkempt and unshorn appearance of the soldiers in the early days of the war.

popote: officer's or non-commissioned officer's mess.

"pourquoi s'en faire": "why worry."

poste d'écoute: listening-post.

poste de secours: dressing-station; first-aid station; generally used to refer to the field dressing-stations just behind the lines where the wounded are given first-aid treatment before being loaded into the ambulances for transportation to the rear.

APPENDIX

pourboire: tip.

pour intransportable: sign over bunks reserved for men too badly wounded to be carried farther than the first-aid station.

pousse-café: a drink mixed with several different-colored *liqueurs*.

P.G. (prisonnier de guerre): the abbreviation for "prisoner of war," which is stamped in huge white letters on the back of all captured soldiers' coats.

R.A.T. (réserve de l'armée territoriale): soldiers of the old classes, over forty and often over fifty.

ravitaillement: army supply service; the word is also used to designate the wagon trains bringing up supplies to the lines.

reconquête: reconquered.

réformé: a civilian not accepted for the army because of physical defects; a soldier honorably discharged on account of sickness or wounds.

réglage: adjustment of artillery fire.

réglementaire: according to the rules.

relève: relief, replacement of one troop of soldiers by another.

remorque: trailer; automobile trailer.

"repos": "at ease" (military command).

réserve: a formation kept ready for use when and where most needed.

réserve automobile: a formation of motor trucks and mobile repair shops, with mechanics and drivers, not assigned to any particular army, but used for supplementary service in the most active sectors.

"rompez vos rangs": "break ranks"; "dismissed" (a military command).

Rosalie: army slang for bayonet.

route gardée: a road which on account of congested traffic is subject to special military traffic rules and is under the supervision of military traffic police.

R.V.F. (ravitaillement de viande fraîche): the branch of the French automobile service that directed old autobuses of Paris which were used throughout the war to carry fresh meat from Paris and other centres in the rear to the front.

sabot: wooden shoe.

salaud, saligaud: literally, a dirty person; a vulgar and insulting appellation in French.

salle de triage: the antechamber of a hospital; see *triage*; also called *salle d'attente*, waiting-room.

sape: a passage or chamber tunnelled underground.

saucisse: literally, a sausage; the popular term for an observation balloon on account of its sausage-like shape.

serre-fil: file-closers, in military formation; sergeant-mechanic, in automobile convoy.

service sanitaire: medical and sanitary corps.

APPENDIX

singe: monkey; monkey-meat; soldier's slang for canned beef.

soixante-quinze: seventy-five; the famous French seventy-five millimetre gun, about the size of our three-inch piece.

solde: soldier's pay.

sortie: exit.

sou: the smallest French copper coin, of the value of five centimes, equivalent to one cent.

source: a spring.

sous-chef: assistant *chef*; assistant leader of a volunteer ambulance section.

sous-lieutenant: second lieutenant.

spahi: native North African cavalry serving in the French Army.

S.S.U. (Section Sanitaire [Etats-] Unis): the official designation of an American ambulance section serving with the French Army. The letter "U" was an arbitrary abbreviation for "United States" or "American," as "A" could not be used on account of possible confusion with S.S.A. denoting an English (*Anglaise*) ambulance section.

système D.: a slang term used to designate the system by which the soldier managed to adjust himself to any difficulty of army life. If he needed another blanket, he would "borrow" one from his neighbor's bunk; if he needed wood for a fire, he might dismantle the door of a vacant house; or if a restriction was placed upon him which he considered unnecessary or unreasonable, he would manage to circumvent it without getting into trouble.

taube (German): literally, dove; the common name among the Allied forces early in the war for a German airplane.

"taisez vous! méfiez vous! les oreilles ennemis vous écoutent!": "Silence! Beware! Enemy ears are listening!" a warning posted during the third year of the war in trains, street cars, railway stations, public buildings, factories, and shops, printed in newspapers and programs, and on leaflets of all sizes and sorts, and pasted on billboards throughout France.

terrain: ground; field.

territorial: a member of the oldest classes of the French Reserve, usually a man from thirty-five to forty-five years of age. Territorial soldiers were used rather for labor purposes than for actual fighting, on account of their age.

tirailleur: a French colonial infantryman.

tir de barrage: barrage fire.

T.M. (Transport de matériel): the branch of the Automobile Service engaged in the transportation of munitions and supplies.

tonneau: cask; barrel; rear seat of a touring-car.

torpille: torpedo.

totos: "cooties"; body-lice.

"tous et tout pour la France": "all and everything for France."

tout le monde: everybody.

train sanitaire: hospital train; ambulance train.

APPENDIX

tranchée: trench.

"très pratique": "very practical."

"très commode": "very convenient"; "very handy."

triage: sorting station; the act of sorting; or the field hospital where the wounded are sorted and directed to various base hospitals in the vicinity, according to the nature of their wounds or illness and the treatment required.

T.S.F. (télégraphie sans fil): wireless telegraphy.

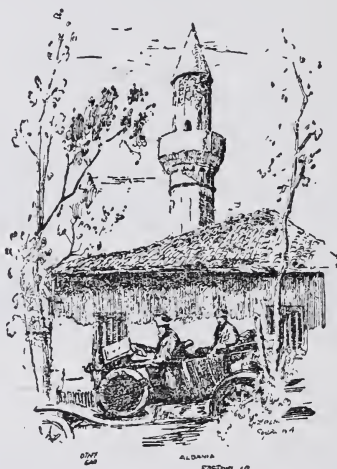
vaguemestre: the military postman.

vallée: valley.

vin ordinaire: ordinary unbottled wine.

voie sacrée: literally, "Sacred Way"; the name of the road from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun over which thousands of automobiles drove in incessant convoys during the great battle of Verdun in 1916.

zouave: soldier of a French infantry corps created in Algeria in 1831. They have so famous a fighting tradition that *faire le zouave* means to pretend to be a hero.



Appendix M

THE FIELD SERVICE AND THE FUTURE

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE FELLOWSHIPS FOR FRENCH UNIVERSITIES

SINCE the termination of the war, the trustees of the American Field Service, in order to provide an enduring memorial for those of its members who gave their lives to the Cause, and in order to perpetuate among future generations of French and American youth the mutual understanding and fraternity of spirit which marked their relations during the war, have united with the trustees of the American Fellowships in French Universities to establish an organization to be known as the American Field Service Fellowships for French Universities. This organization proposes to award fellowships for advanced study in France to students selected from American colleges, universities, and industrial establishments, as well as fellowships for advanced study in American universities to French students. These fellowships will, when endowed, be named after the men of the American Field Service who died in France; and it is intended, if sufficient funds can be obtained, to name a fellowship in memory of each one of these men. The trustees of the American Field Service and a large number of those who served in it, or who contributed to and worked for it, feel that they could in no better way carry on in times of peace the work undertaken during the war, and the trustees have obtained from the courts authority to devote to this purpose the funds remaining in their hands.

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE ASSOCIATION

At a reunion of some six hundred members of the Field Service held in New York on May 7-9, 1920, the American Field Service Association was organized, a constitution adopted and officers elected. The objects of this Association were defined in the constitution as follows:

The purpose of this Association shall be in general to perpetuate the memory of our life and work as volunteers with the French Army in the years from 1915 to 1917, to keep alive the friendships of those years, and to promote in the future mutual understanding and fraternal feeling between France and the United States, and in particular to arrange

for future reunions, to publish and distribute the Field Service Bulletin, to coöperate with the Trustees of the American Field Service Fellowships for French Universities, to provide, through a committee in France, information and assistance for members of the Association and for Field Service Fellows when in France, and, as opportunity offers, to arrange for addresses by, and the entertainment of, Frenchmen visiting this country.

In opening the final session of the Reunion, Mr. Andrew thus expressed the dominant sentiment of the reunited Service:

We of the old Field Service have found ourselves to-day more than ever glad to come together. We are bound by the memories that we have in common of the greatest hours, and days, and months, and years, that we shall ever know; but we are bound also by the fact that we still speak in 1920 the same language that we spoke in the years from 1915 to 1918, and that we still have the same point of view and the same sentiments. We still have, and shall have until we die, the same reverence and affection for the blue-coated soldiers who were our comrades over there, and the same estimation and feeling for the valiant people, and for the very soil of France.

Whenever you encounter a Field Service man, you will find an ardent champion of the interests of France, quick to defend her from ignorant complaint, keen to expatiate upon her manifold virtues, above all, ready to repudiate and denounce any reflections upon her character, no matter whence they come.

A famous American general has said on several occasions, and has repeated the statement quite recently, that before he arrived in France the French people were ready to quit. The Field Service men who were in France long before the general came, know, and do not hesitate to say, that such a statement, while flattering our national vanity, has certainly no foundation in fact. And when any one, no matter how highly placed, characterizes France as militaristic, because she seeks to protect her homes and cities from future depredations, and her people from recurring slaughter, one can count upon the men of this Service, who witnessed the prodigious sufferings of France throughout the war, and who sensed the gentle and chivalrous spirit of her army and of her people, to be among the first to proclaim the falsity and injustice of such a conception.

With this spirit dominating the Field Service, and the desire so deeply rooted in its members to correct mutual misapprehensions and to promote mutual understanding and friendship between France and the United States, what can be more natural than the effort which has been launched to-day to transmit to future generations of French and American youth, the same spirit and the same desire! The fellowships that the Field Service hopes ultimately to establish not only will promote science and learning, but will tend to perpetuate, long after all of us are gone, the fraternity and understanding between the youth of the two countries which so strikingly characterized their relations in old Field Service days. They will build a noble and enduring monument to one hundred and twenty-seven comrades who gave all that they were, and all that they might ever have hoped to be, to the cause of America and of

France. They will help to make immortal the spirit in which these men gave their lives.

His excellency, the French Ambassador, Monsieur Jusserand, who, from the very beginning of the War has been linked with the Field Service by countless acts of friendship, honored the reunion with his presence, and spoke in part as follows:

I have been for many years the Ambassador of France to the United States, but I remember with particular pleasure and pride that I was once the Ambassador in France of a power for which I have a feeling of deep affection and gratitude, viz., the American Field Service. I was asked by their chief, Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, to go and meet one of the great leaders of the world, Marshal Joffre, and to negotiate with him that he consent to write a preface for the definitive account they were preparing of their life in France.

A most difficult task, indeed. The Marshal flatly refused. "I am no writer," he said.

"Well," I retorted, "you are a member of the French Academy."

"I was not elected there," he replied, "for anything I had written."

There was no doubt as to this. What the great warrior had written was not to be read black on white, but red on green in the valley of the Marne, and many other valleys and hills of France. I did not, however, admit defeat and I said: "Think that it is for those young Americans who, before their country came with all her might to the rescue, had enlisted with us, giving the example, showing the way, arousing their compatriots, helping our wounded."

"I shall write the preface," the Marshal answered.

Be assured that the feeling which dictated the decision of the Marshal is one we all have in France for you young Americans who have shown so much ardor for the great cause, who have risked so much and worked so efficiently. We owe you the life of many of our citizens who, without your timely help, would have increased the immense number of those dead whose tombs dot the ground all the way from Switzerland to Dunkirk.

The same warm-heartedness which caused you to enlist in the earliest and gloomiest period of the war is shown again by your decision to honor your dead and help toward a closer union between young men of education in France and America, by founding those 127 scholarships which will each bear the name of one of your members who died for the common cause. I compliment you from my heart. Accept, please, the thanks of a nation whose losses have, to be sure, been immense, since over eight millions of our youth served during the war and much more than half were either killed or wounded, but a nation that will recover and is already on the way to it, reclaiming the ravaged portions of France, trebling her export trade by comparison with last year, and that, in spite of the scarcity of coal and of machinery, is paying prodigious taxes which a bill recently voted has still increased by eight billion and a half of francs.

When you visit to-morrow the admirable Saint Thomas's church, you will notice, on the balustrade of the choir, a round medallion on which is

APPENDIX

engraved an image of the Reims cathedral. This medallion is made of a stone from that cathedral, and three smaller ones with a "fleur-de-lis" on each come, if I am not mistaken, from the cathedrals at Péronne, Soissons, and Saint-Quentin, a touching remembrance and a symbol. I feel confident that the monument of generosity and sympathy built by you and your compatriots in French hearts, through your labors and the valiance of your troops, will outlive throughout centuries even those of our sacred monuments which the fury of the invader has been unable to raze to the ground. Such souvenirs are of the sort that never dies.

SOME FRENCH TRIBUTES TO THE FIELD SERVICE

THE following cables were received by Colonel Andrew and read by him at the Reunion Dinner held in the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, on May 8:

[Copy of Cablegram]

May 4, 1920

L'impérissable honneur des volontaires de l'American Field Service sera d'avoir donné leur aide à la France en péril sans que rien les y oblige que la voix de leur conscience. Leurs puissants et continuels efforts depuis les premiers combats jusqu'à la victoire finale ont fait l'admiration de tous. Fier d'avoir travaillé avec eux, je leur envoie, ainsi qu'à leurs chefs éminents, mon fraternel souvenir.

Capitaine AUJAY

[Translation]

The imperishable honor of the volunteers of the American Field Service is that they gave their aid to France in peril without other obligation than the voice of their conscience. Their strong and continual efforts from the first battles on to the final victory won the admiration of us all. Proud to have worked with them, I send to them and their distinguished leaders my fraternal regards.

Captain AUJAY

[Copy of Cablegram]

Paris, May 5, 1920

J'apprends avec émotion l'initiative si noble prise par l'American Field Service. Après avoir, dès les premières heures de la tempête universelle, affronté à dix mille kilomètres de la patrie, tous les combats, les survivants veulent encore fournir l'exemple, et joindre la générosité à la vaillance. Ils seront les bienvenus parmi nous — les jeunes héros que vous nous enverrez. Nous entourerons leur âme, à la fois délicate et fière, de toute la sollicitude fraternelle dont déborde notre cœur. Et la grande France, victorieuse et meurtrie, cette France qui garde dans sa

APPENDIX

terre bouleversée les corps des héros disparus, se fera douce et tendre aux jeunes hommes qui viendront goûter sa culture, apprendre sa langue, ses usages, son esprit, et sa conscience.

RENÉ VIVIANI

[Translation]

I learn with emotion the noble initiative taken by the American Field Service. After having faced from the first hours of the universal tempest, all the combats, although ten thousand kilometres from their own homeland, those who have survived are now continuing to set an example, by adding generosity to valor. They will be welcome among us, — the young heroes that you send us. We shall surround them, who have shown a spirit at once so sensitive and so daring, with all the fraternal solicitude in which our heart abounds. And Great France, victorious and wounded, this France which holds in her scarred soil the bodies of so many heroes that have disappeared, will be gentle and tender to the young men who will come to enjoy her culture, to learn her language, her customs, her spirit, and her conscience.

RENÉ VIVIANI

[Copy of Cablegram]

May 5, 1920

J'ai été personnellement témoin des magnifiques résultats obtenus par l'American Field Service, et du splendide courage déployé sur les champs de bataille de France par les volontaires des États Unis avant même l'entrée de leur pays dans la guerre Américaine. Tous les Français demeurent très reconnaissants à l'American Field Service, et tous seront heureux d'accueillir les jeunes Américains qui viendront recevoir dans nos établissements universitaires une partie de leur éducation.

RAYMOND POINCARÉ

[Translation]

I have personally witnessed the magnificent achievements of the American Field Service, and the splendid courage displayed on the French fields of battle by your volunteers even before the entry of their country into the American war. Every Frenchman remains very grateful to the American Field Service, and all will be happy to welcome the young Americans who will come to receive in our institutions a part of their education.

RAYMOND POINCARÉ

[Copy of Cablegram]

May 5, 1920

J'ai connu l'appui précieux que les volontaires de l'American Field Service engagés sur notre front avant l'entrée en guerre des États Unis, ont fourni à la cause de mon pays, et j'accueille avec plaisir le nouveau témoignage de leur sympa-

APPENDIX

thie manifesté par l'envoi en France des jeunes Américains afin de leur permettre d'achever leur éducation dans nos universités. Cette initiative est sûrement destinée à sceller pour toujours l'amitié de nos deux pays.

CLEMENCEAU

[Translation]

I have known the precious aid which the volunteers of the American Field Service, engaged upon our front before the entry of the United States into the war, have furnished to my country's cause, and I welcome with satisfaction this new evidence of their sympathy in sending to France young Americans to finish their education in our universities. This initiative is destined surely to seal forever the friendship of our countries.

CLEMENCEAU

[Copy of Cablegram]

May 6, 1920

France is grateful to the American Field Service, which intends to continue beyond the war the traditions started during the war, when in the early days of the struggle its original members had brought us such devoted help, the harbinger of the great effort which led us together to definitive victory.

P. DESCHANEL

THE REPLY

[Copy of Cablegram]

New York, May 8, 1920

ELLIOT SHEPARD¹

224 rue de Rivoli

Paris, France

Six hundred Field Service men from all parts of America reunited in New York, deeply moved by tributes of appreciation from leaders of beloved France, Deschanel, Clemenceau, Poincaré, Viviani, recall the immortal hours spent with her heroic soldiers, and testify again in the midst of the problems of peace to their undying reverence, confidence, and affection.

A. PIATT ANDREW

¹ Chairman of Paris Committee of the Field Service.

THE END



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